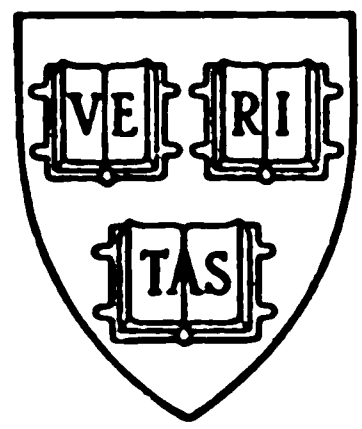

"Two Rivers" Almanac
(Old Fisher Arms House)

First	1901.
trong rost	Nov 15
ater over eadows	Nov 25

THE OLD TAVERN.

Joshua Fisher, father and son, 1658-1730; Nathaniel Ames 1735-1766; Richard Woodward during the Revolution, and "The Sign of the Law Book" 1794. Taken down 1817. Drawn from the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Dedham 1891. The large elm tree was planted by Fisher Ames about 1800.

THE

ESSAYS, HUMOR, AND POEMS

OF

Nathaniel Ames,

Father and Son,

OF DEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS,

from their

ALMANACKS

1726—1775,

WITH NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY

SAM. BRIGGS,

Vice President Western Reserve and Northern Ohio Historical Society, Corresponding Member Rhode Island Historical Society, and Dedham (Mass.) Historical Society.

No one who would penetrate to the core of early American literature, and would read in it the secret history of the people in whose minds it took root, and from whose minds it grew, may by any means turn away in lofty literary scorn from the Almanack—most despised, most prolific, most indispensable of books, which every man uses, and no man praises; the very quack, clown, pack-horse, and Pariah of modern literature; the supreme and only literary necessity even in households where the Bible and the newspaper are still undesired or unattainable luxuries.—MOSES COIT TYLER.

CLEVELAND, OHIO,

1891.

PRINTED FOR THE SUBSCRIBERS
BY
SHORT & FORMAN,
CLEVELAND, O.

TO

THE SUBSCRIBERS

WHOSE PROMPT AND GENEROUS RESPONSE

HAS MADE

THE PUBLICATION OF THIS BOOK

A

POSSIBILITY

THIS VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED.

An Astronomical Diary,

OR, AN

ALMANACK

For the Year of Our Lord CHRIST

1 7 2 6.

And from the Creation of the World, according to the best of Prophane History, 5675. But by the Account of the Holy Scripture, 5688: It being the Second after *Bissextile* or Leap-Year, And the Twelfth Year of the Reign of Our Most Gracious Sovereign Lord KING GEORGE Wherein is Contain'd the *Lunations*, *Eclipses* of the Luminaries, the *Planets* Motions & Mutual *Aspects*, the Suns Rising and Setting, Time of *High Water*, *Courts*, *Spring Tides*, judgment of the *Weather*. Together with many other Things necessary for such a Work.

Calculated for the Meridian of Boston, N. England, *Whose Latitude is* 42 *deg.* 25 *min North.*

By NATHANIEL AMES, *Jun.* *Student in Physick and Astronomy.*

NOW Seventeen hundred & Twenty Six the Sun,
His annual course since CHRIST *his Birth hath run.*
Strange Revolutions in this time have been,
In divers Lands, Kingdoms and Countries seen.
Some Years were happy, some with Wars perplex,
And GOD *knows who shall Live unto the next.*

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by *B. Green*, and Sold also at the Bookseliers Shops. 1 7 2 6

The title page of the first Almanack of Dr. Ames.

Kind Reader.

THE Method of this Almanack *is so plain that it needs no Explanation, except the place of* Saturn *and* Jupiter, *which is over the last Column, at the top of every Page, for the 1st 8th, 16th, and 24th Days of every Month in this Year.*

The Names and Characters of the Planets, Signs, Aspects and Nodes are these,

The Planets,	Saturn ♄, Jupiter ♃, Mars ♂ Sol or Sun ☉, Venus ♀, Mercury ☿, Luna or the Moon ☽
The Signs,	Aries ♈, Taurus ♉ Gemini ♊, Cancer ♋, Leo ♌, Virgo ♍ Libra ♎, Scorpio ♏. Sagitarius ♐, Capricorn ♑. Aquarius ♒, Pisces ♓.

The Old Aspects are Five in Number, as the Conjunction ☌, Sextile ✶ Quartile □, Trine △, Opposition ☍.

The New Aspects are Eight in Number, *viz.*

Semisextile	SS	Tridecile	Td	Quincux	Vc
Decile	dec	Sesquadrate	SSq	Semiquadrat	S
Quintile	Q	Biquintile	Bq		

The Nodes.	The Dragons Head ☊, Dragons Tail ☋, Part of Fortune ⊕

The Vulgar Notes of this Year are,

Golden Number	17	Epact	7
Cycle of the Sun	27	Dominical Letter	B

☞ Note, The Glorious Planet *Venus* is Occidental or Evening Star, till the 25 of March, from thence Oriential or Morning Star, to the Years End.

The second page of Dr. Ames' first Almanack,

1726.

Of the ECLIPSES this Year, 1726.

THERE will happen this Year Four Eclipses of the Luminaries. Two of the Sun, and Two of the Moon.

I. The First will be an Eclipse of the Sun, *March* 22 about 9 in the Morning; but by Reason of the Moons South Latitude it will be Invisible to us.

II. The Second will be of the Moon, on the 5*th* of *April*, about 8 in the Morning, and for that Reason Invisible.

III. The Third will be a Great Eclipse of the Sun, and Visible to us if the Air be clear; it happens on Wednesday the 14*th* of *September*. The Calculation is as follows.

The Beginning will be at	36 *min.* p. 10 Morn.
The Middle at	Noon.
The End	24 *min.* p. 1 Aftern.
The Whole Duration	2 Hours 48 *min.*
The Digits Eclipsed are about	10

IV. The Fourth and Last is of the Moon, the Beginning will be on the 29*th* of *September*, and about Six Digits of the Lower or South half of the Moon will pass thro' the Earths Shadow, it will be Visible to us if the Weather permit, which according to Calculation will be as follows.

The Beginning 29 Day	34 *min.* past 10 Night
The Middle 29 Day	49 *min.* past 11 Night
The End 30 Day	4 *min.* past 1 Morn.
The whole Duration	2 Hours 30 *min.*

This Eclipse of the Moon happens so near the Great Benevolent *Jupiter*, the Effects 'tis hop'd will not be ill.

The seventh page of Dr. Ames' first Almanack, 1726.

TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,

I Have here adventured to present you with an Almanack *for the Ensuing Year. It being my first made Publick by the Press; should it find Acceptance, I have my End and shall receive sufficient Encouragement to Undertake somewhat more for your benefit. Thus Reader for your sake I have exposed my self to the dangerous & sharp Teeth of envious Detractors, which is a great Hazard: specially in this polish'd Age, among so many fine & curious Wits, who scarcely can approve of any thing, tho' never so Judiciously Composed. There has been no pains, nor care, wanting to render these Calculations as free from Errors as possible, yet if any faults committed by my Pen or Press pass Uncorrected, Excuse it; in so doing you will not only do your self a Kindness, but also oblige him, who is a Friend to all that are Mathematically inclined, and a real Lover of the most sublime study of Astronomy,* N. Ames.

Bridgwater, Octob. 12th. 1725.

READ then and Learn but don't all faults Object,
Since they can only judge that can Correct;
To whom my Works appeal, and if I find,
The Sons of Art to favour them inclin'd;
With their Propitious Smiles, it shall suffice,
To counterpoize the Frowns of Enemies.

TWice in a Century (Old *Indians* say.)
Our Land abounds with *Bears* & *Beasts* of Prey;
Whereof some do embrace Proud Neptunes Waves
And with the Scaly Tribe swim to their Graves:
Others Retreat towards the Frigid Zone,
And dwell in Desert yet to us unknown;
They ll come no more from whence they do Re-
Until a Jubilee of Years Expire. (tire,

I *Dele* Sup. C. Boston, *the First Tuesday in* May. }

The eighth page of Dr. Ames' first Almanack, 1726.

APOLOGY.

EVERYTHING has a beginning, and books are no exception to the rule. A book without a preface would certainly be unique, for some excuse must always be found for public calamities; hence I, in introducing my author anew to the public, after a lapse of so many years, essay this apology for my temerity, and relate how I became so interested in what is generally and ignorantly classed as the most insignificant of works. My first intimacy with the almanack was at a very tender age—before my advent into nankeen trousers—and the first copy that ever attracted my attention was one of a number that hung suspended from a brass knob, at the corner of a mantel which surmounted the cavernous kitchen fireplace in the chateau where my grandfather resided.

It was about dusk, I was alone—or almost so—two self-satisfied looking silhouettes that beamed graciously from their mournful frames above the mantel were the only company present, and the brass andirons which I had regarded complacently by the light of the flickering fire, seemed to express sympathy for the only child in the house.

As I have said, the suspended bunch of almanacks attracted my attention. The huge rooster on the outer cover, surrounded by the legend "HUTCHINS' FARMERS ALMANACK, FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1846," seemed to say "come, and enjoy the contents hereof," and I accepted the invitation. First, I essayed to reach

the library with the *turkey wing*—no success; next, the brass mounted tongs refused to gather the treasure; and finally, an assault upon the work was inevitable. I pushed a very shaky *list-bottomed* rocking chair of perpendicular architecture, from the other side of the room to the corner of the fireplace, mounted this very wiggly ladder, and tremblingly reached for the prize. The rooster appeared to ope his mouth to denounce the infidelity of a youthful Peter; the occupants of the silhouette frames appeared to frown, the fire seemed desirous of going out; I grabbed the pamphlets, the list-bottom subsided, in fact gave (me) away. One leg went through, my balance was missing, the almanacks and brass button came also; so did a crash, a scream, and my grandfather's eldest daughter, who elucidated the enormity of my crime by sundry resonant spanks, on that portion of my anatomy as yet guiltless of nankeen.

To continue my tale—I never took much interest in almanacks from that day, until about fifteen years since, when I made a visit to a sequestered retreat in Connecticut, of absolute Arcadian simplicity,[1] nine miles from civilization, where a locomotive whistle was never heard, where a steamboat was never known to stop, where people have lived and died happily, as stones in the graveyard have attested for more than a century; where Sunday commences Saturday night, where *attending meeting* is an all day job, where a funeral is a solemnity, where the mail comes but twice a week, and where at other times the intelligence is conveyed by those who gathered at "'Squire Arnold's 'tween services last Sabbath."

On the occasion of this never-to-be-forgotten visit, a dolorous

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[1] Only the people wore more clothes. I never rightly appreciated what "Arcadian simplicity" was, until my friend, John W——, then U. S. Consul at M—— explained to an inquiring caller in my presence that the natives of a certain province in North Africa were arrayed with "Arcadian simplicity." More details being required, John explained that "they only wore a little cotton in their ears."

succession of wet days, a consequent dearth of amusement, engendered a desire for self-destruction, and I went up into the attic or garret of this farmhouse to procure the necessary tools. I had no sooner bumped my head against the rafters when my mind changed, and I seated myself like Mr. C. Marius among the ruins of Carthage, and contemplated my surroundings. There were bunches of dried herbs, antiquated farm tools, popcorn, seed corn, buckwheat, wool, old quilts, spinning wheels, close stools, (*auglice*, invalids chairs), flax hetchels, scythes, tobacco plants, hen feathers, (and other gallinaceous jetsam,) wasps' nests with some wasps, cobwebs, old boots and other considered trifles of rustic life that might come handy some day. While mentally taking this inventory my eyes rested on a stack of papers, books and pamphlets in various stages of decay, giving forth a peculiar aromatic incense, reminding one somewhat of a certain insect,[1] than which, according to a discriminating Frenchman, the odor of the remark made by Cambronne at Waterloo, was infinitely more preferable.

Reading matter on a farm of the character of this abiding place is always a scarce article, and at this juncture this mine of odoriferous scraps was gladly welcomed. The world seemed young again, dull care had vanished, and I lost myself in the wilderness of religious pamphlets, ancient *Congressional Records*, early school books, weekly newspapers, the "*Russel Colvin miracle*," the "Last dying speeches of Gibbs and Wansley, the Pirates,"—the latter appropriately illustrated with two occupied coffins,—and other miscellany, among which was sprinkled many copies of ancient almanacks, principally the productions of *Nathan Daboll*, the time-honored Connecticut mathematician.

The almanacks interested me the most, and I carried off all I could find. Since this occasion I have gathered them in from almost every part of the world. Early in this *craze*, a quantity

[1] *Cimex lectularius*, of the order *Hemiptera*, which has no wings at all.

of the *Ames* publications came into my hands, with the contents of which I occasionally regaled my friends who appreciated the quaintness of the essays and other contents. Then I found later that Professor Moses Coit Tyler had devoted a portion of his *History of American Literature* to the endorsement of the merit of Nathaniel Ames as an author, and subsequent visits and correspondence with the historical societies at Providence, R. I., and Dedham, Mass., convinced me that the *Ames Almanacks*, if re-published, would interest more than the antiquarian; and these facts collectively constitute my apology for the appearance of this work.

In this connection I desire to express my thanks to the officers and members of the Rhode Island and Dedham Historical Societies, for the loan of books and documents which have been of material aid in the perfection of this work. Particularly am I under obligations to the Hon. Amos Perry, the secretary and librarian of the former, and Messrs. Don Gleason Hill, H. O. Hildreth, M. Gardner Boyd, Erastus Worthington and John H. Burdakin, of the latter, for many kindly courtesies extended. Mr. John Ward Dean, the librarian of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, has also served me by the loan of almanacks from their collection, for which, I trust I am duly grateful.

For photographic views, original documents, copies of papers, and sketches for purposes of illustration, I am also indebted to Miss Sarah B. Baker, Miss Annie R. Fisher, and Mr. John F. Guild, of Dedham, whose aid in this direction is most thoroughly appreciated.

And lastly, I desire to express my gratification to Professor Moses Coit Tyler, for the opportunity afforded me of confirming my own opinion and that of my associates, concerning the excellence of the *Ames Almanack Essays, etc.*, by the perusal of his *History of American Literature*, and from which I shall largely quote in this volume.

OF ALMANACKS IN GENERAL.

AN almanack! There is very little, if any, inspiration in either the word or the book itself when viewed through modern spectacles. In the springtime it makes its presence felt by being lodged under the door mat, pushed into the mail receiver, or, by being tied up with the package of spring medicine purchased by *pater familias* on his way home Saturday evening, is thus surreptitiously introduced in the home circle.

In these degenerate days it has to be forced into an existence, for but few ask for it, and a lesser number care for it. Its columns teem with the virtues of pills, potions and plasters, interspersed with views of our internal economy calculated to make the well man ill, and the invalid to relax his grasp on the thread of life.

> "But full is fickle Fortune's smile
> of guile;
> For Dan brought home one day, alack!
> A patent medicine almanack,
> And full of long and learned theses
> Upon the symptoms of diseases;
> Dan read the symptoms, great and small—
> And HAD THEM ALL."

How are the mighty fallen! It was not always thus. Far away in the dim vista of the past this humble vehicle of general knowledge was an honored guest at every fireside; the chimney corner was its throne, and its well-thumbed leaves gave evidence of the estimation in which it was held. Interleaved, it became a

register of domestic occurrences and neighborhood happenings. Its predictions and weather wisdom were reverenced next to the sacred writings, and quite often was the only literature to be found in many homes where its annual visits were anxiously awaited. However, it is not the purpose of this chapter to lament the fate of the almanack, which has but attained the destiny of all created things, but it is intended merely to place this nowadays inconsidered trifle in its proper historical niche, and briefly sketch its inception, its life, and its decline as a prominent feature of literature.

Almanacks have existed in some form from time immemorial, and almanack makers have always had a reputation entitling them to great respect and reverence from a very early day. In manuscript form they were known centuries before the invention of printing, and upon the advent of that invention they were among the first publications issued to the world from that very convenient machine.

I have always had the notion that the "miraculous pillar of fire" which preceded the expedition of the Israelites toward the "promised land," was simply the comet of that season, possibly mentioned by the court astrologer of the previous year, as being of disastrous portent, which disaster was speedily taken advantage of by Moses, who immediately started his expedition.

Those shepherds of the ancient day who looked after the stray lambs in the evening, doubtless were largely responsible for early astronomical lore, their opportunities for observations on the movements of the stars being largely due to their very convenient occupation, and a lack of other matters to distract their attention. They probably reported the "prodigies" which they noted, to the astrologers who compared notes, checked up the alleged causes and probable effects, and finally succeeded in inaugurating a system of predictions which enhanced the reputation of the soothsayers generally, bringing astrology to the front

as a science. Nearly all the earlier nations were intimate with the study of the stars. The Chaldees were familiar with astrology, the Jews practiced it during the Captivity at odd hours, when their attention was not taken up with the construction of the Pyramids and such other little Egyptian necessities.

Among the Hindus it was known, and the tribes of Arabia were adept in the art of forecasting the future by the stars. The Druids also possessed some knowledge of astronomy, and an ancient poem in the primitive Irish (Erse) tongue bears evidence that that nation had some astronomical knowledge at an early day.

The Arabians, however, appear to have been the most advanced students of the sciences of astronomy and astrology, and this nation being at an early period (prior to their expulsion from Spain) the conservators of art and literature, were the first who introduced it into Europe, possibly about the same period with *alcohol*, (also of Arabic origin) that prominent factor in the elevation of the race.

The history of written almanacks has not been traced farther back than the second century of the Christian era, at which period it is supposed that they were constructed by the Greeks of Alexandria.

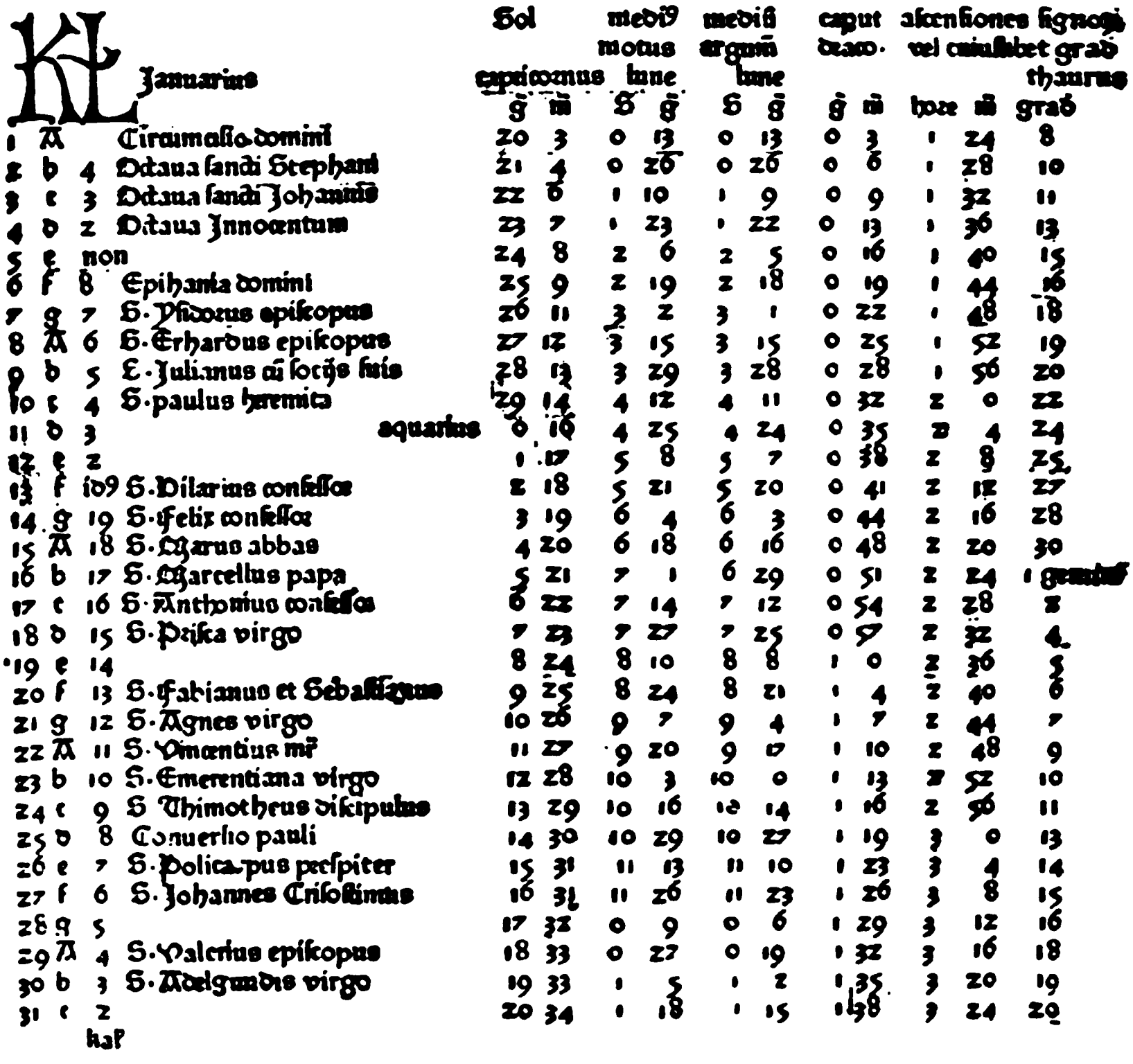
Lalande, an investigator of early astronomical works, did not find any express mention of almanacks anterior to those published by Solomon Jarchus, A. D. 1150.

The earliest almanacks known to exist are in MS. of the twelfth century, and examples are to be found in the libraries of the British Museum, Cambridge and Oxford Universities.

In the Savilian Library at Oxford is a manuscript copy of the almanack published about the year 1300 by Petrus de Dacia.

Contemporary with this author are recorded the almanack productions of the Rev. Roger Bacon, of the Church militant,

(reputed as the inventor of the Anglo-Saxon civilizer, gunpowder) who flourished about 1292; and those of Walter de Elvendene, 1327.



				Sol		medij motus lune		medius argum lune		caput draco.		ascensiones signorum vel cuiuslibet grad thaurus		
				capricornus										
				g	m	h	g	h	g	g	m	hore	m	grad
1	A		Circumcisio domini	20	3	0	13	0	13	0	3	1	24	8
2	b	4	Octaua sancti Stephani	21	4	0	26	0	26	0	6	1	28	10
3	c	3	Octaua sancti Johannis	22	6	1	10	1	9	0	9	1	32	11
4	d	2	Octaua Innocentum	23	7	1	23	1	22	0	13	1	36	13
5	e		non	24	8	2	6	2	5	0	16	1	40	15
6	f	8	Epihania domini	25	9	2	19	2	18	0	19	1	44	16
7	g	7	S. Pidorus episcopus	26	11	3	2	3	1	0	22	1	48	18
8	A	6	S. Erhardus episcopus	27	12	3	15	3	15	0	25	1	52	19
9	b	5	S. Julianus cū sociis suis	28	13	3	29	3	28	0	28	1	56	20
10	c	4	S. paulus heremita	29	14	4	12	4	11	0	32	2	0	22
11	d	3												
				aquarius										
				0	16	4	25	4	24	0	35	2	4	24
12	e	2		1	17	5	8	5	7	0	38	2	8	25
13	f	1	S. Hilarius confessor	2	18	5	21	5	20	0	41	2	12	27
14	g	19	S. Felix confessor	3	19	6	4	6	3	0	44	2	16	28
15	A	18	S. Marus abbas	4	20	6	18	6	16	0	48	2	20	30
16	b	17	S. Marcellus papa	5	21	7	1	6	29	0	51	2	24	1 gemini
17	c	16	S. Anthonius confessor	6	22	7	14	7	12	0	54	2	28	2
18	d	15	S. Prisca virgo	7	23	7	27	7	25	0	57	2	32	4
19	e	14		8	24	8	10	8	8	1	0	2	36	5
20	f	13	S. Fabianus et Sebastianus	9	25	8	24	8	21	1	4	2	40	6
21	g	12	S. Agnes virgo	10	26	9	7	9	4	1	7	2	44	7
22	A	11	S. Vincentius mr̄	11	27	9	20	9	17	1	10	2	48	9
23	b	10	S. Emerentiana virgo	12	28	10	3	10	0	1	13	2	52	10
24	c	9	S Thimotheus discipulus	13	29	10	16	10	14	1	16	2	56	11
25	d	8	Conuersio pauli	14	30	10	29	10	27	1	19	3	0	13
26	e	7	S. Policarpus pesspiter	15	31	11	13	11	10	1	23	3	4	14
27	f	6	S. Johannes Crisostimus	16	32	11	26	11	23	1	26	3	8	15
28	g	5		17	32	0	9	0	6	1	29	3	12	16
29	A	4	S. Valerius episcopus	18	33	0	27	0	19	1	32	3	16	18
30	b	3	S. Adelgundis virgo	19	33	1	5	1	2	1	35	3	20	19
31	c	2		20	34	1	18	1	15	1	38	3	24	20

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Impressum Vlme per Johannem Zainer
Anno dominice incarnationis. 1478.

Reduced fac-simile of a page from the Regio-Montanus Almanack printed at Ulm in 1478, by John Zainer.

At Oxford, formerly the seat of British science, were issued the earlier standard almanacks. Here were published the productions of John Somers, 1380; Nicolas de Lynne, 1386, and many others.

The first printed almanack bears imprint 1457.

Regio-Montanus appears to have been the first in Europe who reduced the almanack to its present form and method, gave the characters of each year and month, foretold the eclipses and other phases, calculated the motions of the planets, etc. He printed an almanack in Nuremburg in 1472, which embraced three Metonic Cycles, or the fifty-seven (57) years, 1475-1531, inclusive.

The earliest almanack known to have been printed in England was "*The Sheapheard's Kalendar*," translated from the French and printed by Richard Pynson, 1497, copies of which have been sold as high as $75 within the past five years.

From this period down to the golden age of the almanack,—which was attained during the Commonwealth, and the subsequent reigns of Charles II, James and William,—these publications were more generally circulated, owing to the increase of printing presses, and the popularity of judicial astrology. All the almanacks of this period are of the same general tendency, but with the advance of education their reputation waned and now they barely have an existence in England—the former paradise of the astrological almanack—only being represented now by the "Francis Moore" or "Old Moore's Almanack," the lineal descendant of the "*Vox Stellarum*," originated by that gentleman who was an astrologer, physician, and schoolmaster in England about 1680, and for which Henry Andrews, a celebrated mathematician, made the astronomical calculations for a period of forty-three years next preceding his decease in 1820.

At the present day, the only almanack of practical utility published in Europe is the "*Almanach de Gotha*," founded in 1764, and is a condensed annual compend of the history and statistics of every civilized nation on earth.

THE RISE OF THE ALMANACK IN AMERICA.

CAMBRIDGE, in Massachusetts, was the cradle of the Almanack in America. The first printing press established in the British Colonies was there located and placed under the supervision of Harvard College, and the first *book* issued from the College press was an Almanack for the year 1639; and thereafter, and until near the close of the seventeenth century an almanack was annually issued from this press.

The printing press at Cambridge was first under the management of Stephen Daye, who was evidently brought from London for the purpose, but in a few years he relinquished the business, and Samuel Green was appointed by the Corporation of Harvard College as "College printer," and the press remained in his control for many years. Green was the progenitor of a generation of printers, and either he, or his immediate descendants established the first presses in nearly all of the original thirteen colonies.

The first almanack printed in America was for the year 1639, and compiled by WILLIAM PIERCE, *Mariner*, "one of the most active shipmasters in the days of the Pilgrims." It was entitled "*An Almanack for New England for the year 1639.*" Following this publication, each year brought forth its Almanack through the medium of the Cambridge press, many celebrities, divines, and graduates of Harvard, being authors of their astronomical calculations and other contents. Among these Danforth, Oakes,

Brigden, Cheever, Chauncey, Dudley, Foster, and even those prolific writers, the Mathers, ceased on occasion, from their combats with Satan, to rejoice the world with an *Ephemeris*. About the close of the seventeenth century, with the establishment of the printing press at various places in the colonies, the publication of the Almanack was not restricted to any particular locality, and following close upon Cambridge, Boston became early celebrated for the number and variety of these publications, and the intellectual attainments of their authors.

The first humorous almanack in the Colonies was compiled by John Tully, of Saybrook, Conn., who issued annually 1687–1702, and introduced into his publication entertaining features of varied interest which made his almanack quite popular.[1]

Persons who advert to Almanacks, especially those of American origin, and who are disposed to allow any merit to this class of literary work, are very prone to dismiss the subject with very few words, and close their remarks in fulsome praise of "*Poor Richard's Almanack*,"[2] its gifted and patriotic compiler, good Benjamin Franklin, and descant upon the beneficent influence exerted by this publication upon the manners of the age and community, when, and in which it was circulated. Many have labored under what is claimed to be an erroneous impression, concerning the authorship of the matter contained in this (Franklin's) publication, and without pretending to prove or disprove the assertion that the contents of "Poor Richard" emanated from the pen of Benjamin Franklin, I will merely say

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[1] A Rev. Thomas Robie of Salem, a Harvard graduate, was once severely criticized by a bilious critic, who said, "that his sermons were only heathenish discourses,—no better Christianity than there was in *Tully*." Tully, the Almanack man, had deceased before this harsh censor had uttered this calumny, and hence was undisturbed by these unfeeling remarks.

[2] Published 1733-1758 under the *nom de plume* of Richard Saunders, assumed by Franklin.

that the long experience of Benjamin as a printer and newspaper man, would better enable him to collate and publish what would please the people, than most any one that might be mentioned among his contemporaries.

Professor Moses Coit Tyler says, "One of the numerous myths still prevailing in the world with reference to Benjamin Franklin, describes him as the first founder of an almanac blending those qualities of shrewd instruction and keen mother-wit, that are to be seen in his famous series; a French encyclopedist, for example, declaring that Franklin 'put forth the first popular almanack which spoke the language of reason,' but Franklin borrowed much of the wisdom and wit which he introduced into his almanacks from Bacon, Rabelais, Rochefoucauld, Steele, Swift, DeFoe, and others; but even the idea of introducing into an almanac wit and wisdom, whether original or borrowed, had been thought of and put into practice before Franklin's "Poor Richard" was born. In 1728, five years before that event, Franklin's brother James, sent forth the first number of "The Rhode Island Almanac;" and in its pages, year by year, one may find no little of that sagacity, humor, and knack of phrase, that did so much for the fortunes of his own runaway apprentice. But even three years before James Franklin's almanac appeared, Nathaniel Ames, a physician and inn-keeper of Dedham, Massachusetts, a man of original, vigorous and pungent genius, began the publication of his "Astronomical Diary and Almanack;" which he continued to publish till his death in 1764; which under his management acquired an enormous popularity throughout New England;[1] and which from the first, contained in high perfection every type of excellence afterward illustrated in the almanac of Benjamin Franklin. Indeed, Ames's Almanac was in most respects, *better than Franklin's*, and was probably, the

[1] It had reached during the period 1726-1764 an annual circulation of sixty thousand copies.

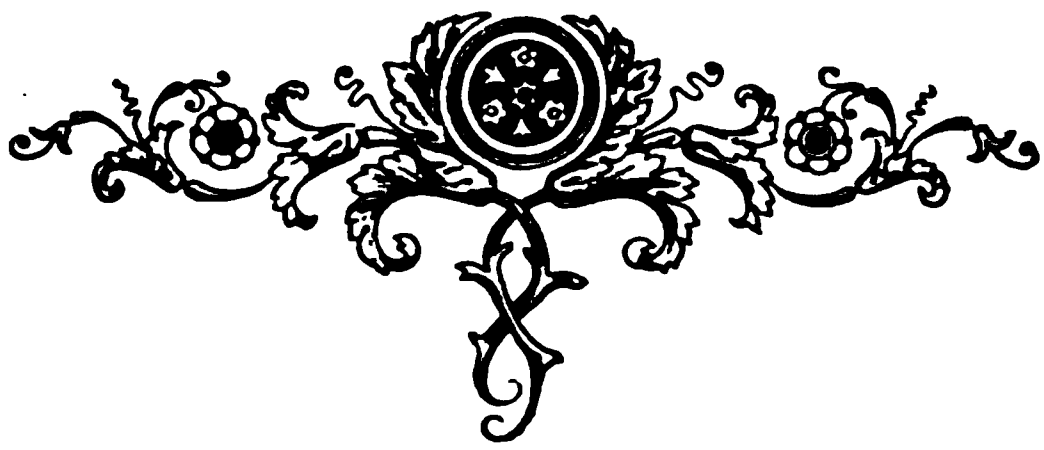
most pleasing representative we have of a form of literature that furnished so much entertainment to our ancestors, and that preserves for us so many characteristic tints of their life and thought.

"Nathaniel Ames made his Almanack a sort of annual cyclopedia of information and amusement, a vehicle for the conveyance to the public of all sorts of knowledge and nonsense, in prose and verse, from literature, history, and his own mind; all presented with brevity, variety and infallible tact. He had the instinct of a journalist; and under a guise that was half frolicsome, the sincerity and benignant passion of a public educator. He carried into the furthest wildernesses of New England some of the best English literature, pronouncing there, perhaps for the first time, the names of Addison, Thomson, Pope, Dryden, Butler, Milton; and repeating there choice fragments of what they had written. Thus eight years before Benjamin Franklin had started his almanac, Nathaniel Ames was publishing one that had all its best qualities, fact and frolic; the wisdom of the preacher without his solemnity, terse sayings, shrewdness, wit, homely wisdom, all sparkling in piquant phrase.

"As the public expected the almanac-maker to be a prophet, Nathaniel Ames gratified the public, and he freely predicted future events, but always with a merry twinkle in his eye, and always ready to laugh the loudest at his own failure to predict them aright. He mixes, in delightful juxtaposition, absurd prognostications, curt jests, and aphorisms of profound wisdom, the whole forming a miscellany even now extremely readable, and sure, at that time, to raise shouts of laughter around thousands of fire-places where food for laughter was much needed."

I have drawn thus liberally upon the writings of Dr. Ames's most extensive commentator, to make plain the estimation in which these humble almanacks are held by others, and now, in

conclusion: if Coleridge "could write a treatise in praise of Rabelais' work which would make the church stare and the conventicle groan," I feel quite assured that our new world philosopher and humorist, while not possessing such *shocking* merits, will not be received with disfavor by those who may now know him for the first time.



Site of Ames' Tavern, 1658-1817 | *Fisher Ames' Elm Tree,* 1900 | *Fisher Ames' House* 17[illegible] | *Seth Ames House,* 1772

VIEW ON SITE OF SEDGE [illegible] DEDHAM, MASS.

THE AMES FAMILY, AND THE TOWN OF DEDHAM.

THERE were three men of the name of NATHANIEL AMES; grandfather, father and son. They were descended from Richard Ames of Bruton-Somerset, England, whose son William Ames was born at Bruton, 6 Oct., 1605, and who settled at Braintree, Mass., as early as 1640, where his eldest son John was born May 24, 1647. He (John) removed to West Bridgewater about 1672. The *first* Nathaniel was the second son of John, and was born Oct. 9, 1677. He was known as CAPT. NATHANIEL AMES, and was reputed as learned in astronomy and mathematics. He died at Bridgewater, Mass., in 1736, aged 59 years.

The *second* NATHANIEL AMES, son of CAPT. NATHANIEL AMES, was born at Bridgewater July 22, 1708; moved from thence to Dedham in 1732, and was married Sept. 14, 1735 to Mary, daughter of Capt. Joshua Fisher of Dedham, by the Revd Samuel Dexter. This Nathaniel was a reputable physician, and by a biographer is described as "a man of acuteness and wit, of great activity, and of a cheerful and amiable temper. To his skill in his profession he added a knowledge of natural philosophy, astronomy and mathematics."

Upon his marriage he added the business of *tavern keeper* to his professional pursuits.

His son Fisher Ames was born Oct. 24, 1737, and on the 11th of November the same year, his wife died, the son surviving her only until Sept. 17, 1738.

In the settlement of this estate a lawsuit developed; the Doctor claiming inheritance through his son according to the Province Law, and being opposed by others who claimed under the English common law.

The case was many years before the courts and was finally decided in favor of the Doctor; this being the first time the principle was established that the estate *ascended* to the father as next of kin to the son, notwithstanding the intervening life estate in Hannah, widow of Capt. Joshua Fisher.

This being a *cause célèbre* and the Doctor being much annoyed at the law's delay, could not resist the temptation to lampoon the Court, the source of his annoyance. The following account is given in Worthington's *History of Dedham*, 1827, note p. 92:

"The Supreme Court, (two judges dissenting) decided that it did ascend. Dr. Ames, although the successful party, expressed his dislike at the conduct of the dissenting judges, (one of which was Paul Dudley, the Chief Justice,) by causing the whole Court to be painted on the large sign-board of his tavern, sitting in great state in their large wigs, each Judge being clearly recognized. An open book was before them, underneath which was written "*province laws.*" The dissenting judges were represented with their backs turned towards the book. The Court hearing of the sign, sent the sheriff to bring it before them. Dr. Ames heard the order given, being then in Boston, and by good luck and hard riding, had just time enough to pull down his sign before the sheriff arrived at Dedham.[1]

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[1]As stories never lose anything, but are liable to be elaborated, contrary to the general custom of *devastating* time; it is further related in connection with this incident, that the Doctor had sufficient margin in his race with the sheriff, to not only take down the offensive "bush," but to substitute in its place a board with the legend "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given unto it." If not for the incident related, the Doctor might have died and made no sign.

THE TAVERN SIGN.

From the original sketch found among the papers of Dr. Ames.

NOTE. The plate on the opposite page is a copy of the original sketch made by Dr. Ames for the sign, the sketch having been found recently among his papers.

The characters represented on the Tavern Sign, commencing on the left of the illustration, are:

BENJAMIN LYNDE, appointed Judge 1745; appointed Chief Justice 1769; died 1781.

RICHARD SALTONSTALL, appointed Judge 1736; died 1756.

PAUL DUDLEY, appointed Judge 1718; appointed Chief Justice 1745; died 1751.

STEPHEN SEWALL, appointed Judge 1739; appointed Chief Justice 1752; died 1760.

JOHN CUSHING, appointed Judge 1747; resigned 1771; died 1775.

Upon the original sketch of the sign the following words are written:

"Sir,

I wish I could have some talk on ye above subject, being the bearer waits for an answer shal only observe Mr Greenwood thinks y^t can not be done under £40, old tenor."

During the prevalence of the small-pox in Massachusetts in the winter of 1763-4 and the following spring, Dr. Ames's sons were attacked with this malady and they were sent to a Hospital at Boston then in charge of a Doctor Mather. The appended letters will be of interest as showing a portion of the methods practiced at that day, as well as evidencing that there were *schools of medicine* in the Colonies, and *diversity of opinion* also.

Sr.

I Rec^d yours of the 23^d Inst. I was from the begining fully Satisfyed that my Sons were under your Care, and am aboundantly thankfull that Providence has hither to Smil'd upon your Practice. I am glad you are a Fellow-Sharer in that Harvest of Honours which results to the new Doctors on this Question. (Custom in this Country has distinguished you & your brethren from the Bostonians by the Appellation of New Doctors.)

We Americans well know what is meant by an Indian gift, that is to make a present but expect more in return than we give. Just so the

Mercenary World treats you, because you have done us so much Good in Carrying of us well through a Tremendous Distemper we will Imploy our Breath in your Praises: the next generation will look back on those * * element (?) who have acted their part on the Stage in Boston in this affair A. D. 1764 as we now look back on Borehave and Sydenham, the merits of the former is acknowledged concerning Mercury in this Distemper and the latter for his Instituting of the Case Regimen. I think it is the greatest thing that ever was acheived in the Art of Medicine to disarm so dreadfull a Distemper of all its terrors and dangers.

Pray Continue your care for my Sons. Caution them not to rebel against yours and Nature's prohibitions least they should be taught by fearfull Example that the Small-Pox in no Stage will be trifled with.

I am Sr yr most obedt Humble Servt,

DEDHAM, March 26, 1764. NATHL AMES.

Worthy Sr. I return my hearty thanks to the grate disposer of all events & to you as the Instrument for Carrying my Sons so far through the Small-Pox, so (that) they May return with Safty to a House I have provided for their reception; I have just payd away a large Sum since my Sons entrd the Hospital; and it is now perfectly low Water with me but be so kind as to send me your Bill and also the Bill for Nursing and all other demands and I will Discharge them as soon as possible, the Young Man that lives with me Son to Mr. Seth Sumner of Milton is about to come to you to-morrow provided you will give directions concerning his coming into Town. I also expect Doctr Gerould but he is not yet come. I shall use my Intrest to send what Patients offer to you but the bearer waits with company therefore in Hast I subscribe your Friend and very Humble Servt NATHL AMES.

DEDHAM, April 5, 1764.

Worthy Sr I return my hearty thanks to the great
Disposer of all Events & to you as the Instrument for
Carrying my Sons So far through the Small Pox
& then May return with safety to a House I
have provided for an Inoculation; if he just pass
away alarge from Fever my Sons Sickness the
Hospital; and it is more perfectly low Water
with me but be so kind as to Send me your
Bill, and also the Bill for Nursing and all other
Demands, and I will Discharge them as soon as
possible, the Young Man that lives with me
Son to Mr Seth Sumner of Milton is above
to come to Town to Morrow provided you will give
Direction concerning his coming into Town ?
also Esquire Dad? Jerauld but he is not yet come
I Shall Use my Interest to send what Patients offer
to you But the Bearer waits with Company - -
therefore in Haste I subscribe your Friend and very
Humble Servt

Nath. Ames

Dedham April 5. 1764

In 1725 Dr. Ames commenced the publication of his almanacks, the first being for the year 1726.[1] His taste for astronomy being acquired from his father (Nathaniel), who took a deep interest in such studies. He published them continuously for thirty-nine years and prepared a portion of the fortieth for the year 1765.

Dr. Ames married Oct. 30, 1740, a second wife, Deborah, daughter of Jeremiah Fisher, by whom he had: 1. *Nathaniel*, born, 1741; graduated at Harvard, 1761; was a physician; died at Dedham, in 1822, leaving no children. 2. *Seth*, graduated at Harvard, 1764; also a physician, who died at Dedham, 1778. 3. *Fisher*, one of the most brilliant men ever produced in this country; born, April 9, 1758; entered Harvard College at twelve years, and graduated 1774. He died July 4, 1808, aged 50 years, and was interred at Dedham. 4. *Deborah*. 5. *William*.

The *Boston Evening Post*, Monday, July 16, 1764, concerning the decease of Dr. Ames, says: "About a fortnight ago was seized with a painful billious disorder, which was followed with a nervous fever, and last Wednesday morning (July 11) died, at Dedham, Doctor NATHANIEL AMES, aged 56 years. Besides his practice in Physick he followed the study of Astronomy from his youth. He has published an ALMANACK annually for 38 years past, to the great, very great Acceptance of the Inhabitants

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[1] A few years since the late Ellis Ames Esq., of Canton, Mass., stated that "the first Almanack by Nathaniel Ames was for the year 1725, *which we have often seen*, and which of course was finished in the latter part of the year 1724, &c." I think the best evidence is the Almanack itself, and the Doctor's own statement therein. (See re-production of the pages of Almanack 1726 on pp. 5 to 8.) The statement in the almanack 1765, made by his son relative to "the fortieth almanac he (his father) ever published," is not to be considered except to verify the fact that the almanack 1765 was prepared almost entire before the first Dr. Ames deceased. Neither should the age of the Doctor in 1725 (less than 16 years as stated) be urged, as precocity in almanac making was known aforetime. It is of record that Increase Gatchell *aet.* 16 produced an Almanack at Boston in 1695, and the *same author* at the *same age* produced another in 1715.

of this Province, as also to the neighboring Colonies and Provinces."

The *Boston Gazette*, of the same date, adds: "His remains were decently interred last Saturday afternoon (July 14)."

After the decease of Doctor Ames, some persons endeavored to profit by his fame, by publishing an almanack for the year 1766, stating that the "son of the lately deceased Dr. Ames, declined furnishing the Public with an Almanack for the year 1766," adding that "The Author has put this Almanack into the same Form with those published by the late Dr. Ames, whose annual performances of this Sort gave general satisfaction." This almanack was issued over the authorship of "Mr. Ames."

After the decease of Dr. Ames, his widow continued to keep the Tavern until her marriage with Richard Woodward, when the hostelry passed under the title of THE WOODWARD TAVERN.

The second Dr. Nathaniel Ames, (the third of the name) was born at Dedham, Oct. 9, 1741, and died there July 22, 1822. He graduated at Harvard College in 1761, studied medicine, received his degree of M. D., was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and was a successful practitioner of his profession at Dedham for over 50 years. He was also Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Norfolk, and of the Court of Sessions from 1793 during its existence.

"Dr. Ames was an intense partisan of the Republican school, and his political opinions are expressed without any reservation in his Diary," now being published in Dedham Historical Register, and which covers a period 1758 to 26 June, 1821.

"The Diary is valuable for the extended period of time it was continued, for its concise, comprehensive and accurate statements, which made it entirely reliable, and it reflects a good deal of the spirit of that period, which included the years before and during the Revolution, as well as the first thirty years of our national life."

"From this Diary (now in possession of the Dedham Historical Society), the intelligent reader will easily infer that Dr. Ames was a man of uncommon acuteness as an observer, a student of varied tastes, fond of investigation, especially in scientific matters, of quaint humor, strong in his prejudices, and altogether a man of great originality and force."—*Dedham Hist. Register, Vol. I, p. 10.*

He erected his residence in Dedham in 1772, and resided there until his decease.[1]

He was married by the Revd Mr Clark of the Episcopal Church at Dedham, on the 14th of June, 1775, to Miss Meletiah, sister of Jeremiah Shuttleworth, the first postmaster of Dedham.

That some idea may be formed of the manner of boy and man he was, the following extracts from his Diary will be found interesting.

Cambridge Septr 20th 1758. They who see this in future times may know that it is the covering of an old Almanack 1758. And do not despise old times too much, for remember, that 2 or 3 centurys from the time of seeing this, you will be counted old times folks as you count us to be so now, many People in these times think the Consumation very nigh, much more may you think so, and do not think yourselves so much wiser than we are as to make yourselves proud, for the last day is at hand in which you must give an account of what you have been about in this state of Probation, & very likely you are more given to Vice than we are, and we than the last Century folks; if you have more arts than we have that you yourselves have found out, impute it not to our inability that we could not find them out, for if we had had only those very arts that we have now, when we first came to settle in N. America, very like we should have found out those very things which you have the honour to be the Inventors of.

Dinner is ready I must leave off.

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[1]The residence is now owned and occupied by Dr. J. P. Maynard.

June 22, 1758.	"Roman Father" play performed (? Boston).
July 3,	Cato " " (Warren's Cham.)
6,	" " " to perfection.
14,	" " " more perfect.
Apr. 20, 1759.	"Drummer" acted at Hows.
July 6,	"Revenge" acted.—father came.
Sept. 7,	Cato.
Nov. 23,	"Revenge" (at Bowman's ? Boston).
June 13, 1760.	Acted "Tancred and Sigismunda" for which we are like to be prosecuted.
Sept. 9, 1761.	Boston People flock up to Newport to see the plays by the English Actors.
Nov. 12-13.	In the evening acted a Play—rebuked for it by our Parents.
Oct. 12, 1763.	Mr Benj. Franklin here—famous Dr Franklin.[1]
July 5, 1764.	Went Bostn for a Doctor to my Father.
6,	Went Watertown for a Doctor.
7,	Father got a nervous Fever.
8,	Doctors Convers & Sprague pronounce my Father almost irrecoverable.
9,	call'd up to see my Father die.
10,	Convers has better Hopes of my Father.
11,	6 o'Clock A. M. My Father's noble and generous Soul took her Flight into the Region of Spirits.

Death I defy thee, use thy utmost Force
My noble Parent has a fair Divorce.
Here plunge thy Dart, thy last poor Thrust now give
Nor let a Monster so ungratefull live
As I, who thus, my Father have misus'd,
And vainly tho't by him I was abus'd.

July 13, 1764.	Mrs. Nazrow here. Now leaning on my Father's Coffin. I could not help writing the last Words he ever said to me. Scil: Natty, Natty, is it not very hard that I cannot have one Trial.
August 13,	much engaged in Calculating Eclipses.
29.	very busy calculating for a new Almanack.

[1] The last three words were written later. Possibly Benjamin came up from Philadelphia to consult concerning almanacs, jokes, etc.

Sept. 10. preparing a Dress for the Almanack.

Nov. 1. Stamp Act takes place. Grenville & Rush hanged in effigy.

5. Pope Devil and Stampman hanged together.

13. Undertake to act the Orphan.

20. Scholars punished at College for acting over the great and last day in a very shocking manner, personating the Jude, etertat Devil, &c.

Dec. 18. Mr Oliver[1] oblig'd by the People to resign his office at the Tree of Lib. & makes Oath before Mr. Dana never to act in it.

19. News that our proceeding against the Stamp Distributors & Opposition to the Enaction of the Stamp Act meets with the Approbation of the Merchants at home & others in general.

20. The Connecticut people far outshine the other Govmts in the Cause of Liberty & merit the Blessings of all Posterity.

23. Many people drink for want of comfortable Food. Stamp Act has this only happy Effect, viz: It unites the Colonies. If the Art of Physick consisted in the knowledge only of Medicines & their Virtues then every Apothecary would be the best Physician.

1766.

Sept 4. I was deeply engaged in calculating for an Almanack for 1767 &
[fly leaf] broke off by the importunity of my Mother to settle the Estate, who they not agreeing to take care of the Tarv n whilst I could make an Almanack, so that my character will be spoiled & I deprived of the only means of getting a living in this World. Wherefore I pray God to take my Soul into the next scene of Being where I hope to know everything intuitively for whh I now grope about by the dim light of Reason.

June 12. Calculating for 1767—very dry time.

Sept 4. Laid aside Astronomy & tho'ts of publishing an Almanack.

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[1]Oliver was Secretary of the Province and was appointed Distributor of Stamps.

8. Rec^d a letter from Edes & Gill desiring to have the copy of an Almanack.

20. Gill here about Copy of an Almanack. disagre.

Nov. 8. Went Milton & Boston. M'Alpine copy alm.

12. M'Alpine here.

Dec. 2. Very cold, returned from Boston with new Almanacks.

Aug 5. Sun's Eclipse came on rather sooner than the time I said perhap

[fly leaf] 3 Minutes in the midst thereof it was a very serene air but a peculiar gloominess overspread the horizon such as I never saw before.

Aug 7. Draper put in Thursday Paper that ye Eclipse nearly agreed with the Gentlem^n who favored D^r. Ames with his calculat^n. best observation of the Eclipse at Newport.

Sept. 24. Never let me write again to the Printers of Boston News Papers for they are all Knaves Liars, Villains to serve their Intrest & when they appear most Friendly have most of the Devil in their Hearts.

(D^r. Ames bore on hard to the pen which wrote this entry.—ED.)

Oct. 1. Had a conversation with a gentle^n about my Almanack obtaining a patent of the Minister of State for the sole printing & vending thereof, this Gentleman thinks that by the recommendation of Friends I might obtain it for less than 20 Guineas. The Friends I have tho'ts of applying to are George Apthorp of London, Brother to alderman Trecothick a man of great Influence & to John Winthrop, Esq., Professor of Harvard Col. F. R. S. & to Sam. Dexter, Esq. to write to his old correspondents in London & to Mr. Sheriff Greenleaf of Boston & to Mr. Fayerweather of Narraganset in Colony of R. Island & to Edmund Dana now in England married into a noble Family & to Thomas Palmer now in London both my Friends, but all will avail but little unless I can invent something new & useful to mankind.

Country People complain that I have mentioned no Snow in nex year's Almank.

1767.

Oct. 7. Was at Boston had conversation with McAlpine about Copy of an Almanack he would not give 200£ unless I would take it all

in almanacks. Rec^d a letter from Mein that he was provided with a copy but knew of a person who would give a moderate Price.

8. Was at Boston and agreed to let Edes & Gill have my copy for 150 they engaging on their words & honor to raise it to 200£ next year if possible & let me have their Paper or Gazette 1 year from this time. I paying Mumford for brigng also to to supply me with Almanacks at 13s. 6^d per doz. before they expose any to sale anywhere or send any off to be sold.

19. Carry'd copy of Almanack for 1768 to Edes & Gill Might had 100 Dollars for it of Mein.

Oct. 20. This day compleats the 26th year of my age.

Nov. 13. Went Boston. Case not come on. Got 1 gro. Almanacks.

Oct. 18. Vastly hurried about my Almanack for 1768 I would exhort myself to begin calculation earlier so that I might have time (to) fill up with useful & entertaining things against another year to stop the progress of other Almanacks especially Bickerstaffs which is like to have a great sale, being printed on a good Type & full of useful and entertaining things.

1768.

Jan. 19. The Eclipse happen^d much as this Almanack says—it look't dark & gloomy in the midst of it.

Feb. 25. Sam. Sterns of Boston wants to know how to make Almanacks.

June 1. Began Calculations for 1769. Make slow progress. Called off.

June 29. Totally eclipsed according to this Almanack.

Oct. 29. Sent my copy for next years Almanack to Fleet for 20£.

Dec. 27. got half a gross Almanacks of Fleet.

1769.

June 3. Observ^d the Transit of Venus happen according to this Almanack.

Nov. 1. Went Boston agreed about Almanacks.

2. Lows Almanack published.

3. Wests Almanack published.

Nov. 16. Thadd^s. Stowel who has been in York Gov^t brought a line to me from W^m. Coye requesting y^t I would insert in my Almanack two Courts held in ye County of Cumberland, in New York, one the first Tuesday in June, ye other the first Tuesday in

November, but whether Superior or Inferior Courts does not say, yet says that Chester in the Shire Town.

Dec. 5. Went Boston brought 1 groce Alman. fr. Fleets.

1771

Oct. 24. Ezek'l Russel offer'd 40 Dollars for my copy (of) Almanack.

Nov. 7. Russel came again about the Copy.

Dec. 8. Ezekl Russell came here about Almanack.

1772.

Nov 28. Went to Boston dd copy Almanack.

1773.

May 9. Old Dick Woodward[1] struck me withis (*sic*) saw.

May 12. Dick Woodward fined for striking me & bound to good Behavior.

Nov 25. Annual Thanksgiving which I celebrated with much Thankfulness in a little boiled Rice at home alone, then came in my Brother William who had good provisions sent him from his Mother & dind here at my House upon it, of which I could not so much as taste. Mrs. Whiting my Housekeeper prevented my having Provisions of my own cooked & went among her Relations to dine leaving me to cook for my Self.

1774.

Jan 8. Went (to) Boston got 30 (of my) new Almanacks.

[7]. Title Page Verse for next years Almk composed as I lay in Bed this Morning Jany 7, 1774.

Let Tyrant Princes distant Climes explore
For wealth & power drench in human gore!
Let fleets & armies make their subjects pine
And cannon's mouths assert their *rights devine*
Let Spaniel Courtiers lick their masters feet
And conscious meanness make them feel they're Great.[2]

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[1]Richard Woodward married the Widow Ames, the mother of Dr. Nathaniel 2d.

[2]This is a little different from the verses on the title page of Almanack 1775, which see.

Oct 12. The Fair Stranger here at my House said to be a german Princess in disguise.

[fly leaf] Old Richard Woodward has declared that he will fleece our Estate as much as possible & accordingly Oct. 12 carried off several Loads of unthrashed Rye & carried off all the last years Corn & threatens to carry away the Hay out of the Barn I (in) defiance of Law & Equity threatens to strip & waste as much as possible.

1775.

April 19. The regular forces sent by the British Government to Boston march out to Lexington & fired on a Company of men & killd six then immediately marchd off to Concord to seize our Province Military Stores destroyd some Flour 2 Cannon & then upon being attack'd by our People began to retreat & continued fighting all the way to Charlestown 30 men lost on our side many more on theirs. I went & dressed the wounded.

The following extract from the cook book of Dr. Ames will serve to illustrate his political bias, as well as to indicate his predilection for all the comforts of a home.

GOOD DEMOCRATIC CAKE.

3 quarts Flour
1 ℔ Butter
1½ Sugar
1¼ Raisins
4 Eggs
½ glass Wine
1 glass Brandy
oz. ½ Cinnamon—half an ounce
Some Corianders
oz. ¼ Alspice

Yeast 1 glass or half or half a jill sot rising over night—and next morning work the sugar & butter together half an hour at least, it will make your cake lighter and whiter.

After it has puff'd up light work in the rest except the Raisins, which add at seting into Oven.

FUDDERAL[1] PANCAKE.

Mix boulted Rye flour, boulted Indian meal, each a quart with salt into three pints milk. Fry in lard.

Good enough for the Junto.—too good!

His part in the events which led up to the final separation of the Colonies from the mother country, is condensed as follows from "The 250th anniversary of the settlement of Dedham."

Foremost among the friends of America in the English Parliament who had been constantly laboring for the repeal of the Stamp Act, was William Pitt, afterwards the Earl of Chatham. It was he who maintained that "America being neither really nor virtually represented in Westminster, cannot be held legally or constitutionally or reasonably subject to obedience to any money bill of the kingdom." The Stamp Act was repealed March 18, 1766, and the news was received in Boston on the 16th of the following May. The repeal was hailed with the greatest demonstrations of joy.

Dr. Ames writes Feb. 15, 1767, that he "went to Boston with Mr. Haven and Battle. Spoke Pitt's bust of Mr. Skilling."

Finally, February 26, Dr. Ames again went to Boston, and "brought the bust of Pitt for the Pillar of Liberty."

The original inscriptions in Latin and English were undoubtedly composed by Dr. Ames. He was accustomed to make entries in Latin in his diary, and the style of the English is characteristic. He writes: "Aug. 6. Howard altered *erepsit* into *evulsit*," traces of which alteration are now discernible.

It strikes one strangely, perhaps, to find on this stone, erected by the Sons of Liberty, an expression of satisfaction that their loyalty to King George III. had been confirmed by the repeal of the Stamp Act. But it must not be forgotten that it was then ten years before the Declaration of Independence, and if any

[1] Dr. Ames always spelled Federal in this manner, and always spoke of the Federalists as "the Junto."

entertained the thought of independence as a contingency which might occur, certainly no one avowed it. The patriots fondly indulged the hope, rather, that in the repeal of the Stamp Act all their trials were ended, and that the oppressive policy of the British ministers toward America had been reversed. But their joy was short-lived, and by the passage of the act imposing a duty upon tea and other articles passed in June, 1767, the series of measures was continued which brought on the Revolution.

As the conflict approached, the Pillar of Liberty naturally ceased to be an object of interest. Dr. Ames records, "May 11, 1769. The Pillar of Liberty was overthrown last night." Perhaps this was due to the revulsion in popular feeling. It is not certain that it was afterward replaced. But there were those living not many years since, who remembered in the last decade of the eighteenth century both pillar and bust lying upon the ground, and the latter being kicked about by the boys of that period. It is certain that no one took pains to preserve them, and they are now irrecoverably lost.[1]

At the decease of Dr. Ames, he, having no issue, gave all his property by will to his wife's niece Hannah, daughter of Jeremiah Shuttleworth. After the decease of Dr. Ames' widow in 1826, she sold the house, and it is supposed that it was probably the money ($2,300) from that sale, that she deposited about 1830 in the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Co. This fund she never disturbed but allowed it to accumulate, and at her death (Feb. 22, 1886, aged 86 years) that company paid her executor as the amount due thereon, over $40,000. From this a legacy of $10,000 was paid to the Dedham Historical Society to

[1]The image of Pitt also ceased to be an object of interest in other places. The writer remembers seeing when a boy, the headless, and armless remains of a statue of Pitt standing outside, and behind the railing of the "Fifth Ward Hotel," on West Broadway in New York City; naught remaining to give it any dignity save the marble Roman toga in which it was clad.

build its building, and a legacy of like amount to the Dedham Public Library.

From this source the Dedham Historical Society obtained the land on which their building is located—and where the house of Miss Shuttleworth formerly stood—and all the valuable papers, diary, and the complete set of almanacks formerly owned by Dr. Ames, which is now believed to be unique.

Society Building erected 1886-7, from the bequest of Hannah Shuttleworth.

Fisher Ames, a younger brother of Dr. Nathaniel Ames, was not given to astronomy or almanacks, but was a lawyer of prominence in Massachusetts; and during the period before, and during the Revolution was active in maintaining the spirit of independence, and at the conclusion of the struggle was one of the master minds in the formation of the Constitution, and our present form of government.

His residence was erected in 1795, and he deceased there on July 4, 1808, aged 50 years. The house and grounds are now owned by Fred. J. Stimson, Esq., known to the literary world as "J. S. of Dale." The house, while the old frame is still in it, has been completely changed in both internal arrangement and exterior appearance.

The *site of the Law Office of Fisher Ames*, built in 1794, was on the corner of Court and High streets, near the Pitt's Head. The building was afterward remodelled and reconstructed as a dwelling-house. It was removed when the new Court House was built, and again when the Dedham Bank building was erected. It was a perfect sample of the old time country lawyer's office. After the death of Fisher Ames it was occupied by his son, John Worthington Ames, and then by James Richardson; and subsequently by Theron Metcalf, afterward Judge of the Supreme Court. The late Ex-Governor Clifford, Judge Seth Ames, and many other lawyers of eminence in this and other States there read law with Judge Metcalf.

THE OLD TAVERN.

(See frontispiece.)

AROUND this caravansary now known only by tradition—it having been swept away by the march of improvement in 1817, after Mrs. Woodwards death—centers much of the historic interest of early Dedham and the Ames family.

It stood on the estate owned at the time it was taken down by Fisher Ames, and here both he and his brother Nathaniel were born.

This house had been a tavern continuously over one hundred years, Lieut. Joshua Fisher, the original proprietor, was licensed by the General Court, Oct. 20, 1658 "to sell strong waters to relieve the inhabitants, being remote from Boston, for one year." The Lieutenant, besides his military occupation, was a surveyor, an apothecary, and an inn-holder. Capt. Joshua Fisher[1] succeeded his father as an inn-holder. He died March

[1] He devised this estate to his wife Hannah for life, and reversion to his daughter Mary, and she became the first wife of Dr. Nathaniel Ames, the elder, whom she married Sept. 14, 1735. At this time the old tavern was raised six inches above its foundations, the walls filled with brick; it was fitted with closets, and completely finished "to the turning of the keys, inside and out."

The tavern was known as the "Ames Tavern" until about the time of the Revolution, when it became known as "Woodward's Tavern," or "the Sign of the Law Book."

The illustration fronting the title, represents the building as it appeared at the time of its demolition, and for some years previous thereto. The sketch was made from the description given by several of the oldest inhabitants of Dedham, two of whom, aged about *ninety-three* years (twins) and one other also living in the possession of all her faculties, at the

11, 1730. The site of the tavern was near the corner of High and Court streets, fronting on High street (see map). In the journal of Madam Knight kept by that lady during her journey from Boston to New York, 1704, Dedham is mentioned as one of the towns through which she passed. She called on the Rev. Joseph Belcher the minister of Dedham since Nov. 29, 1693, and later in the day dropped in at the *Ames Tavern* (then the Fisher Tavern kept by Capt. Joshua Fisher) in search of a guide for a further journey the same night. There was a drinking room in the brew-house, and one small beer vessel which perhaps is what Madam Knight styles "the pewter engine," to which their lips were tied at the time of her visit.

When Madam Knight returned Mar. 2, 1705, she again passed through Dedham, this time partially on foot (her horse having given out) and partly by water, she having met with a mishap at the causeway (see map) on account of Dwight's brook having exceeded its license.

In later years when Dr. Ames was *mine host*, the repute of its larder, (and probably also the "tap,") was unquestionably good, despite the attractions of the rival establishment of "Gay's." The letter of Ezekiel Price, (a person from his association and employment eminently capable of judging) will serve to interest those who are curious as to the *cuisine* of the early days.[1]

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remarkable age of *one hundred and three*. These three persons well remember the old house and many traditions connected therewith. The room at the left of the entrance as we face the picture, was evidently the "tap room" in ancient times—the windows being screened on the inside with wooden shutters as would be proper—an heart-shaped opening being cut in each to admit the light. When the room was lighted at night, these "heart openings" were made more distinct, and "late-at-night" neighbors journeying homeward would remark, "See the light shine through Mrs. Woodward's heart."

[1] EZEKIEL PRICE, before the Revolution was the confidential Secretary of several of the governours of the province.

Soon after independence was declared, he was appointed Clerk of the Courts of Common Pleas & Sessions for the Co. of Suffolk; in which

We propose, Ba
Lam
chi
Gre
Sac

There will
so that Yo

We are to
morrow, if
your hous
proceed

Monday

"From the early settlement and until a very recent period the Tavern was a recognized and, it may be said, an Ordinary institution of Dedham. But Woodward's Tavern became historic, not merely as having been the birthplace of Fisher Ames and the dispensary of good cheer, but as having been the place where the famous Suffolk Convention was organized Sept. 6, 1774, to which Dedham sent five delegates. A large committee was chosen to prepare resolutions, and the convention then adjourned to meet at the house of Daniel Vose, in Milton, where on Friday, Sept. 9, 1774, Gen. Joseph Warren reported to the convention the Suffolk resolutions which he had drafted. They were read several times and unanimously adopted.

"'Those who now or in after times shall examine the journal of the earliest Continental Congress in search of the first recorded resolution to try the issue with Great Britain, if need be at the point of the sword, will find the doings of this convention entered at length upon its pages, appearing as the medium through which the object of their assembling was first presented to their deliberations, and serving as the basis of their subsequent proceedings. The house of Richard Woodward most of us remember. In it was born Fisher Ames. Was it not the birthplace of the American Revolution?'"[1]

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services, as well as those of Notary Publick & Magistrate, he remained 20 years.

He was also for a long time Chairman of the Board of Selectmen for the town of Boston, and in these & many other stations he acted his part well in Society; until that decay which so often attends the age of three score & ten, made it necessary for him to retire to his family. In private life he was amiable, as in publick life he was useful.

April 30, 1793, he was elected a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, to which he was a liberal benefactor. He died July 15, 1802, aged 74 years. *Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll. Vol. viii, p. 85.* He was a great grandson of the famous Ezekiel Cheever, of whom the miracle is recorded, that for seventy mortal years he was a schoolmaster, and "left off at last without being tired, but simply because he was obliged to."

[1] Haven's address, 200th anniversary of the Town of Dedham, p. 45.

The map[1] on opposite page represents prominent localities in the town of Dedham in the time of Dr. Ames and his two sons.

Referring to the homes of the early ministers, the house (1) in rear represents the site of the house built and occupied by John Allin, the first minister, and where his successor, Wm. Adams, also lived; but the 3d minister, Joseph Belcher, soon after his ordination in Nov. 1693, built the house (2) nearer the main road the Parish having contributed 60£ thereon, and this was also occupied by Dexter and Haven, the 4th and 5th ministers, and was taken down in 1819 to make a site for the present 1st Congregational Church.

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[1] The map inserted needs little if any additional explanation, but the very peculiar title (*Beere Waye*) given to the lane or roadway leading from the main road to the "old burial ground," may seem somewhat misleading at the first glance. When I first examined the map I assumed that the name had some reference to the electric fluid of commerce, so potential at the present day in ward caucuses. The connection between the tavern and the liquid helped to confirm me in my mistaken notion; and had it not been for timely reference to a marginal note on the correspondence I had received—relative to the map—I had undoubtedly blundered into a very egregious error, which no amount of apology could have ever set right.

I might have endeavored to excuse myself by taking the ground that the "beere waye" if followed closely, would sooner or later lead from the tavern to the burial ground, but I fear that that would not have constituted a saving clause.

The "beere waye"—I learn from the notation alluded to,—was simply the path along which, on funeral occasions, the "bier" with its burden was borne to its final resting place.

Our language contains some very embarrasing spells—even the latter orthography fails to fully satisfy.

HISTORICAL.

HAVING now introduced our authors and their antecessors to the audience, a brief review of the general condition of things "at home," and in the Colonies during the period 1726—1764, may be desirable. The Hanoverian Georges had begun the management of home affairs, Mr. John Law had exploited his South Sea or Mississippi Cash and Confidence Association, Mr. Richard Turpin and Mr. John Sheppard had expiated their very taking ways, and made their last appearance at Tyburn. Robert Walpole was keeper of the King's conscience, and murders and robberies—the latter in person or by proxy—were of daily occurrence, the "Rogue's March" being the most popular anthem of the period.

In the north, the Scots were evincing their most thorough disapprobation of capital punishment, and gave a practical exhibition of its horrors by hanging Capt. John Porteous at Edinburgh.

Rows of various calibre and importance were taking place on the continent; pugnacious John Bull taking a hand and laying the foundation of English finance—the National Debt.

While John's attention was thus distracted Mr. James Stuart was moving on the English throne; "Charlie over the Water" was becoming interested, "Johnnie" Cope was trodden on during the southward progress of the Pretender, and his name only perpetuated in song. The Duke of Cumberland tried conclusions with the Scottish army at Culloden in April, 1746, and that was the "be all and the end all" of that affair.

A contemporary historian thus sums up the general condition

of things at home; "morality was lax, education was limited, poverty was abundant, extravagance was very common, and wealth extremely insolent."

In the colony of Massachusetts things were somewhat in the condition of the mother country, only opportunities were somewhat limited.

The population of the commonwealth at this period was about 94,000—2,000 of which were slaves, 1,200 civilized Indians—the balance having probably been worn out in experimenting to save this small crop—and the balance of the returns were whites—several of whom earned the munificent compensation of *two shillings per day*, possibly payable in *store orders*.

Currency of the *fiat* quality was largely predominant, and its *expansive* nature had the effect of reducing crime—notably highway robbery—to a minimum. The honest granger of the period could wheel the products of his farm from Dedham to Boston on a Saturday morning, in a hand cart, dispose of the same—and in the evening himself and family could take home the proceeds in "old tenor," carrying in their arms what the cart would not hold, undisturbed by any "knight of the road," whose sympathy for the toiling *Cincinnati* would be made manifest by a countenance more expressive of sorrow than of covetousness.

The stern amusements of a previous generation were dropping into desuetude, and the whipping post and stocks were not used to illustrate the Articles of Faith. Stage plays were being performed by the students at College (when they weren't caught at it), newspapers were not yet of daily occurrence. Cotton Mather, the high priest of Boston, "the literary behemoth of New England," had been gathered to his fathers, (1728) and the plethora of literature from that source had ceased. The press was turning out much that was interesting, each printing establishment had its annual Almanack, and chiefest among these was the production of our author, which is set forth in the following pages.

An Astronomical Diary,

OR, AN

ALMANACK

For the Year of Our Lord CHRIST

1 7 2 6

And from the Creation of the World, according to the best of Prophane History, 5[illegible]. But by the Account of the Holy Scripture, 5[illegible] being the Second after *Bissextile* or Leap-Year, And the Twelfth Year of the Reign of Our Most Gracious Sovereign Lord KING GEORGE

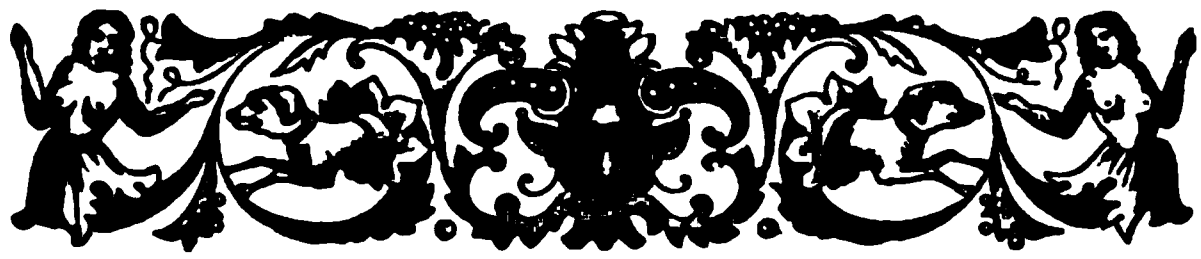
Wherein is Contain'd the *Lunations*, *Prospect* of the Luminaries, the *Planets Motions* & *Aspects*, *Eclipses*, the Suns Rising and Setting, Time of High Water, Courts, Spring Tides, judgment of the Weather. Together with many other Things necessary for such a Work.

Calculated for the Meridian of Boston, N. England, *Where Latitude is* 42 *deg.* 25 *min North.*

By NATHANIEL AMES, *Jun.*
Student in Physick and Astronomy.

NOW Seventeen hundred & Twenty Six the Sum,
His round course since CHRIST *his Birth hath run.*
Strange Revolutions in this time have been,
In Foreign Lands, Kingdoms and Countries seen.
Some Years were happy, some with Wars perplexe,
And GOD *know's who shall Live unto the next*

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by *B. Green*, and Sold also at the Booksellers Shops. 1 7 2 6



THE ALMANACK FOR 1726

By Nathaniel Ames, Jun.

Student in Physick and Astronomy.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by *B. Green*, and Sold also at the Book-sellers shops. 1726.[1]

NOW Seventeen hundred & Twenty Six the Sun,
His annual course since *CHRIST* his Birth hath run,
Strange Revolutions in this time have been
In divers Lands, Kingdoms and Countries seen,
Some Years were happy, some with Woes perplext,
And *GOD* knows who shall Live unto the next.

This Eclipse of the Moon happens so near the Great Benevolent *Jupiter*, the Effects 'tis hop'd will not be ill.

JANUARY.

Our Northern Climes in shiv'ring Cold remain
Till Glorious Phœbus shall return again.

More Snow than Lillies.

FEBRUARY.

Cold Weather still on us attends
We feel it at our Finger's ends.

[1] Bartholomew Green, Jr., printed the Almanacks from 1726 to 1733, inclusive, and perhaps those for 1734–1735. He was a son of Bartholomew Green, also a printer, and grandson of Samuel Green, the "Colledge printer" at Cambridge, who came over with Governor Winthrop in 1630. Bartholomew, Jr., was also connected with John Draper, his brother-in-law, in the business until about 1734, and later with John Bushell, and Bezoune Allen. This latter partnership continued until about 1751, when Green removed with his printing materials to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he died shortly after his arrival.

Who out of Fortune's smiles do run,
All men their Company will shun.

MARCH.

Now comes the Spring, Sol by his splendid Rays
Turns gloomy Nights into bright shining Days.

Expectations of Peace.

APRIL.

Nature, that wealthy Dame, now briskly Pours
Upon the Earth her Fresh and Fruitful Showers.
Some in Dissembling have such Art,
Are Saints in Show—Devils in Heart.

MAY.

The wing'd Musicians now do Sing
To entertain the welcome Spring.

JUNE.

Now Sol from Cancer sends his Rays
Which makes with us the longest Days.

JULY.

The Husbandman walks o're his fertile Fields,
Which many charming Pleasures to him yields.

The Author born 22. July 1708.

AUGUST.

Lend them that want: th' Almighty fav'reth such
And in short time repays them twice as much.

There ne'er was any Age so clear
But in her Face some Faults appear.

SEPTEMBER.

Phœbus with the Cœlestial Scales doth now
An equal weight to Days and Nights allow.

OCTOBER.

Now some before cold Boreas fly
And many Thousands fall and Die.

Christopher Columbus found out the New World Oct. 11, 1492.

NOVEMBER.

No Art preserves from Age: devouring Time
Makes every thing (nay, the whole World) resign.

DECEMBER.

The Year is past away, our Glass doth run,
And while we speak, the present Minute's gone.

KIND READER.

The Method of this *Almanack* is so plain that it needs no Explanation, except the place of *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, which is over the last Column, at the top of every Page, for the 1st, 8th, 16th and 24th Days of every Month in this Year.

The Names and Characters of the Planets, Signs, Aspects and Nodes are these,

The Planets, { Saturn ♄, Jupiter ♃, Mars ♂, Sol or Sun ☉, Venus ♀, Mercury ☿, Luna or the Moon ☽.

The Signs, { Aries ♈, Taurus ♉, Gemini ♊, Cancer ♋, Leo ♌, Virgo ♍, Libra ♎, Scorpio ♏, Sagitarius ♐, Capricorn ♑, Aquarius ♒, Pisces ♓.

The Old Aspects are Five in Number, as the Conjunction ☌, Sextile ✶, Quartile □, Trine △, Opposition ☍.

The New Aspects are Eight in Number, viz.

Semisextile	SS	Tridecile	Td	Quincux	Vc
Decile	dcc	Sefiquadrate	SSq	Semiquadrat	S
Quintile	Q	Biquintile	Bq		

The Nodes, { The Dragons Head ☊, Dragons Tail ☋, Part of Fortune ⊕.

The Vulgar Notes of this Year are:

Golden Number	17	Epact	7
Cycle of the Sun	27	Dominical Letter	B

☞ Note, The Glorious Planet *Venus* is Occidental or Evening Star, till the 25 of March, from thence Oriential or Morning Star, to the Years End.

TO THE READER.

COURTEOUS READER,

I Have here adventured to present you with an Almanack for the Ensuing Year. It being my first made Public by the Press; Should it find Acceptance, I have my End and shall receive sufficient Encouragement to Undertake somewhat more for your benefit. Thus Reader for your sake I have exposed my self to the dangerous & sharp Teeth of envious Detractors, which is a great Hazard especially in this polish'd Age, among so many fine & curious Wits, who scarcely can approve of anything, tho' never so Judiciously Composed. There has been no pains, nor care, wanting to render these Calculations as free from Errors as possible, yet if any fault committed by my Pen or Press pass Uncorrected, Excuse it; in so doing you will not only do your self a Kindness, but also oblige him, who is a Friend to all that are Mathematically inclined, and a real Lover of the most sublime study of Astronomy.

Bridgwater, Octob. 12th, 1725. N. AMES.

Read then and Learn but don't all faults Object,
Since they can only judge that can Correct;
To whom my Works appeal, and if I find,
The Sons of Art to favour them inclin'd;
With their Propitious smiles, it shall suffice,
To, counterpoize the Frowns of Enemies.

Twice in a Century (Old *Indians* say,)
Our Land abounds with *Bears* & *Beasts* of Prey;
Whereof some do embrace Proud Neptune's Waves
And with the Scaly Tribe swim to their Graves;
Others Retreat towards the Frigid Zone,
And dwell in Desert yet to us unknown;
They'll come, no more from whence they do retire,
Until a Jubilee of Years Expire.

(*Dele* Sup. C. Boston, *the First Tuesday* in May.)

Notes on 1726.—This Almanack partakes largely of the quality of contemporaneous weather books, but it must be remembered that the author was but a youth, and liable to follow at first the well worn path

laid out by previous star-gazers. The couplets at the head of each monthly page are rather of a better conception than the productions of the average almanack bard,—and the interlined wisdom give promise of a maturing mind.

The "Expectations of Peace" under March, doubtless allude to the difficulties with the Indians, as neither the mother country nor the Colonies were at this time otherwise involved.

The allusion to the Eclipse of the Moon, and its probable "effects" the *benevolent* Jupiter gives some evidence of the author's inclination toward the prevailing belief in astrology.

His apologetic epistle displays his evident fear of adverse criticism, so general at this period, and notably so among the almanack makers, but he solaces himself by "dropping into poetry" to appease the would-be censor. The jingle concerning the Indian tradition is curious, as being a relic of aboriginal ideas, never to my observation having been referred to by any other writer.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1727

BY NATHANIEL AMES, Jun.

Student in Physick and Astronomy.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by *B. Green*, and Sold also at the Book-sellers Shops, 1727.

"Swift Winged Time Feather'd with Flying Hours,
Whose Hungry Jaws all Things on Earth Devours,
And when the space of a few Years and Days
Shall be expir'd, we all must go our ways
To our long Home, where all in Silence mourn,
From whose dark shores no Travellers Return,
Where Mean and Great on equal Basis stand,
No Servants there obey, nor Lords Command."

That which is got by Fraud and Knavery,
Shall be a Curse unto Posterity.

JANUARY.

Cold Frost & Snow may in this month appear
But not so piercing as it was last Year.

Saturn & Venus do joyn here
With Mars to meet Heav'ns Charoteer.

FEBRUARY.

Boras his Blast from frozen Lakes bestows
Upon the Earth; and Whitens all with Snows.

Industrious Nature whom all do implore
She rolls in Riches of all kinds of Store.
Her Gifts are large, and free by which you live,
As you received it freely,—freely Give.

MARCH.

The Ram that bore fair Haellen once away
Hath made dark Night equal to lightsome Day.

APRIL.

Now Swelling Buds on bloomy branches spring,
And chatt'ring Birds their pleasant Notes do sing.

That's a knavish trick but he must
Answer for it.

MAY.

Olympic Jove with angry Mars doth Rise
And with their dreadful Thunder Rend the Skies.

JUNE.

Upon Green Trees Thousands of young Birds fly
To be instructed in their Harmony.

JULY.

Now Beasts do seek some shady Place, to shun
The scorching fury of the radiant Sun.

For what shall it profit a man if he
Should gain the whole World &c.

AUGUST.

Unwholesome Gales Contagious Auster blows,
And trembling Earth some sad Distempers Shows.

While Titan shines now make your Hay,
Men live by Work, & not by Play.

SEPTEMBER.

The fertile Earth with various Fruits abound,
The Fields with grateful Crops, Ceres hath crown'd.

OCTOBER.

Now Leaves & Fruits from Trees are stole away,
And Night encroacheth on the Hours of Day.

NOVEMBER.

Terra doth Mourn because she must Entomb
The seed she bore, again within her Womb.

Now Mars & Sol have joined here
To Warm the Austral Hemisphere.

DECEMBER.

Waters are pav'd with Ice as firm as Stone,
And, without Faith, are daily walk'd upon.

Reader, think not I write in vain
If it should Snow, when I say, Rain.

INGENIOUS READER.

Your kind accepting my poor Endeavours, and the general Reception my Almanack found (with you) the Year past, hath Encouraged me to present you with One for the year to come, which I have Endeavour'd to furnish with Matter fit for such a work. I have at the desire of several of my Readers, Inserted the Moon's Rising & Setting in the Sixth Column of this Almanack, which I hope will be kindly Accepted, and I doubt not but you will find my Calculations to Agree with Observation.

As to what I have predicted of the Weather, it is from the Motions & Configurations of the heavenly Bodies, which belongs to Astrology: Long Experience testifies that the Sun, Moon and Stars have their Influence on our Atmosphere, for it hath been observed for Seventy Years past, That the Quartile & Opposition of Saturn & Jupiter produce Wet Seasons; and none

will deny but that the Sun affordeth us his benign Rays & kind influence, and by his regular Motion causeth Spring, Summer, Autumn & Winter; and if the Moon can cause the daily Ebbing and Flowing of the Tide, and has the vast Ocean subject to her government, she can certainly change the Air which is Thin, and Tenuious. In fine, The Stars of Heaven give us such a Noble Idea of the Infinite Power, Wisdom & Glory of God, that they Invite our Thoughts to Soar among the heavenly Glories. Thus wishing the Contemplation thereof may afford Praise to the Infinite Creator and Contriver of them all.

I remain
A Friend to all Lovers of Urania,
N. AMES.

Bridgwater, Octob. 20, 1726.

"Now unto Heav'n direct thy curious Eyes,
And view the wonderous Glory of the Skies:
And send thy Mind to walk the highest Sphere,
And know the Heav'ns as if thou hadst been there.
Each Star above doth in a silent Story,
Declare the Greatness of their Maker's Glory."

Notes on 1727.—The youthful Astronomer deems no Apology necessary for his offering the present year. His salutatory still savors of the modes and fashions of the day—*Tempus fugit.* The monthly verses are more classical and scholarly than those of his first issue, and the expression of the several old saws interpolated among his predictions, smacks of originality. The unexplained parenthetical allusion, under April, to a certain "knavish trick," doubtless has some local significance, which is lost to us.

Under July, his quotation shadows forth some religious influence which is repeated again in the December couplet.

The sentiment of the November verse is beautiful, and the poetic imagery of the seasons unique. Sad November, indeed.

In his salutatory for this year, he explains how his weather predictions are arrived at—astrologically, of course—and in accordance with the experience of years agone.

He evidently has thoroughly imbibed his fathers love for *Sidereali Scientia*, as his enthusiastic devotion to the study is shown in his concluding lines, and the closing bit of verse.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1728

BY NATHANIEL AMES, Jun.

Student in Physick and Astronomy.

BOSTON: Printed by *B. Green* and Sold at the Booksellers Shops, 1728.

" Time is devouring all that she brings forth,
And feeds on objects of the rarest worth,
She Changes all, and Dissolution brings
To Mean and Great, to Clowns as well as Kings,
Because the Laws of unmov'd Fates Decree
That all things born (on Earth) shall mortal be
A much more strong and uncontrolled Law,
Than any Mead or Persian ever saw.

King GEORGE the Second proclaim'd in London June 14, 1727, & proclaim'd at Boston, N. E., the 16th of August following: Whom GOD preserve from all His Enemies, and give Him the Zeal of David, and Wisdom of Solomon, to Chuse such Counsellors, as may act for the Glory of GOD and tranquillity of His People!

JANUARY.

From Northern Climes Congealing Winds do blow,
Which makes the Earth lye shivering in Snow.

FEBRUARY.

Sol's warm'd the South, and now is Marching back
To Melt the Snow, and make the Ice to crack.

MARCH.

Wit bought with the price of Woe is a little too dear.

Now the warm Sun thaws the benummed Earth
And Birds Rejoyce at Spring's Auspicious Birth.

Rainy wet weather produced by this *Apertio Portarum Coeli.*

APRIL.

In April Showers by Mystick Art Divine
Is wrought the Quintessence of Bread and Wine.

MAY.

The Earth is cloath'd with Springing Grass, you see
Both Flowers and Leaves adorn the painted Tree.

JUNE.

When day's bright Prince with light inspires the Skies
Night wand'ring Stars with fainting Splendour flies.

K. GEOR. I
of blessed Memory Died the 11. day 1727.

JULY.

With Cadis Major Splendid Sol doth meet
Which adds both Strength & Vigour to his Heat.

Saturn and Jove this Month increase
Among all Men great talks of peace.

AUGUST.

Sad grows the Times with Melancholy Chear
Remember now the Sickness of Last Year.

SEPTEMBER.

The Toylsome Harvester with Sweating Brow
Doth reap the interest of his painful Plow.

Where there is War, they fall to blows.

OCTOBER.

Thousands do fly from Winter's wastfull Threats
And Flora Dyes with Morning Frosty Sweats.

NOVEMBER.

No Leaves on Trees, nor Corn in naked Fields
And barren Earth, no Fruit nor Comfort yields.

Debates about Religion by those that have none.

DECEMBER.

Sol's nearest now, yet makes the shortest Days
And is to us a Niggard of his Rays.

OF THE ECLIPSES THIS YEAR, 1728.

* * * * * * * * *

The first of these Eclipses (moon) is Celebrated in 6 degrees of Virgo, the second Sign of the earthy Triplicity, which (authors say) portends the Scarcity of Fruit and Corn.

The second of these Eclipses, viz: That of the Sun on the 28th of February happens in 20 degree of Pisces, the House of Jupiter, and Exaltation of Venus: learned Authors affirm, when Jupiter bears Rule, and is Lord of an Eclipse (as in this he is) he signifies Glory, Fertility, Tranquillity, Peace and Plenty; and such as are signified by Jupiter, especially Ecclesiastical Persons do flourish and live in great Estimation. The Laws are well Executed, and many Upright and Just Judges are very Active for the Publick Good; new Customs or Privileges, new Corporations, new Honours, &c., are now most happily conferr'd upon People in general; And these are the Natural Portends of Jupiter when he bears Rule in an Eclipse.

Kind READER:

In my last Years Almanack I gave you a brief hint of the motions & Diameter of the Planets & their distance from the Sun: but above or beyond all these Planetary Globes is the Firmament or the Region of the Fixed Stars, which are of such Immense Distance from the Sun & this Earth on which we live, that a Learned Astronomer writes, "That if a musquet had been shot up at the Mosaick Creation to the nearest fixed Star, and continued its swiftest course all the way, it would hardly have arrived there by this time, after the long interval of above Five Thousand Years." These Immensly numerous great & amazing Systems of Globes or Worlds so much surpass this Globe of Earth (on which we live) that it degenerates into but little more than a point, when it is compared with the Regions above, and prodigious magnitude of the heavenly Space & the Bodies therein contained.

Which innumerable number of heavenly Bodies or Globes are without doubt, Worlds, or places of Habitation & Consequently stock'd with proper Inhabitants: for all the Multitude of Systems and Habitable Worlds are created of GOD; by Him

the Worlds are made, it is said, in *Heb. 1, 2.* The Omnipotent Being is able to govern & provide for Ten Thousand Worlds, as well as One: for, the Unlimited extent of GOD's Presence fills. the unfathomable Abyss of Infinite Extramundane Space; but the consideration of such Immensly great & glorious Globes are enough to weary the thoughts, and amaze the Faculties of inconsiderable Worms that creep upon this little spot of Earth. To wade no further into this Immense Abyss, I shall conclude with the following Lines of Sir Richard Blackmore:

"Hail King Supream! of Pow'r, Immense Abyss!
Father of Lights! Exhaustless Source of Bliss!
Thou Uncreated, Self-Existent Cause,
Controul'd by no Superiour Being's Laws;
Since thou didst all the Spacious Worlds display,
Homage to thee let all Obedient pay,
Let glitt'ring Stars, that Dance their Destin'd Ring
Sublime in Sky with Vocal Planets Sing,
Confed'rate Praise to thee, O great Creator King.
Let the thin Districts of the waving Air
(Conveyancers of Sound) Thy Skill declare,
Let Winds the Breathing Creatures of the Skies,
Call in each vig'rous Gale that Roving flies
By Land or Sea then one loud Triumph Raise
And all their Blasts imploy in Songs of Praise."

Notes on 1728.—The verses on title page and those at the head of each monthly page give evidence of a studious mind, and the announcement of the succession of His Majesty George II breathes forth an undoubted spirit of loyalty to the reigning family, and a desire for the welfare of the crown.

The entire matter in the Almanack bespeaks the ardent lover of nature, and the enthusiast in the study of the stars. The humor of later years begins to manifest itself in a modest sort of way, interspersed with a mild satire.

That the Doctor held very favorable views of Astrologic art, is evident from his comment on the eclipses, and his quotations of what "Authors say" concerning their dire effects on earthly affairs in certain conditions, and their very happy forebodings in others.

And should the Authors enthusiasm be doubted concerning his Stellar studies, and his appreciations of the immensity of the universe, etc., as well, one need only read his address to the "Kind Reader" and then

endeavor to deny the reflection of the late John Phœnix that "there are not adjectives (and perhaps not adverbs) enough in the English language to enable a person to speak the truth." The Doctor is to be congratulated that he had Sir Richard Blackmore to fall back upon, when his own language failed him to do the subject justice.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1729

BY NATHANIEL AMES, Jun.

Student in Physick and Astronomy.

BOSTON: Printed by *B. Green*, and Sold at the Booksellers Shops.

Man was at first a perfect upright Creature
The lively image of his great Creator.
When Adam fell, all men in him transgressed
And since that time they err that are the best.
The printer errs; I err,—much like the rest
Welcome's that man for to complain of me,
Whose self and works are quite from error free.

NOTE.—Here for the first time in the Doctor's publication appears the "Anatomy"—and the Doctor evidently is an unwilling illustrator of his book, mildly protesting in the accompanying verse. This household god has been religiously bowed down to and worshipped by both the ancient and modern rustic. It is supposed to have been originated under the title of *homo signorum* by Petrus de Dacia, a firm believer in planetary influence, and almanack maker, who lived about the year 1300. This frightful caricature surrounded by the signs of the Zodiac, has always occupied a prominent position in the Almanack—mainly to gratify those who had *faith* (which certainly is much required) in the influences portended thereby.

1 7 2 9.

The Anatomy of Man's Body, and what part thereof is Represented by the 12 Signs of the Zodiack.

♈ The Head & Face

♉ Neck & Throat

♋ Breast, and Stomach

♍ Bowels, and Belly

♏ Secrets

♑ Knees

♊ Arms & Shoulders

♌ Heart & Back

♎ Reins and Loins

♐ Thighs

♒ Legs

♓ The Feet.

The Blackmoor may as eas'ly change his Skin,
As Men forſake the ways they'r brought up in;
Therefore I've ſet the Old Anatomy,
Hoping to pleaſe my Country men thereby,
But where's the Man that's born & lives among,
——————— Can pleaſe a Fickle throng?

The Vulgar Notes of this Year, 1 7 2 9.

Golden Number	1	Epact	11
Cycle of the Sun	2	Dominical Letter	C

☞ *Note*, The Planet ♀ *Venus* is Occidental or Evening Star to the Third day of *June*, and from thence Oriental or Morning Star to the Years End.

Dr. Watts, of poetic fame, was moved to sing of

"The Ram, the Bull, the heav'nly Twins,
And next the Crab, the Lion shines,
The Virgin and the Scales;
The Scorpion, Archer, and Sea-Goat,
The Man that holds the Water-Pot,
And Fish with glitt'ring Tails."

Almanack makers have largely been skeptical concerning the powers attributed to the influence believed in by the common people.

THE ANATOMIE.

"Should I but dare t' omit the *Anatomie*,
Which long enough hath gul'd my country friend,
He with contempt would straight refuse to buy
This book, and 't is no *Almanack* contend.
Ask him its use, he'le say he cannot tell;
No more can I: yet since he loves 't so well,
I'le let it stand, because my Book should sell.
—*Edward Pond*, 1633.

Samuel Clough, the author of "*The New England Almanack*," for a number of years cast ridicule upon this idol of the people.

"The *Anotomy* must still be in
Else the *Almanack's* not worth a pin;
For *Country*-men regard the Sign
As though 'Twere Oracle Divine
But do not mind *that* altogether,
Have some respect to Wind and Weather.
Man's Head and Face Heaven's Ram obey,
His Neck, the Neck-strong Bull doth sway;
Th' Arm twining Twins guide Hands & Arms,
Breast Sides and Stomack, Cancer charms
The Lion rules our Back and Heart,
Bowels and Belly's Virgo's part.
To Libra Reins and Loins belong:
The Secrets to the Scorpion.
The Archer doth the Thighs affect
And Capricorn the Knees protect
T' Aquarius lot the Legs do fall,
The Feet to Pisces;—And there's all."—1703.

The *Anotomy's* set here again,
To show what part the *Sign* is in;
For if it hath not here its seat,
The *Almanack* is not compleat.—1704.

"Here sits again the old Anotomy,
Which Use to please the Country People's eye;
For if they in this place don't see his features
They'll not know at what time to Cut their Creatures."—1706.

JANUARY.

The Earth is white like Neptune's foamy face
When his proud Waves the hardy Rocks embrace.

Bad Weather a hatching.

FEBRUARY.

Boreas's chilly breath attacks our Nature
And turns the Presbyterian to a Quaker.

Winter seems stronger
The Days are longer.

Rome's sign will disturb his Holiness.

MARCH.

Phœbus & Mars conjoin'd do both agree,
This Month shall warm (nay, more than usual) be.

I now predict the Winter's Death & Spring's Birth.

Both Heat & Cold contend together
(to get the Day) about the Weather.

APRIL.

The Birds like Orpheus now all things invite
To come and hear Melodious sweet delight.

MAY.

MAY, like a Virgin quickly yields her Charms
To the Embrace of Winter's Icy Arms.

A cold May storm which will pacifie Noisy Affairs, &
Conclude long Debates.

JUNE.

SOL'S scorching Rays puts Blood in Fermentation
And is stark naught to Acts of Procreation.

JULY.

THE Moon (this Month) that pale-fac'd Queen of Night
Will be disrob'd of all her borrow'd Light.

Now there's great signs of Rain or Hail
But in Dry times great Signs do Fail.

AUGUST.

The Earth and Sky Resound with Thunder Loud
And Oblique Streams flash from the dusky Cloud.

SEPTEMBER.

The burthen'd Earth abounds with various Fruit
Which doth the Epicurean's Palate suit.

OCTOBER.

THE Tyrant Mars old Saturn now opposes
Which stirs up Feuds and may make bloody Noses.

NOVEMBER.

Now what remains to Comfort up our Lives
Is cordial Liquor and kind loving Wives.

DECEMBER.

The Chrystal streams congeal'd to Icy Glass
Become fit Roads for Travellers to pass.
Christmas is nigh—The bare Name of it
to Rich or Poor will be no Profit.

TO THE LEGITIMATE SONS OF URANIA.

GENTLEMEN:

All the Ephemeries now Extant among us, and Tables of that nature containing the Eclipses, Lunations, Planets places, and aspects calculated for the meridian of London, are notoriously false for the first four Months of this Year, and differ from the Truth as far as light from darkness: but I with much care and elaborate Calculations have supplied the defects of the said four months in every respect, and with much difficulty have introduced another Almanack into the World, which is entirely of my own Calculating and not borrowed.

And tho' I do not avouch the verity of my Calculation, yet I doubt not but that they will come pretty nigh the Truth, except some Typographical Errors intervene. I have inserted the Moon's Rising and Setting in the last column of my Almanack,

which I doubt not but will meet with general acceptance by my Countrymen: And tho' I have left out the Planets' Places there, and inserted them in the great Column of the Weather, here and there, where there was room, yet it was not out of ill will to the sublime Sons of Art, but because they spring up so thinly, scarce one in an hundred.

And tho' my Brethren Almanack makers be reckoned among that Number yet they have all (this year) built upon Colson's[1] Calendar (a rotten foundation) which hath filled the first four months of their Almanacks as full of Errors as there are Days in the same. I am far from laying a foundation for a long Controversy with those of my own fraternity, but because I would not have the World depend upon so great untruth, I would have them Re-calculate their Eclipses, and they shall find themselves that they are mistaken: two of 'em make their first Eclipse (which they say is of the Moon) to be on the 24th Day of February tho' by their own Almanacks the Moon is at her first Quarter at that time, and as for their Eclipse of the Sun which they make to be on the 19th day of March it is as far from the truth as the other, for the Sun at that time is above forty degrees distance from the Dragon's head, which carries the shade of the moon to the north more than three times the Diameter of the Earth, and therefore it is impossible in nature that the Earth should suffer an Eclipse at that time. Thus much I thought fit to tell the World that they might not mistake a third in the Number, and a month in the Time of the Eclipses this year.

Octob. 25th, 1728. NATH. AMES.

Notes on 1729.—The fear of adverse criticism which possessed our Author when he essayed his first Almanack has now borne fruit, and with the tide of success has floated in the carping censor, and on his first page in this year's production he casts a poetical "sop to Cerberus."

The monthly poetical offerings of the muse continue to improve. Momus exerts a mild influence, and in some lines the spirit of Hippocrates is shadowed forth evincing the proficiency of the "Student in Physick," while under November the social qualities of the future "Dedham innkeeper" are quite apparent.

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[1] Possibly Nathaniel Colson, a noted Almanack maker of London.

In his address to the "Legitimate Sons of Urania" the Doctor demonstrates his superiority in the world of figures, and while apologizing for the non-appearance of certain Astrological features he berates his London contemporary for his erratic conclusions, and in a left-handed manner sympathizes with his Almanack making neighbors for their misfortune in following blindly, the unverified Ephemerides of the mother country Astronomer. While the Doctor's argument is unanswerable he has opened the door now for continued controversy and aspersion.

One of the contemporary almanack makers whom Dr. Ames took to task for erratic calculations was *Mr. Nathan Bowen* who wrote under the *soubriquet* "*a Native of New England*," and in his Almanack 1730 thus replied to his castigator: "I have once more ventured into the world, notwithstanding a Repulse I met with the last Year, from a Young Stripling, who under the influence of Mercury, gave his Pen a Latitude beyond that of his Beard; but let him know, That tho' he hath so great a value for the merits of his own performance, were I disposed to pick holes in his Coat, I should leave him in a ragged Condition; tho' I rather chuse to take the Advice of Old Mecaenas to his friend Cremutius, which was 'never to be concerned at what was spoken against him.' For (saith he) 'If what is alleged against us be true, it is rather our business to Reform our selves, than for others to hold their Tongues; But if what is said of us be false, so soon as we show a Concern at it, we make it suspected for Truth, the Contempt of such Discourses discredits them, and takes away the pleasure from those that raise them; If you resent them more than you ought to do, it is in the power of the most contemptible Enemy to disturb the Repose of your Life; and all your power cannot secure you against vexation."

THE ALMANACK FOR 1730

By Nathaniel Ames, Jun.

Student in Physick & Astronomy.

BOSTON: Printed by *B. Green* and sold at the Booksellers Shops, 1730.

Bright Scenes do change, three Posting Years shan't Cease
Before stern Mars stares in the Face of Peace,
Steel Glitt'ring Spears the very Fields affright
And Europe all seems fir'd with armour bright.
Saturn & Jove contend and will not yield
So dead & Wounded pave the bloody Field.

JANUARY.

Could'st thou mount up, and be as far
As (in our Sight) the farthest Star;
Thou there as many more might see
Shine in the vast Immensity!
And then as far again should'st fly
Thou wouldest more and more espy.

FEBRUARY.

Now all a Loud the Winds do blow
About the hoary heaps of Snow,
With feather'd Rain the ways are foul
No Birds do sing Except the Owl:
But every Bird has chose his Mate
The joyful Spring to Celebrate.

MARCH.

Cunkeechah Netop? what News you speak to me?
Muffy good news; what? you no Stommonee?
By by come Elwipes much as me can wish
Me Tink nuxt Week den me shan heb it Bish
Where is Tat prace you speak to me? Me ashk it
Me tink some Pokes he cann his Lame Namaskitt.

APRIL.

When first the Spring Dissolves the Mountain Snow,
And Western Winds upon the Waters blow,
When Neptunes fury stops, the Winds do sleep
And only Whisper Musick to the deep.
Then Smooth Fac'd Thetis bids you hoist your Sails,
And plow the Briny Seas with prosperous Gales.

MAY.

Aurora's Winged Choristers Prepare
To Chant forth Anthems in Harmonious Air
And Mounting Lark Day's Herald gets on Wing
And bids each Bird choose out their bough to Sing:
The Daz'ling Sun sends down Porlific beams,
And Rarifies the Earth with piercing Gleams.

JUNE.

Hail, high-pitch'd Sol, thy Scorching Aetna turn
To gentle heat, and let thy Rays not burn.
But yet I say, thou Dumb and Senceless thing
Thou must obey thy Great Creator King.

For all the Stars that in the Heavens shine
Fulfill some deep and wonderfull design.

JULY.

The furious winds with one another Scold
And Sulph'ry Vapours meet with Chilling Cold.
The Clouds do Roar and from their breaches throw
Such Thund'ring Tumults as torment below,
And Heavens Artil'ry horrid Noises make
Wherewith dull Earth and Wand'ring Rivers shake.

AUGUST.

The Heavenly Globes in Liquid Aether Runs
With Rapid Motion round the Stedfast Sun;
The smallest Stars that quite Surpass our Sight.
To other Systems may be Globes of Light
Systems Distinct in Order do imbrace
The Whole Abyss of Extra mundane Space.

A Fair Face but a foul Bargain.

SEPTEMBER.

When Tender Lambs with Wolves delight to play
Or from the West shall spring the Break of Day:
When Rocks forget their ponderous weight and fly,
Like waving Atoms in the Empty Skie:
Then shall vain Notions by Traditions bred,
Among the Vulgar be abolished.

OCTOBER.

Are Comets with their dreadfull firey Blaze
Made only Objects whereon Men might Gaze?
No, they from World to World are always Sent
To Warn them of some Sad and dire Event.
One met the Earth and Drown'd that Generation
The same may cause the Gen'ral Conflagration.

Hate not the man, but his vices.

NOVEMBER.

Old Winter's coming void of all delight
With tremb'ling steps his Head is bald and White
His Hair with Robes of Icicles are hung.
His Chatt'ring Teeth Confound his Useless Tongue
He makes the Rich to Spend, and poor to Cry
For Want of that which would their Wants Supply.

DECEMBER.

Sol through his Twelve Cœlestial Inns has Run
And Now unto Cold Capricorn is come:
Where in that Solstice he so Pale is grown,
As if asham'd his Weakness should be known:
But in Six Months to us he will return
With such a Heat his Rays will almost burn.

Concerning the Eclipses this year, the Author would observe, that according to Authors the Eclipse of the Moon (Jan. 22) which happens in Leo the 2nd Sign of the fiery Triplicity, threatens more Grudgings, Repinings, discord and hatred, murmuring, complaints of the Common People, motions of Armies, Wars, burning of Houses, sharp Fevers, Pestilential Diseases, etc.

And as for the Eclipse of the Sun on the 3rd of *July*, *Mars* casts his Malign Rays to both the Luminaries, which portends much Mischief to those Places and Countries, that are subject to the Sign Eclipsed.

Note. In the last preceding Years, the Superiour Planets have been within benevolent Rays, but in the three succeeding Years they will be malevolently Affected and near the Æquinox, which perhaps may affect the bigger part of the Earth, with War and Tumults.

KIND READER.

It may not be amiss to fill this Vacant Page with the following Lines written by an Accurate hand to Mr. H. Coley, on his *Clavis Astrologiae Elimata.*

When the Divine Idaea's first unfurl'd,
Themselves to raise this glorious Frame the World,
Almighty Wisdom by a Mistique Tye,
Spread through the whole a secret Sympathy;
Impregnating Superiours to dispense,
On lower Bodies daily Influence;
Which Train, if Causes that in order fall
The Wiser Nature, others Fortune call:
And whilst Man did in Innocence remain,
He knew ('tis like) each Link of that great chain;
But when Sin Blurr'd his Soul, that Light was Damp't
Affected Knowledge made him Ignorant;

Heaven's Language then no longer he could spell,
But rudely guess at what he could not tell:
Yet though Eclips'd, his Mind, (not quite bereft)
Had still some scatter'd Glimmering Notions left.
As Rallying Troops (after an Overthrow)
By Stratagems seem to Attaque their Foe;
So humane kind hopes to Retrieve by Art,
That Skill from which they did so fondly part:
On plains of Shinar where enlarged Skie
Gluts with vast Prospect the admiring Eye.
The long liv'd Patriarchs as their Flocks they Fed,
Observ'd the wandering Glories Over-head.
Trac'd all their Laws of motion and from thence
By sage Experience learn'd their Influence:
URANIA then was chast, and known to be,
A hand-maid fit for bles'd Theology;
Until a Barbarous Crew had Seiz'd upon her
Whose savage Rapes deflower'd her blooming Honour!
Chaldaeau Figments then debauch'd her Race,
And with vile paint Sulli'd her lovely Face:
Ignorance called her Witch, Malice a Cheat,
And every Gypsey did usurp her Seat.
But still with generous scorn she took these wrongs,
And left just Fate to scourge their Sawcy Tongues.

Notes on 1730.—This year the opening verse on title page savors greatly of a bias toward Astrology, although "glittering spears," "armour bright," and "dead and wounded" did not largely disturb the peace of Europe this season.

The poetical offerings over each month have been elaborated from *couplets* to *six-line verses*, mostly dedicated to the extolment of the starry firmament and its glories, and with mythologic imagery of the planets, their courses and influences. A notable exception however is the March selection which is an attempt at an humorous Indian dialect soliloquy. The circumstance covered by the verse may be freely rendered into English, thus: (The aborigine having saluted Netop (Englishman) with an inquire of surprise, continues: What news you speak to me? mighty good news; what? don't you understand me? By-and-by Alewives (a sort of fish) will come, as much as I could wish. I think next week then I shall have them sure. Where is the place, you ask me? I answer, I think some folks call its name Namasket (river.)

February evinces some familiarity with Shakspeare. Under August appears a mild, yet pointed allusion to the social evil, and in September he

shoots a bolt at flying folly. Under October crops out the direful Astrological idea of the baneful influence of the Comet's presence, and even the probable destruction of the world by similar influence is foretold, as also is the Deluge attributed to the collision of this terrestial ball, with one of those erratic heavenly letters of marque.

Altogether the monthly verses are quite interesting as well as pleasing, and amply make amends for the humorous items which are not very plentiful this year in the weather column.

In his chapter on the Eclipses he again quotes the Astrological authors, and "what they say," and concludes his Almanack with a poem dedicated to Mr. Henry Coley, the pupil and successor to Mr. William Lilly, the great Astrologer of the period of Charles I, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration. This poem is quite entertaining, as the writer laments the decline of the Astrologic art from its once high position as the *handmaid* of Theology.

William Lilly, the most successful of these charlatans deserves more than a passing notice. He flourished between the years 1602—1681; born 1 May, 1602; died 9 June, 1681, and was proficient in all the unscrupulous cunning, adroitness, and plausibility, which go to make up the successful quack and impostor. When Charles I. was imprisoned at Carisbrooke Castle, Lilly was consulted for the honr which would favor his escape. He was satirized by Butler in *Hudibras*, as Sidrophel.

"Do not our great reformers use
This Sidrophel to forebode news?
To write of victories next year,
And castles taken yet i' th' air?
Of battles fought at sea, and ships
Sunk two years hence? the last eclipse?
A total o'er throw given the King
In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?
And has he not point-blank foretold
Whats'e'er the close committee would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,
The Moon for fundamental laws?
The Ram, the Bull, the Goat declare
Against the Book of Common Prayer?
The Scorpion take the protestation,
And Bear engage for reformation?
Made all the royal stars recant,
Compound and take the covenant?"

Lilly was the author of almanacks entitled *Merlini Anglici Ephemeris*, and *Merlinus Anglicus Junior*, and continued their publication from 1644 until his decease, when he was succeeded by his student, Henry Coley, to whom the poem quoted by Dr. Ames was dedicated.

Merlini Anglici Ephemeris:
OR,
Astrologicall Predictions for the Year, 1652.
By WILLIAM LILLY, Student in *Astrology.*
Deus dabit his quoque finem.

London, Printed for the Company of Stationers, and *H. Blunden* at the Castle in Cornhill, 1652.

Portrait of

WILLIAM LILLY.

Title page of his Almanack. 1652.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1731

By Nathanael Ames, Jun.

Student in Physick and Astronomy.

BOSTON: Printed by *B. Green* and Sold at the Booksellers Shops, 1731.

From hence you carping *Momus* hence be gone,
To your deserved center *Acheron*
Keep court with *Pluto*, in the *Stygian* Lake,
Whose sordid Tongues do black Aspersions make
Your lot & portion black *Tartarum* yields;
You have no right unto th' Elysian fields,
Whose viperous Tongues abuse the Sons of Art,
When knowledge they to th' blear-eyed World impart.

JANUARY.

When the Almighty to Create Essay'd
Thousands of World's were out of Nothing made;
When ancient Night its spacious Realms resign'd,
Then Globes of Light in Fields of Azure shin'd.
Confusion now no more provokes the Fray,
And comely Forms in decent Order play.

FEBRUARY.

Stupendous Atheistical Nonsense!
That Atoms floating in a Space Immense.
Should by the jumbling hand of Chance be hurl'd
Into that order which compos'd the World!
Or if the Concave of the vast Expance,
Was by the senseless Hand of giddy Chance.

There will be Weather this Week tho' I say nothing about it.

MARCH.

Fill'd up with Stars and glorious Globes of Light
So beautiful and so amazing bright.
What could direct 'em in their beaten way,
That none do from their ancient Order stray?

Why, there must be one Architect above
By whom the various Springs of Nature move.

APRIL.

Who all the vast prodigious Worlds can weild
And strength compleat to labouring Nature yield,
Almighty Power doth over all preside.
And Providence the smallest Atoms guide,
And every Atom of this mighty Frame,
(By him Created) out of Nothing came.

♄ Changes Signs so Many Changes happen.

MAY.

And to behold how natural Causes move,
Like Engines by th' Artificer above,
Must help our stupid Minds and make us see
And know there's one Eternal Deity,
Omnipotent and most amazing bright
And doth command th' imperial Realms of Light.

JUNE.

Who do divine incessant Praises pay
While on the Glories of his Face gaze they,
Inanimates Instinctive Honour give,
And shame the World who in Rebellion live:
The Sun and Stars obey his holy Will
Tho' Men on Earth are Rebels to him still.

JULY.

By threatning Stars and Prodigies He shows
A sinning People their impending Woes,
Earthquakes sometimes the trembling Ground do tear
And blazing Comets rule the troubled air.
See how the Morning is mimic'd in the North
By strange and vap'rous Lights that there spring forth.

AUGUST.

Which makes the Stars to shine with paler Beams,
And seem to tremble at such Midnight Streams
Unusual Lights by Night adorn the Skies,
And the cold North is filled with Prodigies
Unknown the Cause and tragical Portents
Of this strange Harbinger of dire Events.

SEPTEMBER.

But this we know that universal Doom,
Which wondrous Prophecies foretold shall come,
Earthquakes and Wars and wondrous Prodigies,
Forebode that great decisive Morn to rise,
When Heav'ns bright Judge in op'ning Skies shall show
His Grace and Justice to the World below.

OCTOBER.

The Constellations and Superiour Stars,
Threaten the trembling World with dreadful Wars:
Chronos and Jove for Mischief are designd
Malignant Stars are to Malignants join'd:
Sometimes one Spark devouring Flames create,
There's Matter lodg'd for fiery bleeding Fate.

NOVEMBER.

There's some I know that presume to say,
The World was ne'er forewarned such a way,
But I unto such " fiery Zealots tell
" Astrology's from Heaven not from Hell.
" Tis no Black Art, no damned Necromancy
" No Witchcraft neither, as some please to Fancy.

DECEMBER.

" For, shallow Brains think all that's hard & high,
" Unlawful, or impossibility."
Bold is the Wretch, Blasphemous is the Man
Who (Finite) will or dare attempt to scan
The Works of HIM who 's infinitely Wise,
And those he cannot Comprehend, denies.

ECLIPSES 1731.

Twice shall the *Moon* as she doth cross her Node
Eclipse the *Sun* in his Ecliptick Road;
And twice the Disk of Earths obscuring shade,
The Borrow'd Light of *Luna* shall invade.

Strange and wonderful have been the prodigious Effects of Nature of Late Years in the production of terrible Thunder & Lightning, violent storms, tremendous Earthquakes, great Eclipses of the Luminaries, notable Configurations of the

Planets, and strange *Phænomena* in the Heavens: The *Aurora Borealis* (or Northern Twilight) is very unusual, and never seen in *New England* (as I can learn) 'till about 11 years ago: Tho' undoubtedly this *Phænomenon* proceed from the concatination of causes. For hot and moist Vapours, Exhaled from the Earth, and Kindled in the Air by Agitation, according to their motion may cause Strange Appearances. I do not say that this is the true cause of these Northern Lights, but that they are caused by some such way must be granted: nor must they be disregarded or look'd upon as ominous of neither Good nor Ill, because they are but the products of Nature: for the great GOD of Natue forewarns a sinful World of approaching Calamities, not only by Prophets, Apostles and Teachers, but also by the Elements and Extraordinary Signs in the Heavens, Earth and Water. There seldom or never happen'd any Revolution of Kingdoms & States, Sects and Seditions in the Church, Alterations of Laws and Customs, Wars, Famine, Deluges, &c. But that the Postures of the Constellations, preceding their Changes, were very remarkable. I doubt not but the Oppositions of the Superiours *Saturn* and *Jupiter* will have their malign Effects, especially those which are celebrated in Cardinal and Æquinoctial Signs. I do not pretend to determine the Event of these things: yet doubtless he who lives a few years, and observes the Mutations, Alterations, and Vicissitudes of things, and Accidents of Mundane Affairs, may be able to judge from his own experience, whether these *Phænomena* forebode Good or Ill.

Notes on 1731.—The Astronomer is evidently inspired in his opening lines by the perusal of a stray copy of the Almanack of "Poor Robin, the Knight of the Burnt Island," which was one of the first productions of the class called *Comic Almanacks*, and which mercilessly ridiculed the Astrologic predictions of the Astronomers. Doctor Ames takes up his cudgel, and with the aid of Melpomene, proceeds to castigate the offenders, consigning them to the "abode of the lost souls."

The verses at the head of the prognostications for the month, set forth with no uncertain sound, his firm belief in the Mosaic account of the Creation. The lines under July and August give his idea of the *Aurora Borealis*, and again he reiterates his continued belief in the influence of "threatening stars and prodigies" upon the destinies of men, and

thoroughly rivets his faith in the concluding lines of the months of November and December.

The four lines announcing the Eclipses for the year, are ingeniously conceived, and thoroughly cover the subject.

This year there is a total absence of humorous proguostications, and wise sayings, from their usual place in the weather column; the whole attention of the author evidently having been devoted to the gentle muse.

He closes his annual production with a characteristic essay upon the remarkable natural occurrences of recent years, and incorporates therein also his theory of the "Northern Twilight" which had never been noted in New England prior to the year 1719. He again alludes to the fact that great changes in earthly affairs are always preceded by remarkable celestial configurations, and while not willing to absolutely forecast the future, wisely recommends that mundane happenings be strictly observed, that experience may teach whether precedent Phenomena may not have governed the ensuing occurences.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1732

By Nathanael Ames, Jun.

Student in Physick & Astronomy.

BOSTON: Printed by *B. Green* and Sold at the Booksellers Shops, 1732.

Come now, O Product of Elaborate thought
Which many a silent Hour on thee has wrought
Thou'rt from an *Embrio* to perfection brought:
Go forth into the World, for some shall Prize thee,
Some shall set light, and other some despise thee;
But mind 'em not, only observe this Rule,
Always to Love the Wise, and shun the Fool.

Ingenious Reader.

The method of this *Almanack* is not alter'd therefore it needs no Explanation: only the Verses over each Monthly Page do not properly appertain to the Months, and some perhaps may

say, not to the *Almanack* neither: But I hope they will acknowledge that the consideration of the Distances, Places, Motions, Center, and Magnetism of the Heavenly Bodies, and how inviolably they obey the Laws of some Omniscient Contriver, in their exact Revolutions, according to their several Periods, is sufficient to lead my Thoughts this way to admire the Omniscient Mind: whose All-disposing Providence not only guides the Rolling Worlds, as they Plough the Liquid Aether, but also the light Dust of the Ballance, and the Thousands of Atoms that wander up and down in a Sun-Beam, which are all under his Cognizance.

JANUARY.

Not Man nor Angel was, nor Living Soul,
But Chaos wild Reign'd where these Heaven's roll
When the Omniscient mind, the King Supreme
Laid out his Work, contriv'd the wonderous Scheme
Of Excellence, which all Creaton shows:
He Glory, Beauty, Eminence bestows.

FEBRUARY.

As Pre-Existing every Second Cause
He made them all to suit His Sacred Laws,
Whose firm Decrees, bearing Eternal Date
Enrolled are in Folios of Fate
Chain'd to His Throne these Sacred Volumes lie
Nor Angel dares to read, nor Saint comes nigh.

More News & Business next Month than this.

MARCH.

For Life and Death by the Eternal Pen
Are there Recorded, and the Fates ofMen;
Our Thoughts and Words, nay not one single Hair
Upon our Heads but what is numb'rd there,
Fate is an Agent, with first Causes made
By Springs from Heaven moves and is obey'd.

False Reports.

APRIL.

It finds a way to enter with the Breath
And Crouds its Force into all things on Earth,
It operates Incognito on all,
Vast Worlds unknown, nay Brutes & Insects small.

Things present and to come must all obey
Each Day and Hour shews its immortal sway.

A Wet Coat this Court.

MAY.

It dwells above in Harmonies alone
And moves to us by certain Springs unknown,
Reveal'd in time each Day and Hour unfolds
What GOD alone Eternally beholds.
If this is Fate, then it serves GOD'S Decrees,
And brings to pass whatever He foresees.

JUNE.

For by *His* wise and absolute Decree
All Secondary Causes govern'd be
For who's Supreme that can Decree besides?
Or what is it that Providence not guides?
A Special purpose always must be join'd
With Special knowledge in th' Omniscient Mind.

Sublata Causa Tollitur Effectus.

JULY.

Which is from possible Mutation free
As He sees now He saw Eternally.
If Time brings forth what He has never will'd
Then it is such as always he has nill'd,
And He's Restrain'd if nilling cant prevent
And so no GOD if not Omnipotent.

Take her at her Word for so many Matches are Retarded.

AUGUST.

The Architect Divine Work'd up rude Clay
Which void of Thought, or Sense or Reason lay,
Till it the Breath of Life from GOD receiv'd
Then Man arose, stood up, and spake and breath'd.
Almighty Power and wonderous Art imploy'd
To call Us up out of an Empty Void.

SEPTEMBER.

Not of ourselves, but by the Hand Divine,
Whose Sacred Word declares all Souls are mine:
My Glory I propose in all I've made
And what I thus propose shall be obey'd;

Not your's, but My Prerogative alone,
To Honour or Dishonour what's my own.

OCTOBER.

But O! Alas! was Man made so accurst
His Fate so hard to Sin because he must?
Will GOD condemn the Soul to endless pain,
For doing only what Himself ordains?
Sure God is good in all His deep designs,
No Attribute with greater Lustre shines.

NOVEMBER.

We be n't constrain'd to Sin: for GOD'S Decree,
Don't inconsist with Humane Liberty,
We freely have our choice in every way.
Yet all the while GOD'S firm Decrees obey
For GOD decreed before the Worlds were made,
CHRIST JESUS should by Judas be betray'd.

DECEMBER.

Deliver'd up to Death, for he design'd
Thereby to bring Redemption to Mankind,
But Judas only for the sake of Gold,
Not for our good, his Glorious Master sold.
Thus GOD for gracious ends ordain'd that Act,
And Judas justly Damned for the Fact.

ECLIPSES 1732.

The Eclipses of the Luminaries are of use & benefit to Mankind, for from their Observations many Truths are confirmed which could be Demonstrated by no other Coelestial Phænomena. The Longitude of Places, the Distances of the *Sun* and *Moon* from the *Earth*, and their Magnitudes, the Motion of the *Earth* in the Zodiack, and that the *Earth* is on every Side perfectly Round, or terminated by a Globular Figure: all these and many other things may be demonstrated by Eclipses.

The Eclipse of the Moon, Nov. 20th is a very Remarkable Eclipse, it is celebrated in 10 degree of *Gemini*. Mercury is Lord of the Ascendant and place Eclipsed, which according to Ptolomy & other Learned Authors is very Portentous: but I

shall leave the Effects of this Eclipse to the Conjectures of more able Astrologers.

There likewise happens this Year, two most famous Oppositions of Saturn & Jupiter & both near the Equinox; * * * many notable Configurations also attend these Oppositions, which may bring some Tragical Scene on the Stage of Action, and the subject Matter of our "*Weekly News-Letters*" will be, perhaps (more than what is common) of the Negotiations of Kingdoms and Princes.

I shall conclude what I have to say on these Oppositions with the words of the ingenious Mr. *John Partridge*[1] in his Almanack for *London* 1702, on the conjunction of these same Planets in the sign *Capricornus* which are to this effect "From this conjunction I do (says he) Predict a War, and as it happens near the Equinox, I judge it will be Universal & will spread (before it is ended) over all *Europe*, and also in some parts of *America;* and as it begins with a conjunction so I judge it will continue some Years before it is ended, and very few (if any) Kingdoms in *Europe* will escape the fury of it by War."

How far these Predictions of his are fulfilled is evident to every one that has not forgot the Wars in the Reign of Queen *Anne* which followed this conjunction. Now tho' Saturn is near

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[1]John Partridge, b. 1644, d. 1714; a shoemaker by trade, acquired some knowledge of Latin, astronomy and astrology, and undertook the publication of an almanack. He was attacked by Swift who published a number of satirical and humorous pamphlets against the shoemaker-astrologer. Swift predicted the death of Partridge—"having consulted the star of his nativity, I find he will infallibly die on the 29th of March next (? 1708) about eleven at night of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time." After this date had transpired, Partridge publicly denied the predicted catastrophe. Swift followed with *An Elegy on the Supposed Death of Patridge the Almanack-Maker*, followed by

THE EPITAPH.

"Here, five foot deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, star-monger and quack,
Who, to the stars, in pure good-will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all ye customers, that use
His pills, his almanacks, or shoes;

the same degree of the same Sign where this great conjunction was celebrated in the Year 1702, & Jupiter in opposition thereto; which makes this opposition very remarkable; yet I do not pretend to know that it will have the same Effect: But I believe these Oppositions will not pass without some Notable Effect to *Europe* and *America*, if not to all the World in general.

The Time for holding Courts in South Carolina General Sessions, 3rd Wednesday in March & October. Common Pleas, 2nd Tuesday in Feb., May, Aug. and November.

Notes on 1732.—Dr. Ames this year salutes his production with a poetic commendation, and dismisses his bantling to the world with some very sage advice. In his address to the "Ingenious Reader," he again extols the sublimity of the study of the heavens, and magnifies the all disposing Architect of the Universe, and the works of his hands. He apologizes for the perceptible inappropriateness of the verses over each month, as not being in consonance with the usual quality of the conventional lines thus applied; but the modern reader may find therein much to excite his curiosity. The ingenious writer has embodied therein a gentle endorsement of nearly every creed adduced from the fundamental basis of the Christian

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And you that did your fortune seek,
Step to his grave but once a week.
This earth which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears 't will tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well
In physique, stolen goods or love,
As he himself could when above."

NOTE.—Partridge's memory is preserved in Pope's "Rape of the Lock." After Belinda's curl had been appropriated, the poet places it among the constellations thus:

"This the beaumonde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up prayers from Rosamunda's lake;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome."

faith, and at a period when matters of religion were so generally the subject of debate and conversation, it certainly was prudent in the author of a work of general circulation, like the Almanack, either to ignore the subject entirely—which—possibly might not have been wise—or to compose a sort of *olla podrida* for which the public might "pay their money and take their choice."

To review the poem—the Genesis of the world is treated from the stand-point of the old dispensation; then the muse gently slips along into the discussion of the "Oraculum or Book of Fate," at which the Fatalist may solace his mind with his peculiar notions. As we pass along, "Special Providences" meet with their endorsement at the hands of the poet, and under September we find that the "Omnipotent personal God declares his purpose and prerogative to Honour or Dishonour what's my own."

In October, the Universalist queries whether the Soul shall be condemned to endless pain, for only performing the work ordained by the Superior Being; and over the succeeding month, Predestination is royally made manifest, it having been "decreed before the Worlds were made," that Jesus "should by Judas be betray'd," and the unfortunate Judas "justly damned" for the act, in order to exhibit the Omnipotent power and influence.

There is in this year's Almanack a scarcity of humorous remarks in the weather column. The prediction under February—of "more news & business" for next month goes without saying, as in the natural order of things both that condition, the "False Reports" for March, and the "wet coat" for April court, might well be prognosticated for those particular seasons.

The Latin "Haughty causes exalt effects," is a sort of general aphorism, while the advice to "take her at her Word" is appropriately placed in Cupid's mouth.

Some very practical Astronomy is taught under the head of "Eclipses," and again the tendency toward the belief in Astrology is evinced in the author's comments on the portents of both the Eclipses and Planetary configurations noted.

No particular disturbance politically has been noted about this period, as affecting either colonies or mother country, yet perhaps the "News-Letter"[1] mentioned may have contained an occasional allusion to Continental European complications, which would serve to verify the predictions.

That a "prophet is not without honor save in his own country," is verified in the allusion by the Doctor to the "ingenious Mr. John Partridge" the *Merlinus Liberatus* of London, and who was so unmercifully lampooned by Dean Swift. Dr. Ames evidently had confidence in the attainments of

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[1] *The Boston News-Letter*, published by John Campbell, Postmaster, Boston.

the "Cordwainer-Astronomer, for he frequently quotes him and his works in a very favorable manner.

At the conclusion is a notice of the court sessions in South Carolina, which verifies the wide-spread popularity of the Almanacks of Doctor Ames, and the evident pleasant relations which then existed between the Colonies—north and south.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1733

By Nathaniel Ames, Jun.

Student in Physick and Astronomy.

BOSTON: Printed by *B. Green* and Sold at the Booksellers Shops, 1733.

Time works a Change on all material Things
Each Year new Cause of Admiration brings,
Perhaps you'll wonder e'er this Year goes out,
Because an *Egypt* Plague[1] 'twil bring about;
And would you know which of those Plagues 'twill be,
Wait but a while, and you shall really see.

JANUARY.

What feeble Accents faulter on my Tongue?
When I but think how ancient Poets Sung;
Who lavish'd Art, to magnify the Fame
Of silly gods which their own hands did Frame
My Muse inspir'd with Nobler Themes defies
Such Old, forsaken, Threadbare, Grecian Lies.

The Winter's milder than last year,
Your Hay will last, what need you fear?

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[1] Locust.

FEBRUARY.

ATTEMPT ye Singers but in humble Lays,
With Fear and Trembling Sound your Maker's Praise
Enable me to Celebrate a right,
Creation, and the Wonders of HIS Might.
O! Think how Loud the vast Empyren Rung!
When all the bright Angelic Nature Sung.

MARCH.

To see how Thousands of New Worlds were made,
And how the Basis of this World was laid,
How Chaos yielded to the powerful Word,
And moving Spirit of the Mighty GOD,
Who Silenc'd Discord, and establis'd Peace;
The Elements Eternal jangle cease.

Art thou back-bited?
Rejoice, if guiltless,
If guilty, amend.

APRIL.

LIKE things to like cohear, all Atomes Bright
Or Luminous, combin'd in one great Light
Which Rules the Day, and keeps in Exile Night.
With an Almighty Arm He now stretch'd forth
Upon the Empty Place the Spacious North
The Earth self-ballanc'd on her Center hung,
Into the Mighty Seas the Waters run.

MAY.

AND left the smooth and level Surface dry,
Some part of which aspir'd to Mountains high,
Whose Concave Heads do serve to feed the Springs,
And for a Womb to precious hidden things:
Some Portion into humble Vales subside,
And Campaign Plains (where Bloody Fights are tri'd)

JUNE.

HE Cloath'd the Fertile Surface o're with Vines
With Shady Palms, Great Oakes, and Stately Pines
And various useful Woods, Balsamic Shrubs,
Grac'd with sweet scented Flowers and wholsome Herbs,
Effluvia that with each Flower dwells
Affects the sense with Oderiferous Smells.

JULY.

THE Eye delighted with a Wondrous Scene,
Of Colors, and among the rest the Green
That's painted on the Grass, for niter Blew,
And Yellow Sulphur, casts that Pleasant Hue,
The Fertile Vales with Crystal Streams supply'd,
Which Cool the Air, and quench the Thirst beside.

Love is a frantick Frenzy,
That so infects the minds of men
that under this taste of Nectar
they are poisoned with the Water of Styx.

AUGUST.

OF Man and Beast: whose pearly Drops supply,
The wing'd Musicians that inhabit nigh,
The spacious Seas in Equilibrio Stand,
Or in a due proportion to the Land,
For lo they serve for many uses more
Than to Convey the Ships from Shoar to Shoar

SEPTEMBER.

AND from the Dark and Gloomy Vaults below
The Surface of the Earth. great Riches flow.
The Subterraneous Streams concrete to Mines
Which serve in deep Medicinal designs.
His Voice the Air with Harmony inspires
From the sweet warbling of the winged Choirs.

OCTOBER.

THE Scaley Tribe amidst the Liquid Seas
Nor Stormes, nor driftings fear, they Sail with ease
O're all His Works that Sublinary be,
He cast a Saphire Glittering Canopy,
Thunder and Lightning, Rain and painted Bow
The spangling Stars, nay glaring Comets too
Adorn the Ample Theater below.

23 ♎ *The Jarring Lovers are Reconcil'd.*

NOVEMBER.

HE made (having His six Days Wonders done)
The sum of all His Works compriz'd in One,
The noble Creature, Man, High Priest and King
Over this World, and every Living thing,

And brought these glorious Scenes before His eyes,
Which fil'd his Son, with joy and with surprise.

DECEMBER.

BUT heedless Man! He from the Hight of all
Through Satan's Wiles Received a fatal fall:
Vast Throngs of Wondering Angels Hast to see,
The dire Event of this Catastrophe.
Wonder Augmented still! for thro' free Grace
He's Raised Sublime above his former Place.

THAT this Earth and the other Worlds that dance their destin'd Ring about the Sun, (the Center of our System) shall not always continue in a State of Order & Regularity, as at present, is evident not only from the Word of GOD, but also from all the Phœnomena of Nature; which as with one Voice declare the great Catastrophe of our System; The quantity of Light and Heat in the Sun is daily diminishing by reason of its perpetually emitting Millions of Rays that never return to it any more. This Earth on which we live by reason of its Eccentricity, as it moves Periodically round the Sun, approaches nearer the Sun every Year, and according to such a Motion, the Earth in Time would be joined to the very Body of that stupendous Luminary. Should Time continue, universal Nature would gradually degenerate into its ancient State of Chaos, and the whole material World would be blended into one promiscuous Mass. But these things could not be accomplished till an inconceivable number of Years were finished. We cant in reason think that this World will continue till it is thus worn out with Time; for it is easy to conceive how this Earth and all things in it, may be burnt up by the near approach of a vast Comet, as it comes red hot from the Sun. There are Twenty one in number of these Comets, and as they pass thro' the Planetary Regions they may most certainly approach to the Planets themselves, both in their Ascent to & Descent from the Sun, and so cause Shocks, Deluges & Conflagrations in these Worlds. And as the Planets (of which this Earth is one) pass through their Atmospheres they lend them benign or noxious Vapour according to the Designs of Providence. The most

eminent and remarkable Comet that ever appeared to the World, is that which appeared to us Anno 1680, whose return is expected Anno 2255. It is supposed by the most learned Astronomers that this very Comet in its Aphelion past through so much Cold & Darkness, that its Atmosphere derived a vast Trail of Vapours, and meeting with this Earth at the beginning of Noah's Flood was the Cause of the same. And with good Reason it is supposed that this Comet being heat so Hot in its Pherihelion, that in its Ascent from the Sun meeting with this Earth 'twill cause the great Conflagration. Dr. C. Mather [speaks of Sir Is. Newton's computation of the Heat of this Comet 1680, thus "Its Heat in its Pherihelion was near 2,000 times greater than that of red hot Iron. A Globe of red hot iron of the Dimensions of our Earth (by his computation) would scarce be cool in 50,000 Years. If then this Comet cooled a 100 times as fast as red hot Iron, yet since his heat was 2,000 times greater than that of this Earth he will not be cool in a Million of Years." The Nodes of this Comet being so nigh the Annual Orb of this Earth that it may approach even to the Earth itself. What Horror & Consternation will this wicked World then be in, when they shall behold this vast Comet like a baneful torch, blaze & roll along the unmeasurable Aether, bending its course directly to this Earth with a Commission from Heaven to burn it up!

Notes on 1733.—In his title-page verses, Dr. Ames ventures to predict the advent of one of the scourges of Egypt, viz.: the Locust, and perhaps the "seventeen year" variety, of which occasionally we hear in these days.

He opens the monthly verses with a savage onslaught upon the capital stock of ancient Grecian mythology, then easily subsides into the muse's arms, while she gently hums in his ears the time-honored, threadbare subject of the Creation, commencing with the elaboration of order out of chaos, and winding up with the usual *menu* of Soup and Fish, Flesh and Vegetables. The September verses being especially devoted to Carlsbad, Blue Lick, Hunyadi and other medicinal moisture; then follows October with the fireworks exhibition, and the *grand finale* is reached when the standing candidate, *Man*, is introduced, to anticipate the fall of Satan in the combat with St. Michael, by executing a saltatory movement from Paradise, ribs and all, much to the personal discomfort of the writer and many of his associates in this Vale of Tears.

The interspersed humor in the weather column is not very plenty in this year's almanack; a little jingle concerning hay in January, a new reading concerning slander (in March) is neatly put, and a very pessimistic view of the tender passion is inserted under July this year. This latter is the more remarkable, from the fact that the Doctor was evidently about this time preparing himself for the fatal plunge into matrimony with Miss Mary Fisher, and whom he married shortly after.

The Essay at the close of this year's almanack possesses much interest, as the author foretells the future destruction of our Solar System. He gives cogent reasons why the Sun should eventually cease to warm us, the order of all things cease, and "universal nature degenerate into Chaos;" or, perhaps, this terrestrial ball collide with the erratic Comet, and be toasted into nothingness at once. The comet of 1680 which will again meet us a few years hence,—in 2255—is the same agent who did Noah's business for him, and closed up all commercial enterprises by the flood; and which will, (according to the Doctor and his quoted authorities) cause the final conflagration in the year mentioned. The Underwriters will hardly be expected to continue risks after 2254.

The quotation from Sir Isaac Newton made by Dr. Cotton Mather will be found pleasant winter reading in this connection.

I should say with Dr. Ames in the conclusion to his essay, that the final round-up would be a very busy season, and quite interesting to a local reporter who might be sufficiently collected to appreciate it.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1734.

By Nathaniel Ames, Jun.

Student in Physick and Astronomy.

BOSTON: Printed for the Booksellers and Sold at their Shops, 1734.

I use no Charms, nor filthy Conjuration
But sublime Geometric Demonstration;
But Art its 'self's a Mystery to Fools.
That are devoid of great Mechanic Rules
Numbers can reach the bounds of Matter quite,
And comprehend all Things but Infinite.

Of the ECLIPSES *this Year* 1734.

THere will be but two Eclipses this Year, and both of the Sun.

I. The First will be on the 22d Day of *April*, about Sun-Rise, but the Moon's Parallax will render it almost over before that Time.

II. The Second will be on the 15th of *October*, about half an Hour past one of the Clock in the Afternoon, Scarce visible to us.

The *Anatomy* of Man's Body, and what part thereof is represented by the 12 Signs of the *Zodiack*.

The Vulgar Notes of this Year.

Golden Number	6	Epact	6
Cycle of the Sun	7	Dominical Letter	F

☞ The Planet *Venus* is Occidental or Evening Star till the 23d of *March*, thence Oriental or Morning Star to the End of the Year.

NOTE.—This is the last appearance of the "Anatomy" in Ames's Almanack. Some improvement may be noted in the features both of the household god, and early wood engraving in New England.

JANUARY.

On Eden's flowery bank a clod of Earth
Neglected lay till GOD's Almighty Breath
Gave Light and Beauty to the passive Mould,
Whose Reason pee'd while yet the mass was Cold
And nervous juyce gave vigour to his Joynts,
To Act and Do whate'er his Will appoints.

FEBRUARY.

ADAM arise! a heavenly Vision said;
Go dress yon Charming Garden which I've made
For thy most happy and delightful Seat.
Of every Tree thereof most freely eat,
Except the Tree amidst the rest which brings
The knowledge of all good and Evil Things
(That is Good lost and Evil got thereby)
Eat not of that least ye most surely Die.

MARCH.

The Deity withdrew from human Sight
And scarce the Sun had once refresh'd with Light
All Quarters of the new made Rolling Ball,
But Man (deceiv'd) receiv'd his fatal Fall.
And vilely Eat the sacred Fruit forbidden
But nothing from GOD's flaming Eye is hidden.

APRIL.

In Evenings cool when humid Vapours Rise
And Sols fair Light forsook the Western Skies
GOD's awful Voice was in the Garden heard
With shame abash'd the guilty Rebel fear'd
The dreadful Voice and hid among the Trees
Wounded with Guilt, a virulent Disease.

MAY.

No Balm he had to heal (a) mortal wound
No shelter for his guilty Conscience found,
All things conspir'd to make his ruin sure.
Oh! how could he the Face of GOD endure!
Whose Voice the Air with Comminations broke,
A Curse pronounced, and Thundered as he spoke.

JUNE.

All nature groan'd, the Sun his Lustre shrowds
In thick'ning Storms, in Tempests, and in Clouds.

Th' affrightened Zodiack the Aequator crost
Sad Signs of Wo appear'd that all was lost
Old CHAOS who was dead, curst Sin revives
Silenc'd CONFUSION now with Fury strives
DEATH, smelling Food, broke thro' the Gates of Hell,
To Eat the world where he is come to dwell.

JULY.

JUSTICE his Sword of Cherubims was drawn,
No Ransom yet appear'd—nothing to pawn
To save Man's Soul from GOD'S revengeful Stroke
Till mov'd by Love Immense the Father spoke.
(And speaking he made known what lay concealed
From Endless Ages not till now reveal'd.)

AUGUST.

O, Son! thou brightness of my Glory see
What Man has got by his Apostisy.
He has my Hatred and is pinioned fast
To horrid Flames that Ever! Ever! Last,
But if his Ransom be Atchiev'd by Thee,
Thereby great Glory shall derive to me.

SEPTEMBER.

Now spake the Son: (and stepping from his Throne)
I seek thy Glory Father as my own.
These Robes of Light, in which I am arrayed
I'll leave with Thee, and go and be betrayed,
And Crucified and Die for Sinner's sake.
Their Flesh and Blood upon Me I will take
Then let thy Wrath and Vengeance light on me
I'll bare the Curse to set the Sinner free.

OCTOBER.

With Pity mov'd (as Parents to a Child)
Thus answered the gracious Father mild,
Thou dwellst with Me in Endless Realms of Light
Immensely great, (and) ineffably Bright,
Thrones and Dominions unto Thee are given,
All Power on Earth and all the Keys of Heaven.

NOVEMBER.

All knees shall bow at thy subjecting nod
And every Tongue confess thee to be GOD.

Triumphant Thou th' infernal powers annoy,
To conquer Hell, and Death it self Destroy,
Thy Sacred Blood's of Value Infinite,
It is enough to clear the Sinner quite.

DECEMBER.

Omnipotence commanding every Peer
In Heaven's Court attentive round to hear
The Covenant proclaim'd and Heaven Rung
Hosanna! to their King, all Angels sung
And Peace to man on Earth shall henceforth be,
Here's Love Immense! Diffus'd in high Degree.

(In this Almanack is given "The Time for holding Courts in South Carolina," which is convincing proof that an *entente cordiale* existed at that time between the colonies of the Massachusetts and South Carolina. An hundred years later however, it was to be a matter of the supremest indifference to either Carolinian or Massachutensian, whether the Courts sat at all, or whether justice was granted each to the other, in either State. *Ed.*)

THE *Copernican* Hypothesis, namely that the Sun is the Center of our system, and that all the Planets (of which the Earth is one) move round him in their several Orbits, at different Periods of time; and that Day and Night, the various Seasons of the Year, and the seeming motion of the whole Heavens, is caused by the rotation of the Earth on its own Axis: is now by infallible methods of Reasoning from *Geometrical* Principles render'd indisputable, and brought even to a Demonstration; every Objection against it has been fully answered, and no Man of Sense pretends to dispute it. Nevertheless these things are Examined by general *Mathematical* Principles which are far above the Capacity of the Generality of Men: who only seeing these conclusions without knowing anything of the Methods by which they are Drawn, look upon the whole as meer Conjecture, repugnant to Truth and the Testimony of our Senses. In Answer to the Vulgar Objections, I shall endeavor to prove, 1st, that the Sun's standing still (as 'tis called) and the Earth's moving, is not Repugnant to the sacred Scriptures: and 2dly that the bare Testimony of our Senses is not sufficient to inform us of the Truth of this Matter.

First. It is not Repugnant to Sacred Scriptures; for they say nothing, Doctrinally about it. It is not a Matter of Faith or Practice; the Knowledge of which is not necessary to Salvation, and therefore not to be determined by the Sacred Writings. What do the Scriptures Principally teach? not what we are to believe concerning the *Copernican* System. The *Anti Copernicans* suppose, that this Dispute is decided by *Joshua* (*chap. 10. ver. 12*) who said in the sight of *Israel* "*Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon in the Valley of Ajalon.*" Here, because it is said, *Sun stand thou still:* they insist on the *Letter* itself, and argue that the Sun did move, because Joshua had it stand still: Now since they are so for the Letter where it suits them, let 'em take the *whole* Sentence *literally* and we shall see if there be not any need of a Figure; for if the Sun had obey'd the very words of *Joshua* in a literal Sense, it would have scorched this Earth to a cinder in the twinkling of an Eye; for he had it stand *upon* Gibeon, and not over it.

Hence it is plain that this is a figurative Expression, spoken according to the modern Acception. The Sun appears to our Eye to move daily and continually, and *Joshua's* bidding of it stand still, does not prove whether such an appearance be caused by the Rotation of the Earth or no. We are here left freely to the Dictates of Humane Reason, and to suppose this Miracle was caused by the cessation of the Diurnal Rotation of Earth, which was inverted in the miraculous Retrogradation of the shade of the Dial of *Ahaz*. These Texts that speak of the Sun's Running, Rising and Setting, &c., make nothing against this Hypothesis, they being Expressions adapted to our Capacities; a way of speaking frequent in Scripture, and proper in common Discourse.

2. The bare Testimony of our Senses is not sufficient to to inform us of the Truth of this matter. The Sun Moon and Stars are at such a vast Distance, that our Senses without the Assistance of Reason, give us no true Notion about them. To the naked Eye, the Æther appears like a solid Arch, the Stars like the Heads of brass Nails, the Sun * * * about as big as a Cheese, but our Reason informs us better. Not only the Sun but all the Stars (at immense and unequal Distances), and those that are never seen but by the help of Glasses, vastly Superior

to our Earth for Magnitude, yet seem to move around it in 24 Hours, but is it not more agreeable to that direct and straight Method that Nature takes in all her operations to suppose, That the Earth turns round on its own Axis in 24 Hours, which gives the same Appearance as if the Heavens were hurried Round the Earth.

Tho' all things of Earth are changing their absolute Space every Moment, yet they keep their same relative space, and are in a State of Rest in a relative Sense, therefore it is impossible that the Earth should sensibly appear to the Eye to move, but by comparing of it with something that is at Rest, which can't be anything upon the Earth or nigh it, (as the Clouds and Vapors, &c.) for they all move uniformly with it; but the Heavens and the Stars are fixt, and the rolling of the Earth East, brings the Heavens West, as a Ship under Sail makes the Land seem to move the contrary way from its own Motion.

'Tis impossible we should feel the Earth move, because the Air, (that circumambient Fluid) encompassing the whole Globe, encompasses our Bodies also, and moves as the Earth does which render its motion imperceptible to the sense of feeling.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR, 1734.

JANUARY.

Now if the Swamps should catch on fire
They'd burn the Snow and all the mire.

FEBRUARY.

Let men Obey the Laws and Women their Husbands,

MAY.

Rulers are men before GOD and Gods before men.

JUNE.

The Flea Catchers are in great hast.

JULY.

Rich men without Wisdom and learning are called
Sheep with Golden Fleeces.

AUGUST.

Old Saturn is got so sullen, he will go no further forwards.

Where Silly Quacks are most respected,
There honest Doctors are neglected.

SEPTEMBER.

Ignorance has the most confidence.

OCTOBER.

It is better to have a man without money than
money without a man.

NOVEMBER.

Bravery in apparel is nothing worth if the
mind be miserable.

Notes on 1734.—A declaration of Arithmetical and Geometrical principles occupies the Astronomer's mind this year, and he indites the same upon the title page of this annual production, extolling the science and the province of numbers.

For the theme of the monthly verses, once more the Mosaic theory of the Creation is put under contribution; the Garden of Eden and the conduct of the two wayward tenants, constitute the topical thought in addition to the central figure, the Serpent, and the accessorial fruit.

The quaintness of the lines viewed through the glasses of modern thought, creates much interest in the mind of the reader of to-day, and particularly the "break" from the Mosaic account to the new dispensation, and the conversation as between the Father and the Son in reference to the proposed sacrifice on Calvary's mount.

Under the essay head may be read with enjoyment, the Doctor's theory concerning Joshua's command to the Sun and Moon, and what would have happened had the order been possible of literal fulfillment.

The interlined humor and wisdom is rather more plenty than in previous years, and the wise saws are pleasantly remodeled. Occasionally the "regular" physician lets drive at the quacks, much as the modern Galen berates his non-collegiate rival.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1735

BY NATHANIEL AMES, Jun.

Student in Physick & Astronomy.

BOSTON in *New England:*

Printed for the Booksellers, and Sold at their Shops, 1735.

The Heighth & Depth, the Length & Breadth
  Of the Corporeal Frame,
What Thought can Reach, or who can teach,
  By Numbers that have Name.
When we survey these Azure Fields above,
We find a Space Eternally to Rove.

JANUARY.

Tis Cold my Friends: The dull and tedious Nights
Old Batchellors and Widowers invites
To Marry, now in hast—Women be
Fram'd with the same Parts of the Mind as we,
They are the best of Goods or worst of Evils,
Resembling bright Seraphims or ———

FEBRUARY.

As youthful Lovers wish those Hours away,
That are between their Mistresses and they,
So many wish for the Auspicious Spring,
Whose smiling Birth shall many Blessings bring,
When Nature's Face by Sol shall be renewed
And Boreas's frigid blast shall be subdued.

MARCH.

The Winged Travellers,[1] that soar elate
With Pleasure gliding through the liquid Air;
Guided by Instinct or some secret Fate
Unto their Northern Rendezvous Repair.

[1] Wild-Geese.

Their Captain (foremost) leads the Feather'd throng,
And knows what Ports to light at all along.

APRIL.

Now Auster's Breath dissolves the Winters Snow
Which on the barren Hills so long has lain,
Which makes the Silver murmering Riv'lets flow,
And Fertilizes every Sunny Plain.
The Plants sprought forth, the Grass again is green
The Fields will quickly yield a pleasant scene..

MAY.

Arcadian Muses now inspire the Swains,
With Songs of Love while on the grassy Plains,
Their Sheep and Goats do graze, and wanton Lambs
And Kids, run Frisking round their bleating Dams.
The Fields (like the Elyzian Fields above)
Are fill'd with Harmony, with Mirth and Love.

JUNE.

Those abject Men whose greatest Talent lies
In prying into Others Qualities,
Who strive their neighbours Vertues to conceal,
And magnify their Faults with Art and Skill,
Are like the Crow and other Birds of prey,
Who search out Moorish Ground where Carrions lay.

JULY.

ORION[1] King, who in the Winter Reigns
And binds the barren Earth with frosty Chains,
Brightest of all the Train that Set and Rise
With our bright Prince of Day, ascends the Skies,
So Drunk with Heat their Stomachs overflow,
And vomit Lightnings round the World below.

AUGUST.

Those Magazines where Thunder-Makers dwell,
Under the Ground, in Nature's private Cell,
Sometimes takes Fire, and Kindle into Flame
Which rends huge Caves, and arched Vaults in twain
All things give way to the Expansion great,
Which makes the trembling Earth's Foundations shake.

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[1] The great Dog Star rises with the Sun which makes DOG-DAYS.

SEPTEMBER.

The Sun grows careful of his lavish'd Heat
And to the Southern Clime does now Retreat
Under the Earth, lengthening the nightly shade,
Which makes the Summer's verdant Beauty fade.
Autumnal Insects with a mournful Crake,
Do chippering strive to Sing, but Discord make.

OCTOBER.

Immortal Scandals fly on Eagle's Wings,
Whilst vertuous Actions die and scarce are Nam'd
Men that have done most noble, worthy Things
For one miss deed perpetually are Blam'd
Ignoble Souls would Spit their poisonous Gall,
Thinking to Raise themselves by other's Fall.

NOVEMBER.

When Man's grown Ripe he presently decays,
All things to fluctuate and nothing stays.
Time alters all, this present Year's grown Old,
And Winter threatens us with pinching Cold:
Our Comfort's past will but increase our Sorrow
If we are unprovided for To-morrow.

DECEMBER.

Dame Tellus lies bereav'd of all her Charms,
Coldly Embrac'd in WINTER'S icy Armes.
Bound fast with frosty Chains, cover'd in Snow
Expos'd to all tempestuous Winds that Blow:
But Sol shall come and Re-ascend his Throne
And make his Power to cruel Boreas known.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR, 1735.

JANUARY.

Kind Reader, now perhaps you may
Have Weather fit to Spend your Hay.

FEBRUARY.

The falling Snow lights on the Ground
Which makes the Earth look White all round
Saturn & Mars make bloody Noses when they meet,
They are such Ill natur'd Fellows.

MARCH.

——— Just wak'd from Sleep
The minute Frogs begin to peep.

At this Time of the Year *Namasket River* is a Market Place.

APRIL.

Poland for Two Kings
in Blood are soaking
and are as bad on't
as if they'd No King.

MAY.

Three Things breed Jealousy.
A mighty State, a rich Treasure
and a fair Wife.

JUNE.

He that is an Enemy to Beauty, is Foe to Nature.

JULY.

Lyons are known by their Claws,
Cocks by their Combs, and Envious Men
by their manners.

AUGUST.

Now for a Space expect much Hot Weather and Thunder, and it would not have been Blasphemy if I had said, above or under Ground.

SEPTEMBER.

Hatred is blind as well as Love.

NOVEMBER.

Gun Powder Plot
We ha'n't forgot.

Let Thieves beware of Burglary lest we Dissect their Bodies and set up their Bones for Skeletons.

DECEMBER.

Now warming Pans
are better than Fans.

The Heavens admit but one Sun
and High Places but one Commander.

Kind READER.

Be not affronted if I offer you the Opinion of the learned Parts of Mankind, concerning those Stars that Nightly discover themselves to our View & contemplation. Under the general Name of Stars is comprehended all the lustrous Train of the Universe, that shine by their innate Light, and are supposed to be Suns to other systems; and also the neighboring Worlds of our own System, that revolve about the Sun, the Center of it. Our Earth is above One hundred Million of Miles nearer some of the fixed Stars, at one time of the Year than at another, yet their Parallax is scarce sensible, therefore their distance must be wonderfull. Our best Telescopes do but lessen them, 'tis impossible they should appear so Lucid to us from the Light of our Sun transmitted to them. They are supposed to be Suns themselves that Govern in a Mundane Space, Comforting, Heating, and Enlightening the Planets of their respective Systems, as the Sun does this Earth and the other Planets that belong to our System. These new Stars that sometimes appear and then disappear, Mr. Derham thinks are Planets that belong to some of the Systems of the Fixed Stars; and that they become visible when they are in that part of their Orbits that is nearest the Earth. Dr. *Cheyne* observes, as there are Systems that can stand round our System, as many of the second Magnitude as can stand round this first Range of Sphere, and so on so that the infinite Extra mundane Space is beautifully and regularly adorned with Suns, and their revolving Worlds; and the great Ætherical Field composes one grand System of Systems. Not having Room to multiply Arguments for the Proof hereof, I shall only add that this new System (as 'tis call'd) gives us a grand and more noble Idea of the Universe than any other; and is more for the declarative Glory and Honour of GOD; more worthy the Power and Contrivance of an infinite Creator, who alone Circumscribes the Bounds of Matter, and is Essentially Present through the Immensity of this Space.

But to come nearer Home. It is the opinion of those great Men who view the Heavens with all their golden Furnature, with

no careless supine Negligence, but with a learned Niceness, search into the courses, Distances and Magnitudes of the Planets, and know wherein they differ from the Fixed Stars; that these Planets are Worlds or places of Habitation, and tho' there is no certainty in this their Opinion, yet there is great Probability. That the Planets are Worlds stock'd with proper Inhabitants seems to be the consequence of what we know and are certain of. And to reason from what we see and are sure of to what we cannot is no false Logick: For instance, a Sailor sailing in some distant Clime, and should come so nigh the Shore of a foreign Country, as to behold Houses, Barns, fruitfull Fields, &c, tho' he saw no Man, yet might he not fairly Conclude that what he saw served to the Use of Man? and that some Sort of People dwelt there? And thus in the present Case, by the help of Glasses we get so nigh the Planets, as to know that they are great Globons, Opake Bodies, all of the nature of our Earth, that they have a Periodick Motion about the Sun, which Motion is not in the same Place with that of their Diurnal, but in the broad Path of the Zodiack at an Inclination of 23 deg. 19 min. so that they (as well as our Earth) have the Seasons of Summer, Winter, Spring and Autumn. Our Telescopes also discover their Diurnal motion about their own Axis, which must cause in them a constant succession of Day and Night. Saturn and Jupiter have their Satellites, that minister to them by Night, as our Moon does to this Earth. Mr. *Huggins* discovered clouds in the Atmosphere of Jupiter, and Mr. *Derham* (with his long glass) Mountains and Seas in our Moon. Now since those Planets are so well Accommodated for Habitation, why may we not suppose that they are Improved to the best purposes? Since the divine Architect in their Creation has not made 'em Inferior to our Earth for Beauty and Dignity, and has given them Degrees of Light and Heat in Proportion to their Distance from the Central Fire with Alternate Day and Night, and a beautiful Succession of the Seasons of the Year as they travel through the 12 Signs of the Zodiack as above mentioned, why should we make vast Lifeless and inanimate Desarts of them, by depriving them of their proper inhabitants?

Did the God of nature make their Moons in vain? that shine for the Advantage only of the Planets to which they respectively belong, and not for ours. What Reason or what Religion obliges us to think that our Earth (so much Inferior to some of the rest for Magnitude) is the only Planet in the Solar System that is Inhabited?

A query right well put: What and Why?

Notes on 1735.—The title-page verse leads one to suspect that the Doctor had in mind the irrepressible boy at the church picnic,—during the banana season perhaps—the first four lines bringing the subject most vividly to our recollection at this period.

The monthly lines are varied, and more applicable to the various seasons they accompany, than any appearing during the previous two or three years, while the sentiment pervading each is varied, and would indicate a merry mood in some,—while the author might be considered somewhat cynical in others.

In January he starts out with a sociable sort of suggestion, and then drops into cynicism in a manner hardly to be considered proper in a person about to become a conjugal victim during the current year. During February he makes some amends however.

His address to the "Winged Travellers" over March is quaint and worthy of a student of nature, and the sentiment of the following month is truly poetic, while Arcadia is certainly reached in the "merry month of May."

In June he becomes quite personal, as also seems apparent in October, something having evidently occurred in his ordinary walks to prompt the satire therein to be discovered.

In the other months his admiration for the philosophy of nature is manifested, and Geology, Astronomy, Entomology each receive their meed, while curtain falls on sad winter with the usual melancholy music.

Intermingled among the weather aspects for the year, are found a melange of nonsense, wisdom, politics. history, and domestic economy.

The allusion to the "Gun-Powder Plot," shows where the author's sympathies tend, and succeeding almanacks rarely omit a reference to this event.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1736.

By **Nathaniel Ames**, *jun.*

Student in *Physick* and *Astronomy.*

BOSTON, NEW ENGLAND,

Printed by *J. Draper*, for the Booksellers, 1736.[1]

Price Four Shillings by the *Dozen* & Sixpence *Single.*

As sev'n stream'd *Nile* to whose kind overflow,
The *Aegyptian* Plains their yearly Plenty owe,
Takes its first rise from some small unknown Fountain,
That bubbles at the Foot of a steep mountain:
So ho! Astronomy now mounts a height
And with its Lustre dazles our dull Sight,
The root from whence it first began to grow,
Lay couch'd in Principles obscure and low.

JANUARY.

The Muses tremble with a faultering Wing,
While Nature's great *Catastrophe* they sing,
For *Helicon* its self their sacred Throne
Must to the Womb of *Chaos* back return,
The Chearful Regions of the Earth and Air,
Is fill'd with Horror, Darkness, and Despair.

FEBRUARY.

Confusion reigns! The glorious Prince of Day
No longer can his golden Beams display,

[1] *John Draper*, was brother-in-law to Bartholomew Green, Jr., the printer of the previous almanacks, and served his apprenticeship with his father-in-law, Bartholomew Green, Sr., and at his decease in December, 1732, occupied his printing house in Newbury street. He printed the almanacks for the years 1736 to 1763 inclusive. He died November 29, 1762.

To distant Climes, and frozen Regions warm,
But this tremendous universal Storm,
Blows back the vital Vertue of his Light,
And Darkness veils his Face from mortal Sight.
The Moon no more as heretofore adorns,
With Silver borrow'd Light, her crescent Horns.

MARCH.

No more She Rules as Regent of the Night,
But fills her Orb with Blood instead of Light,
And Dissolution Reigns Both near and far,
Through Heav'ns wide Circuit round: Each shining Star
His Intricate Nocturnal Mazes stops
And from his Place assign'd in Heav'n, down drops.

APRIL.

Their Light Extinct, Nature in Darkness ends,
Except what Light Hell's horrid Bosom sends,
Around the Sky, her baneful Torches come!
To Light dissolving Nature to her Tomb.
The Earth with trembling Agonies doth Roll,
As tho' she'd mix her Center with the Poll.

MAY.

The Seas do roar and every peaceful Lake,
And Wandering Rivers horrid murmurings make,
The Rocks explode, and trembling Mountains nod,
And Valleys rise at the approaching God
From Heav'ns high Court, angelick Throngs descend,
Myriads this great Solemnity attend.

JUNE.

The bold and daring impious Sons of Men
Call on the Mountains now to cover them,
And screen 'em from this Hurricane of Wo,
Which their incensed Judge begins to Blow
Onward in awful Majesty he comes!
Whose Glory far outshines ten Thousand Suns:

JULY.

For fleshly Eyes, too, too amazing bright!
That all the World is changed at the Sight,
Immediately, not to Transmute again,
But are from Mortals, fix'd Immortal Men,
A rending Sound, from the expanded Skies,
Commands the Dead, the sleepy Dead, to Rise.

AUGUST.

Out of their Beds, and instantly to come
Before the Judge, and hear their final Doom.
Almighty Power the sacred Voice attends,
And with stupendious Energy it rends
The silent Graves, and every vaulted Tomb
Searching each secret Corner in Death's Room.

SEPTEMBER.

Brings out the Particles of human Clay
Which scatter'd in these gloomy Mansions lay,
And weaves 'em up in this mysterious Loome,
By far more curious now than in the Womb,
All that have liv'd and dy'd, now live again,
So the whole World is burthen'd to contain

OCTOBER.

This numerous Throng, Now Languages all kinds,
Nations and Kindreds all, from the four Winds
Are gather'd; and before the Judge are brought,
Whose piercing Eye, discerns each secret Thought,
Each Word and Act that every Person wrought
In all his life, through every age that's past;
And bids his Angels bind the Wicked fast,

NOVEMBER.

Both Hand and Feet with Adamantine Chains
And send 'em headlong to eternal Pains.
Infernal Fiends drove to their prison fly,
With doleful Hissings through the melting Sky.
Their Blasphemies now meets a just Reward,
Hell's Gates on them Eternally are barr'd

DECEMBER.

The Good are crown'd with joys that never cease,
With Realms of Light! and unmolested Peace!
In this Tremendous Day where shall I stand?
Give me a Place (O Lord) at thy right Hand!
Where I in safety may thy Power admire!
And see this World and all Things in't Expire.

The Learned *Samuel Lee* (with his usual Flight of Expression) observes thus: "May not our Admiration be even inflamed at the quick and volable Motion of the little Eels, that swim up

and down in their Sea of a Drop of Vinegar, more than when the Marriners from their Ships view the Tossings and Tumblings of the Whales in the Atlantick Ocean?" And may I not venture to say, that the Wisdom of God is conspicuous not only in the great and massy Works of Creation, the glorious Stars, that beautify the Heavens and fill the Infinite Spaces with Light! but also the minute Animalcula, the flying Insect, and groveling Reptile, must bring us to the acknowledgement of a Supreme Being; since there is so much Counsel and Wisdom discoverable in the Formation of their Bodies and in the Continuation of their Species. They are made Compleat and perfect in their Kind, and want no Parts either Convenient or Necessary for them. The Learned have sufficiently exploded the Notion of an Equivocal or spontaneous Generation of Animals, and will not allow the vilest and most contemptible Insect to be generated without Parents, Male and Female of the same kind. And that every Animal proceeds from a Pre-existent *Animalcula in semine Masculine*, and that all the Parts of an Animal did Exist, and its Fluids were in Motion before Generation, and that the Females afford nothing in the Production of their young ones but a proper *Nidus* where their Parts increase in Magnitude, as they receive Nourishment, is evident both from Reason and Experiments. It is not to be questioned but that the various Worms bred in the Intestines of Man and Beast, are taken into their respective Bodies by Meats and Drinks: The Botts in Horses is a noble Instance of the Truth hereof; for if we Trace this Worm in its Transmutation from a *Vermiculus* to a flying Insect, we shall find that after it is Ejected from the Bowels of a Horse, it lies in the Excrements, where it receives proper Nutriment, till shifting the *Pellicula*, it becomes a Flyer, resembling a Bee, but with a long Tail, wherewith it fastens its *Ova* or Nets to the Hair of the Horse's Legs and other Parts, the Horse biting and scratching his Legs with his Teeth tears off the *Animalcula* contained in the Egg, and with his Meat and Drink swallows them down where they become Worms again. That this well-known Fly proceeds from a Bott, is notorious, many having try'd the Experiment. There must be an *Ova* from the Female, impregnated with an *Animalcula* from the Male in the production of these Worms. "There is nothing in the Animal

Machine, (as *Dr. C. Mather* observes) but an inconceivable Number of branching and winding Canals, filled with Liquors of different Natures, going a perpetual round, and no more capable of producing the wonderful Fabrick of another Animal, than a Thing is of making itself." They have a Head, Heart, Veins and Arteries, Bones tied together with Tendons, Muscles, inflated with Animal Spirits: which move the same spontaneously; They continue the same Animals from one Generation to another: their Species do not alter, which is sufficient to perswade all thinking Persons that all Animals are univocally produced. The same might be said of Vegetables, but the contracted Limits of a single Sheet will not permit; I shall therefore conclude with the following Corrollary, namely, that the Heads and Clothes of uncleanly People do breed Lice, that Mites are bred in Cheese, and that Worm-Seed breeds as many Worms as it kills is a vulgar Error.

Some Nurses are so Superstitious That they dare not give their Children Worm-Seed without pounding and sifting it, affirming that every Seed that escapes being bruised in the Mortar will become a live Worm in the Bowels of the Child. But, by-the-by, it is an excellent Medicine for the purpose, and they need not be afraid to use it; for, if they will prove that it will breed Worms in Children, I can as easily prove that it can breed Children in Women; and so those unhappy Persons who have had the ill Luck to have Children without Fathers, need not lie under the Imputation of Scandal, if they can produce sufficient Evidence that they have taken Worm-Seed.

"EACH verdant Plant, each fragrant Herb that grows,
"The great *Jehovah's* forming Wisdom shows;
"How each bright Stem it's Species will produce,
"Each Vein, each Fibre has it's proper use;
"How the male Plant impregns the softer kind,
"And their joint Beauties in the Sons we find.—
"*Jehovah* gave the Sun his piercing Ray,
"To glad dull Mortals, and to rule the Day;
"To call each secret Seed from Nature's Womb,
"Mature the Birth, and swell the fragrant Bloom."

Notes on 1736.—The general tendency of the muse this year is toward the sublime. and certainly the author could not well be expected to be *sublime* without singing a *pæan* to the rapidly advancing science of astronomy, and extolling the achievements of his age in this particular direction.

But the monthly verses! Shade of Michael Wigglesworth,[1] look down upon us and say if your spirit did not prompt the muse who sat at the Doctor's elbow, while he indited this—poetical end of all things,—this frightful calamity—this final "crush, conclude, and quell."

There can be no manner of doubt but what the muses *did* "tremble with a faultering wing," and there is a general irrepressible tendency of the present commentator to shiver also and pull the clothes over his head. Pen absolutely refuses its office, and the reader is only desired to read the scroll, formulate his own comments, and at the end only unite with the Doctor and myself in a modest request for a place on the *grand stand* with a fan, in order to secure an eligible view of the final *denouement*.

In the contemplation of such serious subjects as the poem sets forth, the author had no inclination toward either humor, or anything trivial in in its nature,—consequently no interjected squibs of any kind are found in the "weather column."

The essay this year is upon the theory of the development of species, and cannot but prove very interesting to the modern reader, and food for thought to those who have seriously considered the theory of spontaneous generation.

The language used by the Doctor is not burdened with scientific terms, but of a quality suited to the comprehension of his audience, and his illustration aptly devised for the understanding of all.

He quotes from the learned *Samuel Lee* for his premises, and calls in the voluminous Dr. *Cotton Mather* with an "observation" for his indorsement: while the corollary is that of the *only* Doctor Ames, which is self-evident, convincing and not only to the point, but consoling to those unfortunates who may be situated in the manner mentioned in the concluding lines.

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[1] Michael Wigglesworth (*circa* 1690) was an illustrator of the hell of the Rev. John Calvin. For a sample of the fireworks used see Tyler's History of American Literature.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1737.

By NATHANIEL AMES.

BOSTON, NEW ENGLAND:

Printed by *John Draper;* for the Booksellers 1737.
Price *Six Pence* Single; and *Four Shillings* per Dozen.

Year after Year insensibly creeps on,
Till our Last Year, and final Hour shall come:
Relentless DEATH will no Excuses have
But first and last drags all into the Grave
There Beauty, Riches, Furniture, and cost,
And High Distinctions here on Earth are lost:
Ah! Then, such Things are vain! Vain as they be
We love 'em, for we all love Vanity.

The AUTHOR on his FATHER'S DEATH.

HE'S Dead!
His great Seraphick Genius now is fled,
The melancholy news has reached your Ears
Doubtless before this little Tract appears.
But since his Labours first matur'd its Birth,
It is but justice here to mourn his Death.
I, in his Arms from Evening Dews preserv'd,
The wandering Glories overhead observ'd:
Scarce pip'd the shell, ere his too fond Desires
My Talent in this public way requires.
When puzzled, I could unto him repair,
Who knew the Heav'ns as if he had dwelt there:
Imbolden'd thus, I ventured on the Stage
And run the risque of carping Critick's Rage.
But now he's gone! URANIA O, make
Me, me thy Son! For thy Beloved's sake.
Bear the Deceas'd upon thy Wings, O, Fame,
Among th' *Astronomers* give him a Name:

For if *Pythagoras* believ'd had been,
Men might have thought great *Newton's* soul in him
But hold: if him I've praised in what I've done
It may be called immodest in a son:
But Gratitude Extorts from me his due
And Envy owns that what I've writ is true.

JANUARY.

—— TIME is a short Parenthesis,
Placed in between the two Eternities,
And joins the vast unlimited Abyss,
(Eternal Space) at its Extremities,
The Length whereof's but a contracted Span,
And one small Point includes the Age of Man.

FEBRUARY.

Each winged Moment's measured by the Sun,
Whilst round the Earth the glitt'ring Monarch rides,
His golden Chariot Wheels like Lightning run
So Day and Night his constant Course divides
Each Hour succedent always presses on,
And whilst we Speak the present Moment's gone.

MARCH.

Time's Parent of all Sublumary Things,
And gives 'em Beauty here as well as Birth,
Their Glory down to Dissolution brings:
And Monster-like devours all she brings forth:
They in the Morning bloom, at Noon decay
And in the Evening vanish quite away.

APRIL.

Thousands of Victims daily fall by Time,
A Sacrifice to her voracious Jaws,
Not only Men, but all the World resign,
There's no Reprieve allow'd by Nature's Laws,
Inviolable Laws of Destiny
Ordain that all Things born shall surely die.

MAY.

The stately Fabrick of the Universe,
Wherein the World's are wonderfully made,
Cannot Endure the Test of Time: Alas!

They'll be worn out, and all their Beauties fade.
From Chaos huge! all Things sprang up at first,
And all must be reduced to pristine Dust.

JUNE.

Time ravishes the tender Virgins young,
Whose sparkling Eyes ten thousand Charms display,
And maims their comely Features every one
And takes their beautious Countenance away:
For furrow'd Face, and wrinkled Brows they'll have,
And palsy Joints that tremble o're the Grave.

JULY.

Oh, Time! thou dost th' Art' ficer confound,
And princely Palaces are spoil'd by thee,
Defac'd and Prostrate on the humble Ground
The ancient, stately, glorious Cities be.
Thou hast broke down their Walls with cank'rous Rust
And turn'd their beauteous Work to mould'ring Dust.

AUGUST.

Those Heroes who have god-like Actions done,
Whose Names alone in spite of Time remain,
Whose Feets in War immortal Honours won,
Were all at last by this dire Conqeror slain:
Who drank the Strength that should their Joints supply
Aged and weak the glorious Champions die.

SEPTEMBER.

The Lyon strong whose roar like Thunder fills
With Horror, all the ravenous Brotherhood,
Much stronger Time, HIM gradually kills;
As easy as the Beasts of feebler Blood:
Harmless through Age the royal Monster lies,
Contracted in his silent Den, and dies.

OCTOBER.

As runs our Glass, Times tantalizing Charms
Fly our pursuit, ever deceiving us,
For Disappointment hugs us in her Arms,
And hop'd for Blessings often prove a Curse.
Bliss unconfirm'd no solid Bliss can be,
Since the next Moment all our Joys may flee.

NOVEMBER.

Whether to Learning we our selves apply
To drive the mists of Ignorance away,
Or with the Demi-gods for Honour vie,
Or Wealth, or with the Baits of Pleasure play.
Death unawares, like an untimely Frost,
Nips up our Lives, and all our Labour's lost.

DECEMBER.

Then smite, old Time, thy Rage we now provoke,
Since thou to us no cordial Friend hath been,
But the last fatal Blow of thy Scythe's stroke,
Secures us quite, and Changes the dark Scene,
When Thou shalt die, WE from the loathsome Tomb
Shall rise, and have Youth in Eternal Bloom.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

As Cold as Charity.

FEBRUARY,

Now Snow, or Rain, or Hail
Or else the Planets Fail.

MARCH.

Intestine Jars, and Foreign Wars
this Month arise
or Jove my Faith beguiles.

MAY.

Behold! The Power of the SUN in the Resurrection of the PLANTS.

Consider the Consequence of Excessive or unlawful Pleasure & Beware.

JUNE.

——— A Maid so trig'd by Art
That her own self was the least part.

AUGUST.

He that lives too fast, may die too soon.

NOVEMBER.

Ere you pretend to burn the Pope
Secure the Papists with a Rope.

NOVEMBER.

Reader. I don't know
But my Rain may prove Snow.

The conchant Bears now suck their Claws,
And Sluggards too of foodless Jaws.

Kind READER:

YOU may remember that in the Year 1734, I answered objections against the *Copernican* Hypothesis; and in the Year 1735 I argued the Similitude of the Planets to this Earth, and the Probability of their being inhabited with Creatures in like Manner as this Earth is; I shall now give you the Astronomy of these Inhabitants, or how things would appear to an Eye in each Planet, according to the Observations of the ingenious Mr. *Huygens*, whose Glasses Mr. *Derham* accounts the best.

And first to begin with the innermost and nearest the Sun.

☿ MERCURY is three times nearer that vast Body of Light and Heat than we are; Hence they see him three times bigger, and feel him nine Times hotter than we do. They may have *Venus* and the Earth opposite to the Sun, which at such Times shine most gloriously on the *Mercurials*.

♀ The Inhabitants of VENUS have much the same Face of Things as those in *Mercury*. The Sun appears by half larger in his Diameter to them than to us, and affords them above twice as much Light and Heat. Our Earth appears at sometimes much larger to them than ever *Venus* does to us. A Year there is compleated in 7 and a half of our Months.

♂ The next Planet in the Solar System is this Globe of Earth on which we live, and next to that is the Planet MARS in which there are certain Spots, by the constant Returns of which his Days and Nights have been found to be of the same Length with ours; and but little difference between Summer and Winter. The years there are twice as long as ours. Our Earth appears to them as *Venus* doth to us, and never above 48 *deg*. distant from the Sun.

♃ The forementioned Planets, Earth & all, are not worth mentioning in comparison of *Saturn* and JUPITER, with Respect to Magnitude and Plurality of Moons. For the Diameter of *Jupiter* is above twenty times bigger than that of our Earth, and he has four Satellites that constantly revolve about him, as our Moon does about us; so that *Jupiter* is seldom or never without Moonshine Nights. The frequent Conjunctions and Eclipses of these Moons afford a pleasant Sight to the Inhabitants there. He enjoys a perpetual Equinox, hence his Days and Nights are always equal, five Hours each. One of his Years is equal to twelve of ours.

♄ SATURN is above Ten times further distant from the Sun than our Earth, and by consequence Enjoys not above the hundredth Part of that influence from him that the Earth does. But still he has the advantage of his Five Moons, and the delightful Prospect that the Luminous Ring about him affords, which by Night appears like a shining Bow to some Parts of his Globe, and in the Morning grows weaker and paler than our Moon in the Day-time. The length of his Days cannot be determined, because his Diurnal Rotation has not been discovered. But one of his Years is as long as Thirty of ours. They that are inhabitants of *Saturn* know of no Planet but *Jupiter*, which appears to them as Venus does to us, never removing above 37 *degr.* from the Sun. Whereas the Axis of our Earth inclines to the Place of the Ecliptic 23 Degr. and an half, *Saturn's* does 31 or more; so that they have a greater Difference between Summer and Winter than we; upon which account also their Moons decline much from the Path the Sun seams to move in, and the Inhabitants can have a full moon never but just at the Equinoxes, which is twice in thirty of our Years.

Thus much for the primary Planets, for the Contracted Limits of a single Sheet will not permit me to give more than a hint upon each. I shall just mention our MOON, and leave the rest of our secondary Planets to the Astronomers of *Saturn* and *Jupiter* to which they properly belong.

☽ Mr. *Derham* asserts that there is Mountains, Rivers and Seas in the Moon, and others deny it; and whether it be so or no, or whether She be inhabited or not I cannot tell; but if I had the Machine of the little Spaniard who flew thither with

his *Gauses*,[1] I would go and see: there if I found neither Atmosphere, Rivers, nor Seas, nor any living Animal; I should be sure to find the Earth's Monthly Wane and Increase; I should see it half, horned and full by turns, and five Times as Luminous as ever I beheld the Moon from the Earth; I should see the Earth turn upon itself presenting me sometimes with a Prospect of *Europe* and *Africa*, and then of *Asia* and *America*. Every twenty-four Hours I should have the Pleasure of viewing all the seas and Continents on Earth, even those that lie near the Poles yet unknown and undiscovered by us.

Notes on 1737.- The salutatory title page poem is of the usual sentimental nature; Dissolution, Death and Vanity being the chief topics considered by the muse.

On the next page is evidence that the Angel Azrail has received his commands, and that the author's father and preceptor in his astronomical studies, deceased during the preceding year, aged about 59 years. In a poem the author pours forth his soul in mournful rhythm at the sad event. The verse is very creditable, and bears abundant evidence of the talents possessed by the elder Ames.

The text of the monthly verses is the great "horological enemy" *Time*, and the general tendency of the lines is in the direction of "Pollok's Course," over which we have many hours and days puzzled in parsing at school.

What Time does *not* do, or accomplish, is certainly omitted by the poet, but I greatly "conceit" that the ground is most thoroughly covered, the province of Time being most amply set forth.

Humour, Wisdom, and Fun appear in homeopathic doses; as usual to the point direct. Under November we find a couplet concerning the Pope, and his alleged complicity, in the lease of the cellar beneath the Parliament House. What would our early ancestors have done for a "Fourth of July" before that erstwhile memorable day, had it not been for the tenants of *that* cellar, and their *faux*[2] *pas*.

The Essay is a very simple and practical lecture on the astronomy of our Solar system.

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[1] Possibly, *wings*.

[2] In this connection pronounced as though spelled *fawkes*.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1738.

BY NATHANAEL AMES.

BOSTON, in NEW ENGLAND.

Printed by *John Draper*, for the Booksellers 1738.
Price *Six Pence* Single, and *Four Shillings* per Dozen.

Had ADAM stood in Innocence till Now,
And his blest Sons had deign'd to hold the Plough
No Labour had fatigu'd, nor Time had spoil'd
His Youth: but Spring had ever blooming smil'd,
No Lust for Pelf, nor Heart distressing Pain
Had seiz'd the Miser, nor the rural Swain:
Nor Vice as now with Vertue ne'er had vi'd
And Heaven's Omnipotence is self defy'd.
Nor *Lawyers*, *Priests* nor *Doctors* ne'er had been
If Man had stood against th' Assaults of Sin.
But oh, He fell! and so accurs'd we be
The World is now oblig'd to use all Three.

When once our Friends do quit the living Shore
  We hear from them no more.
Do any curious Minds desire to know
  Where 'tis they go,
  Or how they fare
Let them be pleas'd to die
  Only to trie,
Or else remain in Ignorance as they were.
  Thus whether they fare ill or well
  Since not allow'd to tell.
Who'd voluntary enter *Charon's* Boat.
So *Masonry* and *Death* are both the same
  Tho' of a different Name.
If Good there is in their Society
  'Tis free for those that try;
But like the Grave let not the Living know't.

JANUARY.

Immortal Spir't Existence thou receiv'd
When the ALMIGHTY on thy Substance breath'd,
Which in the dark Inclosure of the Womb,
Lay hid in Secret till thy Breath was come,
Thy Mind, a universal Blank, and fair,
Immensly large, but nothing written there;
Soon as the Lab'ring Lungs feed on the elastic Air.

FEBRUARY.

A Tide of Glory visits both the Eyes,
Whose usual Orbs contract the sweet Surprise:
Which by the Optick Nerve is carried on,
For the young Soul to cogitate upon.
This SOUL in whom Sensation only dwells,
Both Sees and Feels just as his Senses tells.

MARCH.

His vivifying Vehicle exerts
To animate his Mass in all its Parts:
Thus when the Body's touch'd, some Nerve receives
Whatever Stroak the outward Object gives
Which by the waveing Fluids they contain,
Hand on the impulse to the tender Brain,
The Seat of the immortal Monarch's Reign.

APRIL.

Thus has the Soul a Thousand Roads to bring
Intelligence from every outward Thing:
But O! sometimes they clog'd, do all mistake,
And cheat the Mind in the Reports they make
As now untill'd as Vines the Field adorns,
But curs'd with Weeds, unfruitful Briars and Thorns.

MAY.

So Sacred Truth will all our Search elude,
Till Error is by Reason's Force subdued.
Thick Fogs of Ignorance obstruct the Mind,
And baneful Prejudice of every kind,
Disguise thy Light, (O, Truth!) and strive to keep us blind
E're we arrive to two or three Years old,
Our Nurse ten thousand fairy Tales has told.

JUNE.

These first Mistakes leave on us such a Print,
That Age mature scarce thinks there's nothing in't.
But few of all the numerous humane Kind,
But what remain in Youthful Errors blind.
The glorious Light of Nature's Mysteries
Ne'er dawns to bless a Multitude of Eyes,
That roll in Vain. As Children of a Larger Size.

JULY.

Our Passions Soul like raging Billows roll,
Eclipse the Mind and darken all the Soul:
Celestial Truths neglected Light disowns,
And Heaven-born Reason's Majesty dethrone:
To add no more, mistake a Thousand Ways,
The unwary Mind into her Snares betrays.

AUGUST.

Thus Shipwrack'd we, beset on Every Side,
Toss'd to and fro with the impetuous Tide,
Of Error's raging Sea. Can we alone
Grope through this dark impenetrable Storm?
How may our Eyes, TRUTH'S glorious Light discry,
His Path pursue, and gloomy Error fly?

SEPTEMBER.

His Secret Way through dark Meanders learn,
And his fair Mark from foul Disguise discern:
Hail! *Alma mater* hail! Learning's Delight!
The Haunt where Muses revel Days and Night.
Is truth's eternal Mysteries made known
To thee, and to thy Favorite Sons alone?

OCTOBER.

Hast thou the Steep and hard Access found out,
To climb with Ease the Heliconian Height?
If so indeed, more thou hast understood
Than all thy Fathers did or Ever could.
Search the renowned ancient Schools, and then
You'll find the Learned err'd like other men.

NOVEMBER.

This World in which such Wisdom is display'd,
Was by unguided, inert, Atoms made,
As *Epicurus* and his senseless Followers said.

Phylosophy in *Aristotle's* Schools
Taught all his Scholars to be errand Fools:
Cartesius, (whom eternal Honours crown)
Turn'd his adored System upside down.

DECEMBER.

Did they thus Err that did so much excell?
Then all you vain *Philosophers* farewell,
Let all aspiring Pedants learn this Task,
First to unlearn their foolish Errors past.
Celestial Dove! Enlighten thou my Mind,
Revoke thy Wrath which doom'd me *to be blind.*

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

This First Week in the New Year may afford Great Wind and Storm long and severe.

Cloudy if not Wet, and Wind with Some Abatement of Cold.

FEBRUARY.

Pretty cold freezing Nights followed with a short storm.

Let Travellers be upon their Guard to defend their Noses.

MARCH.

March begins like March, worse than it holds out.

Cloudy dirty drizzly wet Weather with fogs &c.

APRIL.

Great Striving, which shall get the day,
Apollo me forbids to say.

MAY.

Let the wise Merchant, the honest Tradesman, and the careful Farmer, improve their Season.

This Month *may* End with Hot Weather.

JUNE.

Perhaps a setled Rain with Thunder.

K. GEORGE II. began to Reign also.

More Thunder somewhere, as was the Hurricane last Year.

AUGUST.

Thunder, or I wonder.

Some new Disease gets on the Stage
Which here and there begins to rage.

Wind, if not a Storm perhaps a Frost about this Time.

SEPTEMBER.

Hot and looks like Thunder.

Petty Attorneys and Quack Doctors are like scabbed Sheep among the Flock, one Devours and t' other breeds the Rot.

OCTOBER.

♄ Votes for an East Wind and a long Storm.

Apertio Portarum[1], or opening the Gates of Heaven, which may let down plentiful Rains on Earth before the setting in of Winter.

Kind READER,

By what follows I would not have you think that I am a Superstitious Bigot to Judicial Astrology. But so far as Astrology is built on the Effects and Influences of the heavenly Bodies on our earthly Bodies, which Effects and Iufluences, being observed by us, so far (I think) Astrology has a rational and phylosophical Foundation. This Earth is one of the Planets in the Soler System, and doubtless they all have a mutual Dependence upon, and Co-operation with one another.

The different Degrees of Heat and Cold, surprizing Resurrection of the Plants in the Spring, the Beauties of Summer, Fruitfulness of Autumn, and Barrenness of Winter, is the Consequence of the different Directions, Quantities and Impulses of the Sun's Rays, which fall under a mathematical Calculation. The Full Moon faces the World with so grand and serious a Look, that even Shepherds, and Plowmen, old Women, &c., are not ignorant of its Effects. For the other five Planets, as they are in Respect of us, of less Lustre and Glory, so their Vertues and Influences are not so commonly known, though very great and admirable. No doubt but their Radiations act upon us according to the strictest Laws of Nature though we are ignorant thereof. How their Influence is communicated is uncertain: if

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[1] The ☍ ♂ & ♀ is called so. (Opposition of *Mars* and *Venus*.)

by an Effluvia emitted, then the Force of their Percussion (like all other Impulses) is as the Sine of the Angle of Incidence. But we must note the Effect and from thence search for the Cause, and argue not from Reason, but from Sense and sensible Experiments: hence when the Moon is Perige the Tides are increased, but still they will be further increased, if at the same time she be in Conjunction with *Saturn* or *Venus* (as well as the Sun). Hence *Saturn* or *Venus* in Conjunetion with the Moon is not only a Sign, but a Cause of the observed proportionable Augmentation of the Tide.

Astrology was at first gathered by the Ancients collecting from Histories of the several Nations of the World the most Eminent and notable Changes that hapned therein in Respect of Sects, Empires, Kingdoms, Wars, Famine, Deluges, etc., together with the Changes of Air in Respect of Heat, Cold, Moisture, &c., with the exact Time of such Changes, and the true Postures of the Constellation and Planets: as also the Eclipses and Comets preceding the same. Now to pursue such a method I would observe two things:

I. And First, the Winter past was with us, even to *South Carolina*, as cold and severe as any in the memory of this Age: and by the *Weekly News Letter* we were inform'd of a remarkable Destruction of Fish and Water-Fowl in many Places: Which say *Ptolemy*, *Coley*, *Lilley*, &c. are the Effects of Eclipses in the Watery Triplicity, in the which *Trigon* the two last (and indeed very remarkable) Eclipses were celebrated. One who published an Almanack last Year for *Rhode Island*, by what he pick'd out of these (or some such like) authors ventured to tell the Destruction of Fish and Fowl, which, as I mentioned before, came to pass.

II. Secondly. There appeared a small Comet last *February* (and I think there was but small notice taken of it) it had a direct and swift motion and presently disappeared, It was first seen in the last Face of the Sign *Pisces*, which is of a watry nature: what Floods and Inundations followed is fresh in the memory of every one. So much for what is past.

There will be a remarkable Eclipse of the Sun for the Year to come. *Mercury* is Lord of the Ascendant in the Time of the Eclipse, which portends much pilfering and stealing, if not

robbing on the High-way. But I had no need to have recourse to Astrology, for such a prediction is Easily drawn from other Phænomena. I would not have those who are troubled with the Itch of Stealing, think to excuse themselves by laying the Fault upon *Mercury*, for a worse than he tempts them to such villanies. The following lines I recommend to them as a monitor to prevent the use of the Halter.

You that Defraud or Steal do of the Devil borrow,
And ere you Pay the Debt, 'will cost you Grief & Sorrow;
He's Surety for his Loan, your Souls they stand as Bail,
And if of true Repentance you should chance to fail,
He'll for no formal writ of *Scire Facias* wait,
When Death the Summons brings the Surety he will take;
And you must pay the Cost in Everlasting Pain,
And have the Principal eternally remain
Uncaucell'd and unpaid: after a Million Year
The Debt will be as big as when you first came there:
You may weep Floods of Tears, and Cheat and Steal no more;
You never can Repent unless you do restore:
For where Men can and won't, Repentance is a Sham,
One Six-Pence so retain'd most certainly will damn.

Notes on 1738.—We now approach the very jovial period of the Doctor's life, and his almanacks increase in interest from this period to his final decease. Whether he had been held in check heretofore by the presence of his father, who might have been an exemplar of the stern morality and rigid discipline of the Puritan days, we know not, but certain it is, that now and hereafter, his writings and selections fully justify all the meed of praise which Professor Tyler has lavished on him.

No one can fail to thoroughly enjoy the productions of the author's pen, even though introduced through the very humble pages of an almanack. Neither are any comments absolutely required, to enable the discriminating reader to thoroughly appreciate every syllable of the wit, wisdom, information and satire which every page contains, and which gives us at this day a more thorough insight to the manners and customs of the people, among whom they circulated a century and more agone.

In the salutatory rhyme on the title, he ingeniously apologizes for the existence of both Lawyer, Priest, and Doctor, and traces back in well chosen lines their ancestry direct to the Eden affair.

On the next page he proceeds to touch up the "Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons" according to his humor. These few lines of verse are the first that I have noticed in any publication of

the kind, adverting to the institution, which had been but lately introduced to the Colonists, through the offices of Henry Price, who established the first Lodge in New England, in 1733.

Why the Doctor should have made any allusion of the nature of his poetic squib in this instance, is not apparent. Perhaps a Lodge had been established, or visiting at the rival tavern of Gays; or perhaps he being advised that the *habitat* of the fraternity was generally at the congenial inn, felt that his own popular hostelry had been ignored in the founding of altars about the country. However he wrote it, and we can only conjecture why he made such a dismal allusion to an organization, which had its early home at the inns, taverns, and coffee houses in "Merrie England," which some authors have characterized as a "pot-house production," which its eminent patron Frederick the Great is said to have alluded to as a "great nothing," and which, hailing at an early day from the "Theater Tavern," "The Devil at Temple Bar," "The Red Lion Inn," "The Bunch of Grapes," and a myriad of similar localities, has carried its humanizing influence, its charities, its social pleasures, its craft ambitions, its petty backbitings and personal jealousies in the advance guard of civilization. From its fecund womb have issued forth all the varied forms of societies and beneficial associations, which permeate every class of humanity throughout the globe.

As noted, it has its little human weaknesses and foibles, and none more enjoy the little battles of the outside world against its influence, whether by satire or open attack, than the appreciative craftsman, and none more thoroughly (though quietly) enjoy a "center shot."

Almost coeval with the establishment of the "Ancient and Honorable Fraternity" in America, the craft became an object of interest for the satirists, and right well did they use their opportunities. The location of the lodges at the taverns and coffee houses made a vulnerable point for those who laughed, and particularly for those that committed their laughter to paper.

It is quite remarkable that all who have endeavored to trace the genealogy of this time-honored institution have invariably brought up in the "parlor of a profane public house," and all the history anterior to that period is relegated to the *speculative* testimony which is based on Masonic tradition.

Joseph Green (b. 1706), a Harvard graduate (1726) and person of humorous proclivities was resident at Boston, about the time when Masonry assumed definite shape in the Colonies. He employed his pen in various satirical ways, and the occasion of a parade of the Masonic Lodge at Boston, on one St. John's day gave him a theme on which he descanted in very enjoyable verse, and to the merits of which the most zealous brother cannot be indifferent.

The poem entitled "An Entertainment for a Winter Evening," contains the following:

"Come, goddess, and our ears regale
With a diverting Christmas tale.
O, come, and in thy verse declare
Who are the men, and what they were,
And what their names, and what their fame,
And what the cause for which they came,
To house of God from house of ale,
And how the parson told his tale;
How they returned, in manner odd,
To house of ale, from house of God."

* * * * * * *

Then he touches up the chaplain—the preacher on the occasion:

Masons at Church! Strange auditory!
And yet we have as strange a story,
For Saints, as history attests,
Have preached to fishes, birds, and beasts.

* * * * * * *

So good Saint Francis, man of grace,
Himself preached to the braying race;
And further, as the story passes,
Addressed them thus—"My brother asses."

As the procession moves along, he singles out some of the more prominent brethren, among whom notably one Pue; he the Junior Warden perhaps, or some one having immediate charge of the refreshment proper, a Master Adept in his particular calling, evidencing the true worshipper at the shrine of Bacchus, by his brilliant carmine nose.

"Who's he comes next? 'Tis Pue by name,
Pue by his nose well known to fame;
This, when the generous juice recruits,
Around a brighter radiance shoots.
So on some promontory's height,
For Neptune's sons the signal light
Shines fair, and fed by unctuous stream
Sends off to sea a livelier beam."

(The full text of this poem may be found in the Appendix to this volume.)

The verses this year start out with an Ode to the wondrous Nervous System of the human frame. Further on he alludes to childish errors which by maturer thought should be thrown off, and then continuing in rapturous strain, he glorifies Science and investigation and the grand results to be derived therefrom. In conclusion, a *gloria* is sung to *Cartesius*, while the disciples and the principles of Epicurus and Aristotle, are dismissed to perdition.

The Essay follows the weather predictions, and the astronomer pronounces a mild opinion concerning the alleged truths of *Judicial* Astrology; but thoroughly endorses the theory of Natural Astrology, and his belief in the co-operation of the other planets with, and influence upon each other. He quotes occurrences and incidents largely in support of his theory, and cites Ptolemy, Coley, Lilly, as being the authorities from whom some almanack-makers draw their predictions of remarkable prodigies, etc.

In conclusion, in reference to a certain Eclipse, when a certain planet is in the ascendant, he draws the line as between Mercury, and Satan, as to the proper cause of the effects to be looked for, and, as might be expected, closes with some humorous verses concerning the last mentioned individual, and his proper children—the usurers.

The humorous interjections are few but of the usual quality; attorneys and quack doctors receive their usual medicine from the Doctor.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1739

By **Nathanael Ames.**

BOSTON in NEW ENGLAND.

Printed by *John Draper*, for the Booksellers 1739.

Price *Six Pence* Single & *Four Shillings* per Dozen.

'TIS now maintained each fixed Star's a Sun
Equal to our's, and then suppose each one
Throughout the spacious UNIVERSE combine,
And in one awful Blaze their Lustre join:
Tho' MAN would sink as Dazled at the Sight
For Eyes made but of Flesh too powerful quite
Yet all the Light that would hereby be made,
Would but resemble their CREATOR'S shade.

Kind READER,

The following Poem being somewhat longer than I intended, takes up Part of this Page as well as the Vacancy at the Head of each Monthly Page as usual.

The famous Thresher, *Stephen Duck*, invited by a noble Earl to write upon the SUN, refused, because he had read no Authors on that Subject: I might for the same Reason have done the like; but that I believe any thing done according to the best of my poor Endeavours, will be more agreeable to the Publick than an entire Blank.

To my Reader, who is so censorious as to dispute the Legitimacy of my Poems, I say, as they merit no Praise; so I am satisfy'd they will not be claim'd or father'd by any Body besides my self, either among the living or dead.

Dedham, October 4, 1738. N. AMES.

My muse with Grief has dimn'd her Virgin Sight,
And's loth to sing of Phœbus or his Light;
To've sung my Spouse and only Son's Decease[1]
Her Song had been perhaps a finish'd Piece,
Because the Tho'ts that roll within her Mind
Are unto Death & Tragedies inclin'd:
Why droops thy Wing? Uplift thy mournful Head,
Heaven's Glories View; leave poreing o're the Dead.
Father of Light! From thy bright Essence flows
Light uncreated, to the Souls of those
Who in thy Works with awful Reverence pry,
And truly seek thy Name to glorify;
Illumine me, lest my unskilful Pen,
With vulgar Strains, a lofty Theme prophane.
E'er thou unfurld'st thy Glories to create
New Worlds, and amply them accommodate,
Thou didst the Broils of Chaos huge compose;
From dire Confusion Harmony arose:
Thy Word and Spirit, accompany'd with Might,
Summon'd each roving Particle of Light
That with the ill joyn'd Seeds of all Things lay
Obscure and Waste, collecting every Ray,
To form the grand amazing Globe that rules the Day

---

[1] Dr. Ames' first wife and son had deceased in 1738.

Stupendious Lamp! Thou wert the Persian's God
Whose Foot Steps by the Light of Nature trod.
Nor we our selves of thee had better known,
Had not a Light Superior on us shone.
He is a God, said they because 'tis He
Who sees all Objects, and by whom all see.

JANUARY.

His some-resembling Omnipresence fills
The humble Valleys and aspiring Hills;
Nay present through the Spaces infinite,
For His fair Daughter first-born Creature Light,
Visits vast Worlds unknown beyond the Ken of Sight
The rolling Worlds to Him Obeysance Pay;
Who all submit to His Magnetick Sway.

FEBRUARY.

His Gravity directs 'em where to role,
None from their destin'd Orbits dare to strole,
With Glory crown'd, superlatively great,
In midst of all these circling Orbs his Seat.
Our Earth, obsequious to his great Command,
Turns or is turn'd, whilst his all bounteous Hand,
Distributes Life, and vital Warmth to Sea and Land.

MARCH.

The numerous product of Dame Nature's Womb,
That wantonly exult in youthful Bloom,
Whether they plough the Air, or Walk, or Swim,
Their secret Springs of Life originate in him.
As he withdraws a little from our Sight,
When Capricorn's cold Tropic lengthens Night

APRIL.

The Winds disturb'd with horrid Murmurs rise,
And mix the foamy Billows with the Skies
The Earth as Dead, no Fruit nor Comfort yields
Wrinkled and fled 's the Beauty of the Fields:
But when proud Aries ushers in the Spring,
And Sol returns to comfort us again;

MAY.

The Earth revives, and cloaths herself with Green,
And rich Embroideries on the Meads are seen:

His gentle Rays Orions Bands despoil;
And genial Warmth makes jocund Nature smile,
Unlocks the Virgin Bosom of the Flowers,
And Bread and Wine distil in April showers.

JUNE.

The wing'd Musicians welcome him with Notes,
As Orpheus' Lyre were tuned in their Throats,
So charm'd are we their Harmony to hear,
That all our very Soul gets in the Ear.
When for Repose he yields to shady Night,
And in his Ebon Box locks up the Light.

JULY.

And Darkness with her sable Mantle covers,
Sweet stolen Sports of joyful meeting Lovers.
His starry Parliament, those twinkling Fires,
That set in Council whilst their Lord retires,
Adorn the ample Canopy with Light,
And sparkle on the gloomy Brow of Night

AUGUST.

Ere this bright Prince up-lifts his Golden Head,
From the soft Pillow of his Sea-Green Bed,
Aurora in her blooming Splendor dress'd,
Comes blushing from her Chamber in the East,
Her Rosy Hand the dusky Cloud adorns,
That Iris painted Bow she almost scorns.

SEPTEMBER.

Enfring'd with Gold, and Rich Embroideries laid;
Whence ming'ling Lights reflect a beautious Shade.
All this Refulgent Glory o'er his Head
Prepar'd, against He's pleas'd to quit his Bed.
His pale Fac'd Queen, who wore his Silver-Light
And handed down his Glories all the Night;

OCTOBER.

When he comes forth declares her social dread,
And at his glorious Presence hides her Head.
The lesser Orbs that Nightly Set and Rise,
Yield up their Light when he ascends the Skies.
Nor needs their Light, with Glory all his own,
Rides through the Heav'ns unrival'd on his Throne.

NOVEMBER.

Meanwhile his Eye our rolling World surveys,
And gilds its Mountains with his golden Rays,
Fat'ning with Grass and Vines each fruitful Vale
To feed the Brute, and chearful Man regale
Expells the Horrors of the dreary Night
Glad'ning the dumpish Soul with beamy Light
And courts with beauteous Objects th' admiring Sight.

DECEMBER.

He cloathes Material Nature with his Rays;
Thus blest our Hemisphere, the whilst he stays,
Until the Proud, Ambitious, Envious West,
Too eager to enjoy this Princely Guest,
Calls him to bed; where ravish'd from our sight,
He leaves us to the solemn Frowns of Night.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

This Month from *Janus* took it's name:
A Heathen God of ancient fame.

Give me this week for Elbow Room to guess in and I'll promise you High Tides, Stormy Winds—plenty of Rain or Snow.

FEBRUARY.

Adversity makes a Man Wise.

MARCH.

Dirty Weather, bad for Travellers.
We listen for a Silken Peace or bloody War.
Now expect fresh news of Foreign Commotions.

APRIL.

✳ ♀ ☿ ♂ ♃ ☿

At this Convocation the Planets all meet and Vote, *Nemine Contradicente* for Peace among the nations.
The rattling Cannon echo thro' the Woods.

MAY.

Now lavish Nature in her best Attire
Cloathes the gay Spring, the Season of Desire.

JUNE.

Boreal climes are warm'd, the frozen Pole
Thaws with the Heat of the Celestial Coal.

JULY.

Remark, what happens now ♂ passes by Cor. ♌.
Signs of N. E. Rain as Infallible as the Pope.
DOG DAYS begin & the Dog-star rains his Maladies.
Zeal has no Ears, but Slander has a great many.

OCTOBER.

A Cloak for matters of Religion is easily found.
A Strange Alteration in Affairs!
Without Money, without Credit!

NOVEMBER.

Tho' the Plotters are rotten
The PLOT'S not forgotten.

Now if happens not to Thunder
Then something else will make you wonder

DECEMBER.

The pregnant Clouds now thicken in the Skie;
Sailors beware, *Euroclydon* is nigh.

A pale Sun and a threadbare Earth.

Sir *Richard Blackmore* speaks of the Heathen's being bewildred concerning the first original and beginning of the world as follows, viz:

The *Pagan* World to *Canaan's* Realms unknown
Where Knowledge reign'd and Light Celestial shone,
Lost by Degrees their Parent *Adam's* name,
Forgot their Stock and wonder'd whence they came.

But it seems to me, that if we were not favour'd with the Inspired History of *Moses*, we could not by the bare Dictate of Reason be of the opinion of *Aristotle* and some other of the Heathen Philosophers, namely, that the World was *ab eterno*. The *Chaldeans* who are amongst the most ancient writers next

to *Moses*, give us an account concerning the *Beginning of the World*, and 'tis probable the Tradition of so memorable a Thing was not wholly lost to those ancient ages: and altho' they reckon *Forty-three Thousand* Years from the Beginning of the World to the Time of *Alexander*, yet this Way of Computation is acknowledged by *Diadorus Siculus* and *Plutarch* to be meant of Lunary Years or Months, which being reduced to Solary Years will fall out to be much about the Time assign'd by *Moses* for the Creation.

But a fair Probability that the World has not been Eternal is drawn from the Rise and Progress of Arts and Sciences in it. It cannot be imagined that so busy and sagacious a creature as Mankind is, could all of them have lived an Infinity of Ages destitute of those Arts so advantageous for the Comfort and Benefit of human Life.

Seneca asserts there was not above a Thousand Years since the Beginning of Arts and Sciences to the Time wherein he lived. There is scarce any one of them so ancient, but that the Original and first Inventors of them are Recorded in History.

Four Thousand Years ago when Man beheld the glorious Phaenomena of the Heavens, the Changes, Vicissitudes, and various Positions of the Planets,

> "Nor saw with how much Art their windings ran
> Nor where their regular Confusion ended."

Had they been told that these infinite Varieties might be reduced to Rule and Order, and that in future Ages Men might come to understand the Laws of their Motions, the Nature of their Orbits, their Positions, Appearances, and Distances from us and one another; that we might come to Predict their Settings, Risings, Stations, Retrogradations, Eclipses, &c; and that too almost to the greatest Precision we are capable to distinguish or apprehend: they would not have given Credit to such information.

The *Arabian* Astronomers measured their Time by Hour Glasses of Water. *Thales* was the first that could predict an Eclipse; he lived between five and six hundred Years before the Christian Aera. Telescopes were invented by *Zechariah Johnnades*, a Spectacle maker in *Middleboro* in Zealand 1590. He

presented one of two Glasses to Prince *Maurice*. *Galileo* pursued the Hint, and made several whereby he first discovered four Planets moving constantly round *Jupiter* from thence usually called his Satellites.

And thus every one improving on the Observation of his Predecessor, till all the Phaenomena were compleatly gathered, and then applying the Science of Geometry and Numbers to investigate their Orbits, their Distances, the Laws of their motions, their Natures, and their Causes, till now in our Day, Astronomy is brought almost to the highest Pinnacle of perfection.

Notes on 1739.—The Glorious Sun is the burden of the poet's rhyme this year, and the author apologizes for his treatment of the subject by quoting the renowned authority *Mr. Stephen Duck*.

Concerning the authenticity of the poems, and the responsibility for them, the Doctor modestly disclaims all merit for them, but boldly announces himself as the sole father thereof.

In verse he announces the recent decease of his wife and son, and then proceeds with the theme of the poem and monthly verses, which are very creditable and readable.

The *Essay* is a model dissertation concerning the age of the world, and the varied opinions on the subject through all periods from Moses down to the "Dedham astronomer;" concluding with a brief sketch of the invention of telescopes, and the development of astronomical art.

The monthly squibs continue pertinent, amusing, and of maintained interest. The *gunpowder plot* receives its particular and characteristic couplet, and Religious matters, a cloak.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1740

BY NATHANAEL AMES.

BOSTON in NEW ENGLAND.

Printed by *John Draper*, for the Booksellers, 1740.

Price *Six Pence* single, & *Four Shillings* per Dozen.

Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the GOD be known,
'Tis our's to trace him only in our own.
He who thro' vast Immensity can pierce,
See Worlds on Worlds compose one Universe,
Observe how System into System runs?
What other Planets, and what other Suns?
What vary'd Being peoples every Star?
May tell why Heav'n made all things as they are.

What of Poetry I present the Publick this Year is partly transscribed from the works of the learned *Alexander Pope*, Esq. I use two Lines of my own in *July* to introduce the four following from Sir *Richard Blackmore*, being an elegant discription of a Thunder Cloud which we so frequently behold at that Season.

The following Vision of *Blackston's* Revival being a sudden Thought which occur'd not many Days before I delivered my Copy to the Press. You may therefore only Expect something that may serve to stimulate the Ideas of the Ingenious to make a more accurate improvement of such a Thought: This *Blackston* before the Settlers of the *Massachusetts Bay* arrived in *New England*, dwelt in a lonely *Cottage*, on a neck of Land, from him call'd *Blackston's Point*, and by the Indians *Shawmut*, which is since become the Metropolis of *New England*, and bare the noted name of *Boston*.

Dedham, Octob. 2, 1739. N. AMES.

A VISION OF BLACKSTON'S REVIVAL.

Last Night our late Chronology I read,
Of noted Men that have long since been dead,
And weary laid the Book down by my thoughtful Head.
Our former Days was all my artless theme,
And *Blackston* stood before me in a Dream;
From his Lethargick Vault I saw him rise,
And shake the Dust from off his long-clos'd Eyes;
He sought to find his ancient lonely Dome.
But Time had chang'd the Face of his lov'd Home.
Then sigh'd and said "If ever I liv'd here,
"Trees were as Men, Now Men as Trees appear!
"Where that most lofty Spire[1] rears up his Head
"There stood a Pine, and here an Elm once spread,
"Here nought but Owles and Satyrs us'd to meet,
"Now Men in Coaches rattle through a Street.
"Of Houses built magnificent and fine!
"I built the first! they copy'd not from mine.
"Behold that Green[2] where yonder Boys do play
"The prowling Wolf there nightly lurk'd for Prey,
"Whose Howl long frighted all Mankind but me, away.
"Perhaps I'm out! might not the pious Care
"Of some dear Friend my sacred Dust transfer
"To native Albion Soil, from whence I came,
"Where since I've slept—here I awake again,
"And what I now behold some Town of ancient Fame!
"Things alter'd so! Lord, where am I, he cry'd!
"No Face I know!"—and willing he re-dy'd.
Then I awoke, and from th' instructive Scene,
Infer'd what might be from what there has been.
The tawny Pagans have forsook their Seats
From Savage Deserts rise our green Retreats.
The shagged Bear lodg'd in the Silvan Scenes
Most sternly guarded all the purling Streams,
From tender Lambs who now enjoy those Floods
And fearless ramble through the harmless Woods,
As our bright Sun marks out each rolling Year,
Great Britain's Glory buds and blossoms here.
Ye Gods in *Rome* what have ye more to do?
Elysium in *New England* waits for you.[3]

---

[1] South Church. [2] The Common.

[3] Among the very peculiar people which the discovery of the New World induced to emigrate to New England none stand out more prominently by reason of their peculiarities and opposite characteristics than Mr. William Blackstone, the subject of the Doctor's poetic thoughts, and

JANUARY.

Behold the Groves that shine with Silver Frost,
Their Beauty wither'd and their Verdure lost.
No grateful Dews descend from Ev'ning Skies,
Nor Morning Odours from the Flowers arise,
No rich Perfumes refresh the fruitful Field,
Nor fragrant Herbs their native Incense yield.

FEBRUARY.

Heaven from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the Page prescribed their present State.
From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know,
Or who could suffer Being here below?
Thee Lamb thy Riot dooms to bleed to Day,
Had he thy Reason, would he Skip and play?

MARCH.

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery Food
And licks the Hand just rais'd to shed his Blood.
Oh, blindness to the Future! Kindly given
That each may fill his Circle mark'd by Heaven
Who sees with equal Eye, as God of all
A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall———.

Master Thomas Morton the hero of the Maypole of Merry Mount. The former lived at Shawmut, having settled there about 1623, and is accredited as the first settler and founder of the present City of Boston. He lived the life of a recluse; preferred solitude to society, and having, in common with the majority of the first comers, pronounced religious peculiarities, his theological notions inclined him to *solitaire* and he played it alone. He left England because "he did not like the Lord-bishops" there, and he isolated himself at Shawmut because he had "no love for the Lord-brethren in New England." When neighbors and religion began to be obtrusive, and interfered with his comfort, he emigrated to peaceful Rhode Island, and upon the Seekonk river he became the first settler in that Colony and there died about 1675.

Master Thomas Morton's more social qualities are set forth in the following extract from a paper read before the Western Reserve Historical Society at Cleveland, Ohio, in January, 1887.

"Two years after the arrival of the first consignment of Puritan emigrants, a ray of cheerfulness appeared about to light up the social sky of New England. In 1622, that jovial limb of the law, Master Thomas Morton arrived, and it would have seemed that his advent should have in a measure dispelled the gloom which had pervaded Plymouth society, but

APRIL.

Horses, (thou say'st) and Asses, men may try,
And ring suspected Vessels e'er they buy,
But Wives, a random Choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in Courtship, and in Wedlock wake.
Then, nor till then, the Veil's removed away,
And all the Woman glares in open Day.

MAY.

Hear how the Birds on ev'ry bloomy Spray,
With joyous Musick wake the dawning Day.
The Turf with rural Dainties now is crown'd,
While opening Blooms diffuse their Sweets around
For see! the gath'ring Flocks to shelter tend,
And from the *Pleiads* fruitful Showers descend.

JUNE.

"I Give and I devise," (old *Euclio* said
and sigh'd) "My Lands and Tenements to *Ned*."
"Your Money, Sir? My Money, Sir! What all?"
"Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it *Paul*."
"The Manor, Sir? The Manor! hold, he cry'd,"
"Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

JULY.

Who trembles not to view the rising Cloud
When angry *Jove* plays his Artillery loud?
What formidable Gloom their Faces wear!
How wide their front! How deep & black their Rear!
How do their threat'ning Heads each other throng!
How slow the crouding Legions move along!

---

alas, how often our best intentions bring forth but Hesperian fruit. Thomas undertook a settlement in the neighborhood from which it was his intent that all bilious, sad-countenanced individuals should be forever banished. He succeeded for awhile—drove a thriving trade with the natives, bartered them powder and ball, conversation water, and muskets—opened a military school in which to teach the Indian idea how to shoot, and endeavored according to his peculiar notion to bring the savage to the highest state of civilization by the shortest possible route. But Brother Morton's school was as much too far advanced as the academy of sadness at Plymouth was too antiquated, to bring about a fellow-feeling between the "salvages" and the new-comers. There arose however, quite providentially, a man who was equal to the occasion, and who took hold of the subject—which subject was Morton—in a manner calculated to definitely

AUGUST.

The Wife of *Bath* who was engag'd to a fifth before her *fourth Husband's* Death.

It pleased the Lord to take my Spouse at last,
I tore my Gown, I soil'd my Locks with Dust,
And beat my Breasts as wretched Widows—must.
Before my Face my Handkerchief I spread,
To hide the Floods of Tears I did—not shed.

SEPTEMBER.

Now golden Fruits on loaded Branches shine,
And grateful Clusters swell with Floods of Wine,
But Flowers decay forsaken by the Spring:
And Birds now left by Summer cease to sing.
The Trees now fade as Autumn-Heat remove,
And dying Insects mourn in every Grove.

OCTOBER.

What e'er the Passion, Knowledge, Fame or Pelf,
Not one will change his Neighbor with himself.
The Learn'd is happy, Nature to Explore;
The Fool is happy, that he knows no more;
The Rich is happy, in the Plenty given;
The Poor contented with the Care of Heaven.

NOVEMBER.

Man feeds the Animal he dooms his Feast,
And till he Ends the Being, makes it blest,
Which sees no more the Stroke, or feels the Pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch Aetherial stain.
The Creature had his Feast of Life before;
Thou too must perish when thy Feast is o'er.

---

settle the difficulty. John Endicott, "the Puritan of Puritans," was conveniently at hand, and immediately proceeded through Mr. Morton and his arrangements. Captain Standish assisted also, and despite Mr. Morton's resistance, the banners of those who "were to pour sunshine over New England's rugged hills and scatter flower seeds throughout the soil," were trailed in the dust, the May pole was cast down, the pastimes of Merrie England were abolished, the name of Merry (Ma-re) Mount was obliterated; salt, for aught we know, was sown on the spot, afterward to be known as Mount Dagon. The sun of merriment and good cheer had set, and jaundice reigned supreme among a people where the whipping post, the stocks and the pillory were considered more congenial diversions."

DECEMBER.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her Favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all—
Then teach me, Heav'n! to scorn the guilty Bays.
Drive from my Breast that wretched Lust of Praise,
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown,
Oh, grant an honest Fame, or grant me none.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

♒

Sol in *Aquarius*, now portends
That Grandfather *Cronos* will burn his Shins.

FEBRUARY.

Politicians encrease daily.
While Lawyers get, the People lose.
How raving Mad are Men big with Conceit.

If Love does bide a multitude of Failings
It creates a multitude of Jealousies.

MARCH.

If these be March Winds, 'tis as bad as January.
There's no Credit, even for Honesty.
Great Expectations frustrated.
March, this year, ends like a Lamb.

APRIL.

This is the morning of the Year
The awaken'd Roses forth
From their Buds do sprout
The Whip-poor-wills are come
To bid you plant.

MAY.

Fine Evenings for Young Virgins to seek their Lovers.

'Tis a mistake to say
(instead of Is) this month you MAY.

JUNE.

Some strange occurrences.

JULY.

Now every Plant that drinks the Morning Dew
Great Douglass[1] is search'd out & known to you.

———Kicks off the Cloaths and lies naked all Night.

AUGUST.

The Man dreams of Pleasure, but finds Pain.
A good Conscience is a refreshing Cordial.
Many are the Storms that rage within and without.

SEPTEMBER.

Cuckold, thou so ingrateful art!
as not to thank thy Maker.

Keep the look-out, a Storm's at Hand.

OCTOBER.

The Old Complaint—Hard Times.

Brave F- -sk thy Dogs the trembling Deer pursues
And smells his Footsteps in the tainted Dews.

NOVEMBER.

Now for the Old Plot, the POPE goes to Pot
The curst Pope stands in the Way, or I had told you the Day.
What Heaven decrees, no Prudence can prevent.

DECEMBER.

Stewed Quaker now is better than Presbyterian.
Freckled Shins & ruby Noses before a Fire.

---

[1] Our ingenious Dr. Douglass, who spends one Day in the Week during the Summer Season, in search of the Plants that grow among us.

NOTE.—WILLIAM DOUGLASS was a native of Scotland, a skilful physician, educated in Paris and Leyden. He came to Boston about 1718, and as late as 1721 was the only regularly graduated physician in Boston. He died Oct. 21, 1752, aged 57 years. He led the opposition to Dr. Zabdiel Boylston and his practice of inoculation, was a versatile writer, could calculate eclipses and published an almanack for 1743 and 1744 under the title of *Mercurius Novanglicanus*. He had a taste for natural history, was an excellent botanist, and some one has said that "he was always positive, and sometimes accurate." One writer describes him as a "man of extensive reading and varied information, heavily overcast by prodigious egotism, and a morose and ugly spirit." He wrote "*A Summary*,

Who before the Great Sir *Isaac Newton* did behold the Wisdom of the Creator, in that he has bestowed on Matter such a property as that every Particle thereof throughout the Creation, has a Tendency towards every other Particle. And this Gravity of all Bodies is observ'd manifestly to decrease in Proportion of the Square of their distance reciprocally; that is, at twice their Distance their Force is but one fourth of what it was at a single Distance, and but a ninth at thrice the Distance, *etc.*

What but infinite Wisdom could contrive that this simple gravitating Power should become the Cement (as 't were) of the whole Creation? On this Account it is that not only a Drop of Water is round, but that the Earth, and all the planetary Worlds, are of a globular Figure, and do not crumble to Pieces like a handful of dry Dust, in their rapid Motions, as they revolve about the Sun, the Center of their respective Orbits.

The projectile Motion of the Planets would carry them away in infinite Spaces, and they would forever loose the Light and Benefit of their glorious Sun, if they were not detained and bridled by this gravitating Power. The wise Creator has given a projectile Motion to each Planet, Equal to what the Gravity of the same Planet does require, to bring this rectilinear Impulse to such a Curve as describes a Circle, so near as that their Orbits are not very Excentrical. And by this Contrivance in Nature, the Creator makes good his Promise, *Gen. 8, 22: While the Earth*

Historical and Political, of the first planting &c. of the British Settlements in North America," printed in numbers, the first of which was issued in 1747.

The town of Douglass, Mass., was named for him, in consideration of his giving to the inhabitants thereof £500 (*old tenor*) for a fund for a free school. He also *promised* a bell to the center school, and £50 per year for seven years for the support of the ministry, but the last two promises were never fulfilled.

Though continually in some controversy, he was from all accounts a man of much influence as a physician. An essay of his entitled "*Practical History of a new epidemic, eruptive, miliary Fever, which prevailed in Boston in the years 1735 and 1736,*" was published in 1736. (This disease was probably what we now know as diphtheria.) This essay was republished (1825) in the "*New England Journal of Medicine and Surgery,* with an editorial note that "it has been pronounced by competent judges one of the best works extant upon the subject of which it treats."

remaineth, Seed-time and Harvest, and Cold and Heat, and Summer and Winter, and Day and Night, shall not cease.

But I cannot pretend to give my Reader an idea of this *Newtonian* Philosophy in a single Page, and shall therefore conclude with the following Lines of the Poet concerning this incomparable Man.

Superiour Beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
Admir'd such Wisdom in an Earthly Shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape.
Could he whose Rules the whirling Comets bind,
Describe or fix one Movement of the Mind?
Who saw the Stars, here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own Beginning, or his End?
Alas, what Wonder! Man's superiour Part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from Art, to Art.

Notes on 1740.—There now appears more variety in the body of the almanack, but the salutatory on the title page is of the same general tendency as that of preceding years.

The Doctor makes an acknowledgment of the use of other's poetical productions this year, and transcribes largely from Alexander Pope, and his favorite Sir Richard Blackmore.

A very interesting elaboration of a passing thought from the Doctor's pen entitled a "Vision of BLACKSTON'S Revival," occupies the opening pages. It is quaint in conception, and extols the glory of Great Britain and the colonies of New England.

The selections (as noted above) for the head of each monthly page are characteristic—and are varied this year by an injection of humorous remarks with which Pope or Blackmore had evidently but little to do—note June and August as instances.

The year concludes with an essay on the discovery of the attraction of gravitation by Newton, adapted to the understanding of the most humble intellect, closing with a poetical offering to the "incomparable philosopher."

The monthly humor in the weather column still bubbles. Lawyers receive a gentle prodding. The course of true love is hinted at. The local botanist, Dr. Douglass, is immortalized. Good "corn weather" is predicted for July. Private matters in August. An allusion to a now extinct horned animal is noted in September.[1] A local Nimrod is mentioned in October. The "Old Plot" in November, and concluding with "Stewed Quaker" in midwinter.

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[1] At least the identity is lost as far as the ancient title is concerned.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1741.

By **Nathanael Ames.**

BOSTON in *NEW ENGLAND.*

Printed by *John Draper*, for the Booksellers, 1741.

Time is the effect of Motion, born a Twin,
And with the World did equally begin;
Time like a Stream that hastens from the Shore,
Flies to an Ocean where 'tis known no more.
All must be swallow'd in this endless Deep
And Motion rest in everlasting Sleep.—*Dryd. Ovid.*

COURTEOUS READER.

The Verses over each monthly Page I have again this Year transcribed from several ingenious Authors; but what follows in this Page, and the Essay on the Microscope I offer you as something of my own, not borrowed nor stolen: since nothing that I can say will recommend my own Performances to you, I desire you would be pleased to take them as some Men take their Wives, *for better or for worse:* some Men, I say, for other some there are, who take them for *Better* and they prove altogether *Worse;* but this is a Digression, and if as beautiful, as true, I hope you will forgive your humble Servant,

N. AMES.

To the *Scoffers* at Mr. WHITEFIELD'S Preaching.

If while you hear him, you can mock him too,
Attend to me, I've something here for you;
With hardn'd old *Caligula* prepare
To *mock* the mighty THUNDER of the Air,
Prepare an Engine now, (for sure you can,
Since *Thunder* once was mimicked by *Man*)
To show the World your Mind is mighty great
And Flash for Flash, and Crack for Crack repeat:

Go forth into the Field, but chuse a Day,
When Heav'ns Artillery begins to play,
As as th' embattled Clouds together throng,
Whose gloomy Terrors, slowly march along;
Erect your Standard, cast at them your Eyes,
Stretch forth your Hand, defy 'em as they rise;
And when they all come cent'ring o'er your Head,
Then play the Man, Disdain to be afraid;
And as the crooked Streams burst from the *Cloud*,
Whose Thunder *others* terrifies aloud, ———
——— Then play *your* Engine, with sincere disdain,
And as *Heaven* Thunders, answer Heav'n again
Do thus! and then indeed to you I'll say
Come, mighty *Hero'ck Scoffer*, come away;
And hear, and Scoff, for you shall nobly shine,
In hardened Impudence, the Victory is thine.

JANUARY.

Behold yon Mountains hoary Height
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow,
Again behold the Winters weight
Oppress the lab'ring Woods below;
And Streams with Icy Fetters bound
Benum'd and Cramp'd to solid Ground.
With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold,
And feed the genial Heat with Fires;
Produce the Wine that makes us bold,
And sprightly Wit and Love inspires:
Dryd. Hor.

FEBRUARY.

——————— Nobility of Blood
Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious good:
The Noble Man is he whose noble Mind
Is fill'd with inbred Worth, unborrow'd from his Kind.
The King of Heaven was in a Manger laid
And took his Earth but from an humble Maid:
Then what can Birth on mortal Man bestow,
Since Floods no higher than their Fountains Flow?
We who for Name and empty Honours strive,
Our true Nobility from him derive.

MARCH.

Your Ancestors, who puff your Mind with Pride,
And vast Estates to mighty Titles ty'd
Did not your Honour, but their own advance;
For Vertue comes not by Inheritance:
If you tralin'ate from your Fathers Mind
What are you else but of a Bastard kind?
Do as your great Progenetors have done
And by your Virtues prove your self their Son.

APRIL.

In this soft season (let me dare to Sing)
The World was hatched by Heaven's Imperial King,
In Prime of all the Year, and Holidays of Spring.
Then did the New Creation first appear,
Nor other was the Tenor of the Year;
When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend
And Eastern Winds their Wintry Breath suspend,
Then *Sheep* first saw the SUN in open Field,
And Savage Beasts were sent to stock the Wilds;

MAY.

And golden Stars flew up to light the Skies
And Man's relentless Race from Strong Quarries rise.
Nor cou'd the tender new Creation bear
Th' excessive Heats or Coldness of the Year;
But Chil'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,
The middle temper of the Spring requir'd:
When Warmth and Moisture did at once abound,
And Heaven's Indulgence brooded on the Ground.

JUNE.

To me your Armies losses might be laid
Cou'd I cure Sickness, or cou'd make 'em Bread.
Hard Fate of Heroes, who from Battle come,
To fall by Cowards, and their Arts at Home.
These may their Princes, and their People guard,
If others service you like mine reward.
For Who for Victory, or Fame will Strive,
To Die like Traytors, or like Slaves to Live?
This the fair Crop, the Victors Harvest brings
The common Gratitude of jealous Kings.

JULY.

' Tis now Tempestuous Storms o'erspread the Skies,
In Whose dark Bowels in-born Thunder lies;
The Wat'ry Vapors numberless conspire
To smother and oppress th' imprison'd Fire;
Which thus collected, gathers greater Force,
Breaks out in Flames, and with impetuous course
From the Clouds gaping Womb in Lightning flies,
Flashes in Ruddy Streaks along the Skies.

AUGUST.

Eternity no Parent does admit,
But on its self did first its self beget,
A Gulph whose large extent no bounds engage
A still-beginning never-ending Age.
ETERNITY that boundless Race,
Which TIME himself can never run,
(Swift as he flies with an unweary Pace;)
Which when ten thousand thousand Years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.

SEPTEMBER.

Since every Man who lives is born to die
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal Mind what happens let us bear
Nor joy, nor grieve to much for things beyond our Care.
Like Pilgrims to th' appointed Place we tend
The Worlds an Inn, and Death the Journey's end.
Ev'n KINGS but play, and when their part is done:
Some other worse or better mount the Throne.

OCTOBER.

Boreas now designing envious War
Musters his swift-wing'd Legions in the Air
And now for sure Destruction marches forth
With the Cold Forces of the Snowy North.
The verdant Walks their charming Aspect lose
And Full Ripe Fruit drop from their wither'd Boughs;
Flowers lose their virgin Blushes now and die,
Still in the Fields some scattered Beauties ly.

NOVEMBER.

Time sensibly all Things impairs
Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,

And we than ours; next Age will see
A Race more Profligate than we.
With all the pains we take, have skill enough to be
The Wicked when compar'd with the more Wicked,
Look beautiful; and not to be the worst.
Stands in some Rank of Praise,
In these degen'rate Days.

DECEMBER.

Behold how soon the Year is past and gone!
For Time like Streams is ever rolling on.
The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in Time,
The Violet sweet, but quickly past the Prime.
White Lillies hang their Heads and soon decay
And Whiter Snow in Minutes melts away
Such and so withering is our blooming Youth.
To Things immortal Time can do no wrong,
And that which never is to Die, forever must be Young.

AN ESSAY UPON THE MICROSCOPE.

——— ARTIFICER go make a Watch,
In which no seeming Imperfection lurks
Whose Wheels with Time exact do onward roll,
And one small Spring maintains the Motion of the whole,
'Tis all an Artless homely Botch
Compared with the least of Natures Works
If thro' an Optick Glass
You view a spire of Grass
That in the Road is trod,
With Admiration you may gaze
On Veins that branch a thousand ways
In nice proportion wrought
Which truly to th' assisted Eyes are brought,
That he who is not void of common sense
Or fill'd with daring Impudence,
Must own its Maker truly to be GOD.
Pray let your Brethren Men
Use but the Optick Glass again
Thy rarest Piece to scan.
In thy so well contriv'd Machine,
Those boasted Beauties that are seen
After thou'st laid the Hammer by,
And done thy best to cheat the naked Eye,

We view such large unsightly Flaws
Not mark'd by just proportion's Laws
Which shews thou wert a clumsey Finger'd Man.
Urania's Sons who view the Skie,
Erect long Tubes to assist the Eye,
May we believe th' Intelligence they give,
They tell us many a Star
That we behold is bigger far
Than the small World on which we live,
These Massy Globes their Maker's Skill display,
But the Minutest Creatures do their part,
The groveling Worm that under Foot is trod
And smallest Mite proclaim a GOD:
And *Butterflies* as well as they
The Feathers on whose painted Wings
Out do the Ornaments of KINGS
And all their costly Workmanship of Art.
Behold! *ye Whalers*, who go forth,
Coasting along the Icy North
Under the feeble influence of Day
Where huge *Leviathan* does play:
'Gainst whose Impenetrable Sides the Billows roar
Foaming and broke as from some Rocky Shore;
Tell me brave Lads, tell me when you
Th' unweildy tumblings of that Watery Monarch view?
When all your Darts, and Strength, and Numbers fail
When with the 'sportive glances of his Tail,
Keen as a Knife he cuts in Twain,
Or Oars, or Boats, or Men;
Do not your Brethren then,
When any of their Crew are slain,
Stand off a while and gaze,
With Wonder and with vast Amaze
This Optick Glass creates a thought in me.
As wonderful as what you see:
Being not Deceived, nor Mad, nor Frantick,
But with my eyes do really view
Crossing their wide Atlantick
Of but a Drop of Vinegar or two.
Ten thousand little Fish, and here and there a Whale,
Whose bulkey size
By far out vies
All other Tribes that therein sail,
With more perhaps invisible to sight,
Whose numerous Species fall below,

What any Glass could ever show:
Small as the Beams of Light.
At this amaz'd, Oh! wonderful said I
Who made the Earth, who rules the Skie,
When he his own Idea first survey'd.
Before his beauteous works were made
Then form'd the wondrous Plan,
And took an Atom for a Space
To Minute down the Universe,
Both things inert,
Things Animate,
Our Rolling World, and every lofty Sphere,
Th' unerring Hand Divine
In Characters, immensely fine,
Most truly hath Delineated there:
There all His Works in true Proportion stand.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Earth & Gold strive for Mastery.

A visible conjunction of Finery & Fraud in some Places.

Alas! an unlucky opposition coming on, portends a bad time for LOVERS, and many Matches disappointed.

Snow, or a *Mixture*, causing Bad Ways, and heavy *Traveling*; like some *Mediums of Trade.*

FEBRUARY.

The Man's Flush of Money.

It comes, it goes, it fly's like a Feather.

'Tis a bold Stroke.

He's cold, but raving makes him Hot.

'Tis too true to make a Jest of
Laws bear the Name, but Money has the Power.

MARCH.

A smart Chap! Stiff for Liberty.

Fine Times! He braves it out. Stroke for Stroke.

The Planets make a great ado,
About the Year '*Forty-two.*

Strange Innovations; great Alterations.

APRIL.

Uncertain Times! Try before you Trust.
Unwelcome News to some comes over.
The Skie in the Night illuminated by Fires in the Woods. Rain follows after it, and then good Weather for planting.

MAY.

Hot, tho' pleasant Evenings for young Courtiers.
A great Combustion, about Affairs of Importance in some Places.

Descending Showers call forth the Greens,
and 'wake the rising Flowers.

JUNE.

Mercury has hit on some News from *Great Britain* very remarkable.
Now Showers rise out of every Cloud, and go every way: just so a wandering Lover.

JULY.

If Black and White Speak what is Right; 'tis scorching Hot.
Fortune seldom shews herself noble, but to Minds that are generous and brave.
Fair and a brisk Wind revives the fainting Lady.

AUGUST.

Wicked Men are fearful, and well they may now, for there comes Thunder and hot Weather.
A good Benefactor appears to relieve the Distressed.

SEPTEMBER.

Now falling Fruits and Berries paint the Ground.

OCTOBER.

Stand clear, and make way for the Gentlemen of the Bar.
Stand by, a Storm is nigh.

Ladies of Pleasure, improve their Leisure in ———
drinking ——— Tea.

NOVEMBER.

I have nothing to say about the Weather, for the Planets say nothing to me for this whole Week.
Snow or Rain and Thundering. Planets are concerned in the Hububb.

Now Fountains open, now impetuous Rain
Swells hasty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain.

'Tis as sure as Earth can make it, This Month ends with falling Weather.

DECEMBER.

Dark Clouds, thick Air, and all manner of what, about this Time.
'Tis better to destroy the Wickedness itself, than the Wicked Man.

Boreas blows, and th' Eastern Coasts command,
While lofty Hills in frozen Armour stand.

The Year is Ended, so fare ye well.

Notes on 1741.—The Author continues this year his practice of the previous twelve months, namely, to introduce to his audience some of the best and most appreciated writers of the period. This almanack opens with a selection from Dryden's Ovid for the title page, then follows a characteristic address to the "Courteous Reader," followed by an allopathic dose "to the Scoffer at Mr. Whitefield's Preaching."

The monthly verses are excerpted from Dryden's Horace, and others, and the almanack concludes with a poetic "Essay upon the Microscope" by Dr. Ames himself.

The jokes and gibes among the weather predictions begin to be more numerous, and Fashion, Folly, Cupid, Hymen, Hard Times, Law, Liberty, Politics, Fortune, Wisdom and Astrology, all combined, are treated in the usual sententious and sensible manner.

It will be noticed during the past few years, that the *currency question* has been the key-note of several of the Doctor's remarks concerning the "medium of trade," etc.

There had been from the earliest days, a scarcity of circulating medium in the Colonies. When the trading was mostly with the Indians, a shell currency called *peague*, *pompeague*, or *wompompeague*—sometimes *seawant*—was used to adjust balances; but this, as the ingenuity of the thrifty New Englander developed "free coinage,"—every man becoming his own "moneyer"—tended to depreciate the value of the *clam*, the basis of the system, and nothing remained but to originate some other method of finance.

An emission of bills was made by authority of the Colony, for the redemption of which the Public Faith was pledged—said faith being founded on hemp, flax, and other staple products of the soil. These "promises to pay" wore very well for a time, but when they became old, "settling day" came, the treasury was in the usual "shocking" condition, and in 1737 a new issue of currency was made, the conditions of the redemption of which was different from that of the former. To distinguish them apart, the earlier was called "Old Tenor," and the latter "New Tenor," both being continued in circulation. The government being paternal, and supposed to know what was proper for the people, fixed

the values of the issues at *one* of the *New* for *three* of the *Old*; yet the people,—the sovereign people, the ancestors of those who sit on modern juries—passed them at *one to four*.

The inventive genius so budding even at that early day in New England, possibly promoted by the study of "Poor Richard's *Art of making Money plenty in every Man's pocket*"—the theory being varied to suit the individual idea—led to very peculiar and annoying practices. In order to make "change," the various denominations were halved and quartered, and passed in this torn and defaced condition. Later, portions of bills of a lower denomination, were joined to those of a higher, and so re-issued. Then counterfeits were made, chopped up, and attached to other bills, and the confusion became positively embarrassing. The value of the circulating medium became so demoralized and uncertain that the Indians would not receive it, and people of evil inclinations, by reason of the condition of things, became honest, because it was no longer remunerative to be otherwise from a currency view of the matter. (See *Historical Sketch*, p. 46.)

THE ALMANACK FOR 1742

By Nathanael Ames.

BOSTON in NEW ENGLAND.

Printed by JOHN DRAPER for the Booksellers 1742.

——————Nature knows
No stedfast Station, but or ebbs or flows,
Ever in Motion, she destroys her old,
And casts new Figures in another Mould,
Ev'n Times are in perpetual flux and run,
Like Rivers from their Fountains rolling on.
Dryden's Ovid.

READER,

I think it would be a scandal to an Almanack-Maker wholly to pass by in silence the great Conjunction of SATURN and JUPITER, which happens this Year on the 23d of August in 27 Deg. 55 Min. and 24 Seconds of the sign *Leo*. There neither

has been, neither will there be another Conjunction of these Planets in this regal Sign this Century: Great Things may therefore be expected from the greatest Persons on Earth, strange Motions of a religious Nature, and as it is in *Romes* Sign it may affect his Holiness himself: As to *New England*, I say not; but would caution my Country-Men as follows, *viz*:

——————You've heard the doleful Story
Of th' half d—n'd Place call'd Purgatory
Where guilty Souls must stay
'Till living Saints by Prayers have purg'd their Crimes away.
New England Men beware
If once the D—l should catch you there
You'd not get out again
But stay you must
For ever curst
For want of Money's a mortal Sin.

READER,

What follows is a Dialogue between Ralph, a Freshman at College, and his Brother Will, an ignorant Rustick; wherein Ralph undertakes to instruct Will in State Affairs.

Will. Oh Brother Ralph, how do you do?

Ralph. In Health, kind Brother, How do you?

Will. The Weathers Cold for Conversashon,
Leds zettle the imbril'd Nashion,
Come, here's zound Zyder, a good Fier,
Then gradify my just dezier:
For when you dalk of Stade Affairs,
It zo delights my Ducky's Ears
Tho' she wants Oven-Wood, or's a Could
She listening forgets to scould,
Hey, Wife Keturah! Faith! Come in.

Ralph. Well, Brother Will, I'll thus begin;
Two Bits of Paper from the Plate
Ingag'd in cruel wars of late,
Drest in the Pride of Copper Cuts,
Each other charg'd with being Cheats.

Will. Stay——————pleas'd to explain,
I fain would know whad 'tis you mean.

Ralph. The Land-Bank and the Silver Scheme,
Was all last Winter's noisy Theme,
'Till their Debates at length were sent,
For Issue to the Parliament.

Will. The Barlemend—! Whads that?

Ralph. O Ignorance! —— it is
The Place where Noble-men resort,
And makes the Nation's highest Court.
One there was Plaintiff, one Defendant
The Parliament soon made an End on't.

Will. Hah! I subbose, upon my Troth,
This Barlemend condemn'd 'em both.

Ralph. They did, and most severely too,
Poor Souls, I know not what they'l do.

Will. Hold, Brother Ralph, pray give me leave,
I by your Dalk thus much berceive,
This Barlemend's a dreadful Thing,
As great and bowerful as a King.

Ralph. The King the Parliament is join'd to,
And they do all things they've a mind to.

Will. Bankyers be thankful then; odds blew!
If the Barlemend can all Things do,
Boor Zouls whad wou'd you then have done,
If thayr great Bower had vurther gone,
And bothe your Skeemes, vruidless Brojectors,
Bothe Zilver and Land-Bangk Erectors.

And Bartners all condemned for Asses,
Zince whad they say immediate basses
With all the Vorce and Bower of Law:
Banckyers be mute and stand in awe,
Speak bud a crooked Word and vact,
I'll persecute you by the Act.

Ralph. The Reasons that they act upon
No matter whether right or wrong,
For if the Parliament had said,
That in each Banker's proper head
A Pair of mighty Horns should grow,
'Tis Law, *Ergo*, It must be so.

Now all my Logick I dare pawn,
This Consequence is fairly drawn,
He that my Argument denies
A sordid Traytor surely dies.
For where but one or two dispute,
A Goal or Halter ends the Suit,
But when to arguing Numbers fall,
Then they decide by Cannon-Ball,
——————————Bankers submit,
Or the ——— in you all.
Fare you well,
RALPH REASON-RIGHT.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Many who see this year come in
Will never see the like again.

Hard Seasons, Cold Weather and Short Credit, if any.
More Talk, than Work.
Over Shoes, and Boots for Money and Wood.

FEBRUARY.

Remark a memorable Battle fought somewhere sometime this month, for Saturn and Mars always make Bloody Noses in Times of War.

The man's pleased with Fire.

Now Young Ladies are in danger of making bad matches, or the aforesaid Trine [1] deceives me.

News of Tumults in distant Places, comes round by the Edges.

MARCH.

More News than true For every one tells his Story but differ greatly.
Industry and Plain Dealing portends Prosperity.
Advices of some great Exploit.
Orion's bands begin to snap.

APRIL.

More bad Money than good.
No contentment tho' we've more than we deserve.
Strive you must, if you would live.

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[1] △ ♄ ♀

He makes you buy, but soon asks for Pay, and then threats to Sue.
Good and Bad go together.
Many now feel what they did not expect.

MAY.

The Lass trifles with the Beau.
A Strife hastily begun, but soon ended.
Many Projections about Publick Affairs to little Purpose.
A good Day in which expect good News from far.

JUNE.

The Days are long enough for the Lady's Dress & Tea-Table.

JULY.

Now Mercury is upon Business, does not like his Orders,
goes back to the Gods for new Instructions.

A sudden Turn in Affairs of State.

AUGUST.

Whatever Sort of Weather we have, will now be durable depend upon 't.
Now be careful how you spend, and what you lend.
Now Kings themselves engage, and act a wondrous part upon the Stage.

SEPTEMBER.

A Season of no great Action now; but Vulcan is at work
in the Heads of all the Politicians thro' out *Europe*.

Aeolos strains his Throat for these Blasts.

Now if a Lawyer should be charg'd with a Lie, He would say he had it from his Client.

A Spell of glorious Weather, but *Boreas* will soon commit a Rape on *Flora*.

So, so, he has kill'd his Patient, *Secundum Artem*.

OCTOBER.

A great Struggle for Conquest, between two Potent Powers.
The old Complaint, never more need of Money than Now.
More Dunners than Buyers.

NOVEMBER.

A Fool turned wanton Ape,
Looks like a Beast wrung out of Shape.

Souls are breath'd & sent from Heaven,
But by the Priest are Bodies given.

DECEMBER.

Brave weather for Blacksmiths and Innholders.

If Zealots now should tread awry
From Truth, which should Opinion try
They'd coin some wondrous heresy.

Law and Liberty strongly urg'd.
The Year ends well, so fare you next.

Strange Doubts arise to my inquiring Mind!
Oh was I but from ponderous Earth Refin'd;
I wou'd Attempt on Airy Fancies Wings,
Which move by Lightning-tempered, nimble springs
To mount the Skies along the Milky-Way,
Where numerous Worlds now half discover'd lay
Remote, not far beyond the Ken of Sight,
Scatt'ring on us some Fragments of their Light,
I'd find their Suns amidst the numerous Throng;
And know to which each Planet did belong,
The Comets huge Ellipses too I'd trace
As they evagate through the Universe
I'd follow them and measure all the Space,
Which their most great stupendious Orbs contain;
And find the time of their return again
Unfold the Portents of their threatening Hair
Whether pale Pestilence or whether War
I'd range the System of the fixed Stars,
Old *Saturn* view, with *Jupiter* and *Mars*,
And *Venus* shining Orb visit would I,
Nor unobserv'd leave nimble *Mercury:*
I'd know what Creatures Peopl'd these Abodes
Or Men more Blest or whether Demy-Gods.
After I had these Worlds, and People known;
I'd back return, once more to this our own
To tell Mankind the Journey I had been,
And what amazing wonders I had seen.
But oh! the cumbrous mass of *Earth* I've got,
Chains down my Soul to one inferior spot.
Ignorance contracts my eager longing Sight
Intently fixt on yonder Fields of Light,
To find some Path that Mighty NEWTON trod,
Who on the verge of the Creation stood,
And look'd beyond the Bounds of Matter quite
Whose Soul took all Things in but Infinite.

The Road from World to World lies quite unknown
To all Mankind except a few alone
Whom bright *Urania* has conducted there,
Then deign to hear what her great Sons declare:
"This little ever rolling Star whereon
"We Mortals creep, the Planets one among,
"Appear like *Jove*, but less we may conclude,
"If we by *Jove's* Astronomer were viewed:
"If Sages there have Observations made,
"They see us stand or move, Direct or Retrogade;
Five Worlds besides our own roll around the Sun
Whose rays give vital Warmth to every one.
They've Days, They've Nights, alternate Changes sweet!
Summer and Winter Seasons, Cold and Heat,
Good Earth and fruitful Soil, then shall they want
Some humane or divine Inhabitant?
Shall Atmospheres furnish their Winds and Rain?
And their Sun Shine and Seasons roll in vain?
Their Stars by Night, and *We* among 'em shine,
Their Moons to dance along the Ecliptick Line,
With numerous and great Eclipses too;
And what, not one Inhabitant to view?
So Dogmatists so Biggots may conclude,
The Thought is quite irrational and rude:
Their noblest Uses by themselves enjoy'd,
For more remote are mutually employ'd
To serve each other. Daily they dispense
On us, and we on them kind Influence:
Their Trines, their Squares, the great Creator drew,
To intimate what he intends to do.
But Oh! that silly Man the mistick Language knew.
Whilst Man remained iunocent and good,
The Language of the Stars he understood:
As *Babel's* once after the World was drowned,
So Sin has now this Language quite confounded,
Of God and Angel taught, now quite bereft,
Yet still Mans old Capacity is left;
His noble Soul in Darkness hates to stay,
By Reason aided drives thick Fogs away.
REASON, like *Zephyrs*, makes the Heavens clear,
Errors impervious clouds to disappear,
The pitchy Skie to shine so blue serene,
That the old boding Characters are seen.
Then looks the Mind from whence she lately fell,
And reads the Stars as first the Children spell;

Thus I predict, and once I lately hit on
The pleasing NEWS *remarkable* from *Briton;*
Of an Advancement to the sacred Chair
Of Government ——————an happy Star?
The GOV'NOUR'S[1] bright auspicious Harbinger
Lig't up his Lamp here in *New England Skies*,
Portending Good did daily set and rise.
Himself a Sun is in the Center plac'd,
And with *New-England's* Stars His System's graced,
Then by the Power of His benign Rays,
Blest be *New-England's* next succeeding Days.

Notes on 1742.—Again we open the season with Dryden's Ovid, continuing with a remark on the planetary conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter, which forebodes wonderful things in Continental Europe. As to its effects in New England he saith not, but poetizes concerning a certain financial Purgatory in his usual happy manner. A "Lecture on State Affairs" conveyed by means of a dialogue between a collegian and his rustic brother, is a fair sample of the dialect composition of the period; carrying with it conviction on the points discussed.

The conclusion of the almanack is an untitled poem in the Doctor's usual style, extolling the Solar system, the wondrous planetary configurations and their significance. A reference to a personal prognostication made by the astronomer, which haply proved correct, and the usual doxology and benediction for New England, closes the year.

Burlesque presages regarding the effects of Conjunction, Oppositions, Trine, and Quartile, notes on money matters which seem to oppress, lovers troubles, State affairs, economy, a *faux pas* between Boreas and Flora, a curious couplet about souls and bodies, law and liberty, fill in the weather spaces.

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[1]William Shirley, an English lawyer, resident at Boston, succeeded Belcher as Governor in the previous year.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1743

By Nathanael Ames.

BOSTON in NEW ENGLAND.

Printed by *John Draper*; for the Booksellers 1743.
Price Eight Pence *Single*, & Six Shillings *per Dozen*.

Great Nature's watchful Eye, the Sun
At GODS Command ascends the Skies,
Wide o'er the World with vast Survey,[1]
He bid the wond'rous Planet rise,
Around his Orb in measur'd dance
The circling Hours and Months appear,
The swift-wing'd Minutes lightly move,
And mark the Periods of the rolling Year.

JANUARY.

——— Uncomfortable Rain
A snowy Inundation hides the Plain:
Bent with the Weight the nodding Woods are seen,
And one bright Waste hides all the Works of Men:
The circling Seas alone absorbing all;
Drink the dissolving Fleeces as they fall.

FEBRUARY.

The lovely Queen of silent Shades,
  The *Moon* in trembling streams of Light
Wheels her pale Chariot slowly on
  O'er the soft Bosom of the Night:
Millions of bright refulgent Worlds,
  Heavens glitt'ring Lamps are seen to rise:
They as her Virgin Train appear,
  And she the fair Vicegerent of the Skies.

[1] This line in one edition reads:—
"Who comb'd his beamy Locks with Gold."

MARCH.

——— Are we depriv'd of Will;
Must we not wish for fear of wishing Ill?
Receive my Counsel and securely move,
Entrust thy Fortune to the Powers above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wisdom sees thee want.

APRIL.

Curst' is the Man, and void of Law and Right,
Unworthy Property, unworthy Light,
Unfit for *publick Rule, or private Care*
That Wretch, that does unjustly move a War
Whose Lust is Murder, and whose horrid Joy
To tear his Country, and his Kind destroy.

MAY.

Now Winters rage abates, now chearful Hours
Awake the Spring, and Spring awakes the Flowers.
The opening Buds salute the welcome Day,
And Earth relenting, feels the genial Ray.
The Blossoms blow, the Birds on Bushes sing;
And Nature has accomplish'd all the Spring.

JUNE.

Now from on high *Sol* darts his Fires;
  The glowing Breast to transport Warms;
Life bounds afresh with soft desires,
  And rosy Beauty sweetly charms:
His flaming Arrows pierce the Flood,
  And to the bottom bake the Mud.

JULY.

The early Fields are now in plight,
To yield the *Harvester* Delight:
The ripened Grain on rising Fields,
A most delightful Prospect yeilds;
In even Ranks the waving Heads appear,
Bend with the fruitful Load and crown the lusty Year.

AUGUST.

GOD! The small Ants do thy Protection share,
  By thee advis'd to save their Wintry Store;
Their little Commonwealth employs thy Care,
  Too wise to want, too frugal to be poor;

Well may they shame the puzzled Schemes of Man,
Since from thy Thought divine, they drew the wond'rous Plan.

SEPTEMBER.

Here I enjoy my private Thoughts; nor care
What rot the Sheep for southern Winds prepare:
Survey the neighbouring Fields, and not repine
When I behold a larger Crop than mine
To see a Beggars Brat in Riches flow,
Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow.

OCTOBER.

The *Sun* now shoots his milder Ray,
And downward drives the falling Day;
Cool Evening now its Beauty rears
And blushes in its dewy Tears.
The wand'ring Flocks no longer Rove,
But seek the Covert of the Grove.

NOVEMBER.

Beauty and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Power,
Have their short flourishing Hour;
And love to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their Pre eminence awhile;
E'en so in the same Land,
Poor Weed, Rich Corn, gay Flowers together stand:
Alas! Death mows down all with an impartial hand.

DECEMBER.

But when the angry Surge begins to rage,
And thro' the boundless waste the Tempests roar,
O Gracious God, do thou their Wrath asswage;
And bid the frightning Whirlwinds storm no more.
Let gentle Pity flow within thy Breast,
Oh! Chear his melting soul, and give the wearied Sailor rest.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

The Superiors are all Retrograde, so are the Affairs of Many,

A Beggar's Brat turns out to be a Mighty Man, and does wondrous Feats.

Money and Wood are very necessary; but where shall we have them?

FEBRUARY.

If Men are rul'd by the Planets, Oppositions will spring up among all Parties this Month.

MARCH.

Great Strife for a meer Bubble.

A strange Confusion in some Heads full of Conceit.

APRIL.

A remarkable Affair happens which causes much speculation among the curious and inquisitive, who love to Talk much and Work little.

Now may illiterate Pedlars in Divinity take up their Hoes, & go to planting. (See Notes 1743.)

MAY.

There will be a vast Quantity of Bread and Wine rain'd down not many Days hence.

The Lady's now appear in all their gay Attire.

JUNE.

A great Politician comes off harmless by a cunning Artifice, contrary to all Expectation.

A pretended Patriot turns out a meer Biggot. Vile *self* is at the Bottom of his plausible Projections.

JULY.

Mr. Derham says "that if it Rains Frogs, it may as probably Rain Calves." You may believe it if you please.

Indian Corn grows by Day, and the Fleas bite by Night.

AUGUST.

Make Hay while you may.

A strange appearance of many colours.

A great noise about———Nothing.

The Truth appears plain by the Liberty of the Press.

SEPTEMBER.

Perhaps a sudden Frost,
By which the tender Plants are lost.

When the Clergy are at the bottom of the Plot, they are wise enough to slip their Necks out of the Collar, and leave the Laity to suffer.

OCTOBER.

A sudden Blast blows up a Scheme which has been long a hatching by an old Fox that has more Craft than Honesty.

A great Struggle between a great Man & little Woman for the Mastery. She gets the Day.

Venus is mighty loving with *Saturn*. I don't know what She means by it.

NOVEMBER.

It is time to think about Snow in the Almanack now look out for it.

POWDER PLOT must be in. Tho' the Pope is burnt, he will be Pope still.

If it should Rain *Gold*, what Wars would be among the old Misers.

Now an Army of Swine are Slain in a Day.

DECEMBER.

Horns will sprout in a less Time than Mushrooms.

My Friend, this Almanack I hope has help'd you in your journey: but as 'tis almost out of Date, pray look out in Time for a new one.

Lo, the Year is Ended,
but how have we amended.

OF COMETS OR BLAZING STARS.

The Inquiries that have been occasioned by the late Appearance of a COMET, are so numerous as to determine me to fill up the following vacant Pages with a few Thoughts on that Subject.

NATURE. The NATURE of these *extraordinary Bodies* is now confest by the best *Philosophers* to be the same as that of the *Planets*, which without doubt differs in nothing *Essential* from that of the *Terraqueous Globe* which we inhabit. They are a Composition of the same *Materials*, subject to the same *Law of Gravitation*, and howsoever *various* and *surprizing* their *Phaenomena* have been, they are *rationally* accounted for by the same *Laws of Matter* and *Motion* that appear in all *Terrestrial Substances*. COMETS therefore might have been, in their Turn *Planets*, furnished with as rich a Variety of the *Necessaries* and *Conveniences* of *Animal Life;* and these in future Ages may be reduc'd to the unhappy Circumstances of these *Blazing Stars*— A doleful *Inheritance* reserv'd, perhaps, for the Punishment of their ancient guilty Inhabitants!

CONSTITUTION. Their present CONSTITUTION seems to be of a *Central Solid* or *Head*, surrounded with a large Appendage of *dense Vapour*, and a *Lucid Train* of the most *subtle Emanations;* or at least, this is the *apparent* and most obvious *Distinction* of *Parts* of a *Comet*.

HEAD. The Head is a very solid, compact and durable Composition, not Inferiour, perhaps to any *Metallic Substances*, otherwise it could not indure such a prodigious Degree of Heat as the celebrated *Comet* of 1680, It must have conceived in its Approach to the Sun, *viz:* 2000 Times, at least, greater than red hot Iron. Had the Earth been in such a Scituation it would scarcely have been *Cool* again in 50,000 Years.

ATMOSPHERE. The ATMOSPHERE is a vast confused Collection of fluctuating Vapours and dense Fumes, probably of most of the superficial Parts that form a regular Planet in a Degree of *Dilatation* and *mutual Repulsion*, always proportionate to the Degrees of Heat the *Comet* sustains. Such was, according to the Rev. Mr. *Whiston's Theory* the *Primitive State* of the Earth described by MOSES—the *Chaos* from which these *beautiful Prospects* that cover the *Surface* of the *Earth* were formed and the *State* to which they will be reduc'd after its *Conflagration* by its destin'd Congress with One of its *Fellow Comets*.

TAIL. The TAIL of *Comets* is one of the rarest and most subtile Expansions in Nature, a *Medium* very probably 50,000 Times rarer than the Air we breath; yet sufficient to reflect the Rays of the Sun from these *void* Coelestial Spaces. They seem to have been at first darted every way equally from the Heads; but are driven back from that Part which is toward the Sun in *Parabolic* Lines, as tho' there was a *mutual Repulsion* co-operating between them and the *Sun Beams*, and in this Scituation they are always observ'd.

The usual Kinds of Comets are divided into, have no other Distinction than what is derived from different *Views* of this *Lucid* Train. When that is observ'd at *right Angles*, or any great Angle they are said to be *Tailed: Bearded* when we see it *Obliquely;* and *Hairy* if the Eye is in the *Direction of* its *Axis*.

MAGNITUDE. The MAGNITUDES of these Bodies are various; but none esteemed less than the *Moon*, nor any much bigger than *Venus* or the *Earth*, *i. e.*, of a Globe of about 8,000 Miles in Diameter; and it is remarkable that those are the least that come nearest to the Sun; least perhaps they should give too great a Disturbance to the Neighboring *Planets* of that *Luminary*.

APPEARANCE. Their APPEARANCE is always made in the *Hemisphere* round the *Sun*, and never till they have descended

below the Orbit of *Jupiter* (which shows them to be inferiour in Magnitude to the *superiour Planets*, since they are equally capable of reflecting Light) and their Tails do not arise till they are warm with a Degree of Heat, almost equal to that of the Planet *Mars;* which is about 2-5ths of what we enjoy.

MOTION. Their MOTION is performed like that of the *Planets Elliptical Orbits* round the *Sun;* but they are very *Excentrical* and placed in all *manner* of *Directions.*

NUMBER. The NUMBER of those which have been particularly observ'd, for at least these 400 Years last past do not exceed 25, and of these the Astronomy of *Four* seems to be *perfected*, which I shall abbreviate in the following Articles, *viz:* The Year when they last appeared: Times of their Revolution in Years: Time when they are next expected: Mean Distances from the Sun in Millions of English Miles: Excentricities, least and greatest Distances therefrom in the same: Proportion of their least and greatest Distances: Degree of Light and Heat compared with the *Earth's*, at their mean Distances: Proportion of their least and greatest Degrees of *Light* and *Heat* at their *Perihelions* and *Aphelions:* Their mean Velocities pr. Hour in Miles: Days in which they would fall to the Sun, if their *Projectile Velocities* were stopt.

COMETS.	I	II	III	IV
Appearance.....	1682	1718	1661	1680
Periods.....	75 half	81	129	575
Expected.....	1758	1799	1790	2255
Mean Distance.....	1458	1534	2025	5600
Eccentricity	1410	1496	1984	5599.5
Least Distance	48	38	41	.5
Greatest.....	2964	3106	4066	11200.5
Proportion.....	1 : 60	1 : 80	1 : 100	1 : 20000
Light & Heat.....	1 : 324	1 : 357	1 : 625	1 : 6642
Prop. Great... ..... / Least Dist.....	3600.1	6400.1	10000 : 1	400000000 : 1
Hor. Velocity	13000	12500	900	6000
Tim. of Discent.....	4000	5000	8000	37000

The *foregoing Articles* are not *compleated* for the Comet which appeared *February* last, but thus much seems to have been ascertained, viz: Its *Node* ♍ 8 deg. 15 min. *Inclination* 68 deg. 14 min. *Place of its Perihelion* ♏ 7 deg. 33 min. *Least Distance* from the Sun about 20,000,000 Miles. *Least Distance* from the Earth about 62,000,000; and has a *Period* probably of 70 or 80 Years.

The EFFECTS of these *Revolving Bodies* may be very *Extraordinary*, viz: by inducing great *Tempests*, *Hurricanes*, *Inundations*, *Alterations* of Rivers, and the Channels of *Seas*, and lastly *Deluges* and *Conflagrations* on the *Planetary Bodies*, all which, in different *Circumstances*, they seem *naturally* capable of: but their *ordinary effects*, are more *Salutary*, viz: to recruit the wasting *Light* and *Heat* of the *Sun;* to supply the Expence of the Fluids of the *Planets*, and to vivify and impregnate their *Atmospheres* with that SPIRIT which is the Support and Food of *Animal Life*, for which, and for other Reasons, they may be justly stiled, *The General* PHYSICIANS *of the* UNIVERSE.

Notes on 1743.—The salutatory is of the "Fire Worshipper" variety —the central orb—the blessed Sun, receives the astronomers oblations, as is quite proper, then we pass directly on to the poetical captions of the months. Under January a well conceived verse describing a January thaw, which with all its inconveniences and disagreeable features is plainly implied. The new moon is worshipped under February with most fulsome praise, then we drop down to terrestrial things and imbibe some good advice on the subject of will, and how to dispose of our fortune.

In April some of the Doctor's private affairs seem to have occupied the Muse, probably the sentiment herein set forth is born of the action at law concerning his rights in cetain landed property, which was in Court about this period. (See "Tavern Sign" incident, p. 24.) As the season advances we again revert to the natural order of things, and enjoy the advent of summer with its concomitants of grain and fruits.

Later we moralize, the parable of the Ants and their example for the government and individuals is made pointed enough for the meanest capacity; and in September, the Contentment of the happy husbandman is versified, though not without some evident personality in the latter lines.

With the dying year we assume the sentimental, and muse upon Death in November, and a "Northeaster" for the December finale.

The essay is of more than ordinary interest, as it contemplates the Nature, Constitution and Utility of Comets, and cites twenty-five of these appearances prior to 1743, all of which ideas conveyed are vastly interesting at even this late day, particularly the Doctor's *resume* of the subject in his usual inimitable style.

The weather column this year is full of evidence of the Doctor's being but human, and possibly afflicted with poor digestion, as his knife appears to have two edges and its cutting is in all directions, as a perusal of the squibs will make plain.

November rejuvenates that same old "Plot," while "Horns" are mentioned in the last month in a peculiar manner.

Among the Doctor's papers have recently been found some characteristic correspondence, showing the general tendency of religious ideas, and the latitude given to debate on scriptural conundrums. The copies of the letters themselves which follow, will not only amuse and instruct, but will illustrate the Doctor's aptness in discussing the subjects placed before him.

The *small matter* which kindled the *great fire* having made its appearance in the Almanack for this year, the documents properly have their place here.

The copies (made by Dr. Ames himself) are entitled:

A LETTER IN ANSWER TO MELATIAH MARTIN OF CONNECTICUT, A NEW LIGHT.

An answer to a letter Sent from Conecticut to Nath^{ll} Ames ye almanack maker In Dedham, occationed by s^{d} Ames putting those words Into his almanack at ye latter end of the month Aprill 1743, (now may Illitterate pedlars in divinity take up there hoes & go to planting) the letter containing ye following queries:

1stly what it was nimrod hunted,

2^{d}ly what nebuchadnezzer Image in ye plain of Dural was a figure of, and what it Represented.

3^{d}ly what that abomination was that made Desolate, & what was ye holy place mentioned Mathew 24th:15th.

4thly & 1stly, who were ye Daughters of a Certain Drunken whoreish woman ye mother of harlotts, 2^{d}ly, how does ye affair stand with you about bastardy, & 3^{d}ly, whether you are not under doubts as to ye number of her name being upon you.

5thly, who was ye man of Sin.

6thly, who were ye unlearned spoken of in 2^{d} of Peter 3^{d} : 16th,

7thly whether ye Beast Saint John saw rise out of ye sea as in Revelation 13th: 1st, was animal or metaphoricall & what it represented.

8thly & firstly, what was ye mark of ye beast, 2dly, have not you got his name, 3dly, and his mark Likwise.

9thly and lastly who were those merchants & are there any such now a days as are mentioned in Revelations &c.

Dated Conecticut Aprill ye 30th 1743.

Signed, MELATIAH MARTIN.

THE ANSWER.

Melatiah Martin, tho' I am as Intimatly acquainted with ye Stars as you are with your Hoggs, & have spent whole weeks in casting of figures & drawing planatary Schems up garrit, yet for ye Soal of me I Cant find out whether your man, maid, witch or whore, as is ye Case of ye famous Joan of arc; however I can prove by your name according as in Neh: 3d, 7th (?) you'r a man, especialy if ye hebrew originall be consulted, of which I am a perfect master, & at ye same time it is Evident Even without ye use of Spectacles it was a woman wrote ye letter you have signed; Consequently I shall take you as an hermophradite & address you as Such.

Your 1t Query is what it was nimrod hunted. In ye first place I answer Negly, not owls nor asses, so that you would be in no danger were nimrod now alive & hunting with full Carreer. In ye 2d place, affirmatively, he hunted men & drove them to as Great Dispair as Ever D——t did any of his new proselites; and as to there Just wright thus to hunt mankind, it stands upon ye same foundation; that is to say, no foundation at all, for ye Divine being never gave nimrod a wright to Enslave men's bodyes, nor D——t a wright to scare men out of their Sences.

Your 2d Query is what nebuchadnezzers Image on ye plain of Durall was a figure of, & what it Represented. Now mr. Hermopdte we read that that same Image was made of Gold, its heighth Considerable, and its Breadth, or as ye hebrew word realy Signifies, its Depth, in proportion, & as I am a parfect anatomist & know ye Construction of the humane body to a nicety, I asure you ye proportions are Exactly ye same as in a well set man, that is to say as one to ten; well, as it was of ye humane Shape & made of Gold, Consequently it Represented a man of well proportion body, seeking to fill his pockits with money. You may observe in ye Same Story ye people worshiped this Idol, & Looked upon it as a god; never Idol looked so Glorious as that Idol. Whose person this Idol represented, you might have seen upon Boston Common on a Certain Sabbath Day some time agoe, beging for money under a pretence for orphans &c.

Your 3d Query is, what that abomination was that made Dessolate, & what was ye holy place mentioned mathew 24:15. Now mr Hermopdte you must know from me who have read all Expositers ancient & modern, that ye abomination of Dessolation signifies ye Roman Legions, who Carried Eagles on there Standards of which Daniel speaks Chapt 9 verse

27; & ye holy place signifies ye whole land of Judea, as is Evident from ye ancient Septuagint translation, 1 Sam: 12: 8, where ye same Greek word is made use of as in ye aforesaid text, nevertheless I beg leave to dissent from all interpreters both ancient & modern, in ye Explanation of that text, for as we have much *new light* at present in ye world, I would Explaine ye passage thus, ye holy place I look upon to be new England; ye abomination which makes Dessolate, is a pack of Vegerant Illeterate Idle fellows, who as they have been lifted up by ye Common people, as the Eagles were upon ye Standards in ye Roman Camps, are like to lay waste our land & bring us to as utter Distruction as did ye Romans ye Jews.

Your 4th. Query is three fold 1st who were ye Daughters of a Certain Drunken Whorish woman ye mother of harlotts; 2dly how ye afair stands as to myself about bastardy, & 3dly whether I am not under Doubts as to ye number of her name being upon me. I shall now change my Stile & Instead of mr Hermopdte I shall address you in the Stile of Mrs. Hermophradite, for it is Evident to a Demonstration you have got upon ye affair of Conjunction, an affair which of late seems to be very pleasing both to Brother and sister, holy as they are. Now mrs. Hermopdte as to ye daugters of this said Drunken Whorish woman, I assure you she never had a Daughter in ye world; for by dint of anatomicall knowledge I am persuaded 'tis next to an Impossibility, but then you will object & say 'tis said that this said drunken whorish woman was ye mother of harlotts. There now I beg leave to give you a little Instruction, I am such a perfect addept that I know, never did any nation except the English translate that word *pornon*, harlotts, they universally—theopians (*sic*) arabians & no body know who translated it adultry or whoredoms; or as good old Chauser calls it, *harlitreeve*. Upon ye whole then, it is certain ye Drunken whorish woman never had a Daughter, ye Ruining Sins of Drunkeness & whoreing prevented it, of which I as an anatomist am well sensible & can give ye physical reason for. Consequently if ye 2d part of your Query falls to ye Ground so that I cannot possibly be one of her bastards, it only remains that I prove myself Destitute of ye number of her name. Now you know her number was 666, a number that can never agree with me, for I was born in ye year 1710, as ye Grany will swear before Justice hall of Boston any day of ye week Except Sunday, at which time she is very scruplus:

Your 5th Query is, who was ye man of Sin. I answer it Cannot possibly be you because you are an Hermopdte as has been already proved, So you can go to bed & be Easy; & as to what hindered his appearance, it was this, he was a Jackalanthorn & ye World was then so full of Eminent new lights, there was no room for him to play his pranks. In as you mrs hermopdte live in ye woods, did you never observe a Large forest of oaks prevent ye growth of a worthless thornbush?

Your 6th Query is, who were ye unlearned spoken of in 2d of Peter 3d: 16th: We Creticks in the Learned Languages do not care to take up

with translations without Consulting the originall; now mrs hermopdte I assure you the Greek word *amathesis* properly signifies unteachable and has a refferance not to simple honest Country people that are willing to be taught, but to your proud self conceited new light folk that have as much brass on there forehead, & leachery in there britches, as they have emtiness in there sculls.

Your 7th Query is whether ye beast Saint John saw rise out of ye Sea as in Revelations 13: 1st, was animall or metaphoricall. I answer, if you Consult ye Context you will find that this said Sea beast had 7 heads & 10 horns. Now to find out what sd Sea beast was, let us Just keep our Eys towards his uper parts, for I am quite sick of your lower part debautcheries, they will not bear mentioning. Now if ye 7 heads were W——d, T——t, D——t, Cros——ll, Whee——lk, Bl——ss, and Bew——ll[1], an admirable number of heads with as much brains in them as you shall finde in an Essex Calf; now for ye 10 horns, there (is) Prockter & Bounds, Wardell & thatcher, Denison & Shepard, Cook & Kindrick, and oh, wonderful tom bell, ye latter of whome is an horn Exalted above that of his Bretheren for his more aboundant Labours in Rogurey.

We go on to your 8th Query about the aforesd Beast, dreadfull as he is, where again your Query is three fold Enough to plague ye paticence of Jobe, however as I am a patern of patience, I answer as to ye marke of ye beast. It is what your blacksmiths call a brand, & a very usefull brand Indeed, so that beasts may not stray away from ye proper place where they ought to be at work, &c—this brand is said to be in ye forehead, that is useall among mankind, and allwas in humane affairs signifies Guilt; this brand is said to be in ye hand, that evermore signifies Cheating, now look out Sharp & if you do not meet with many such a beast at this Day, tis for want of Eys in your Scull. I have before proved mySelf destitute of ye number of his name & that I have no Concernment in it. You ask me Indeed whether I have not his mark. I answer, in ye heavens astronomers have Discribed 12 Beasts, of which I will give you a Vewe upon my Celestiall Globe at any time, for I am a Very Complisant Gentleman; but I assure you my figure is not to be found among any one of them. The Great Dificulty then lyes here, that ye Sea beast had ye Various parts of a bear, a Leopard & a Lion; how then can you pick me out of such a mess medley? Every body knows that I am of an Intirely Different temper from those animals, having nothing fierce in my disposition, nor ever designing any hurt to mankind, I am Sure my Almanacks—an unspeakable benefit to mankind—are a full proof of this.

Your 9th & Last Query is, who those merchants were, & whether there are any such now a Days as are mentioned in Revelations. To this I reply, they were a pack of Vegarants who lived upon ye Whoredoms of the Pope

[1] Whitfield, Tennant, Davenport, Croswell, Wheelock, Bliss and Bewill (? Buell.)

of room, and at this day if you desire to see one of them you may finde him in Samll Thacher. Thus, good melatiah martin, I have answered your Queres, & tho' I have shewed myself some what more of a man of learning than I have commonly appeared to be in my almanacks, yet I assure you I am Doctr Ames a Physician, Lawyer, Astronomer, Astrologer, & if that is not sufficient Nathll Ames, the Conjurier.

Dedham June ye 1st 1743.

A true Copy Examd pr Isaac Bickerstaff Esqr

THE ALMANACK FOR 1744.

By Nathanael Ames.

BOSTON in *NEW ENGLAND:*

Printed by JOHN DRAPER, for the Booksellers, 1744. *Price* Nine Pence Single, & Six Shillings *per Dozen.*

This little Book serves well to help you date
And settle many petty worldly Things,
Think on the Day writ in the Book of Fate,
Which your own final Dissolution brings.
Millions have dy'd the Year that's past and gone,
And Millions more must in the Year to come.

Courteous Reader.

You have often heard of the Advantages, Temporal and Spiritual that arise from *Temperance;* And if you take Notice of that divine Poem, writ by the best of English Poets, i. e. MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, after *Adam's* Vision of Diseases, a dreadful Scene! The Angel tells him that Abstinence was the sole Method of Escape from the ruinous Assault of those Diseases, and of obtaining long Life.

Then believe me if I tell you, that if you would enjoy Health, and stand a good Chance for long Life, you ought to abstain

from Morning-Drams. How many youthful *Athletick* Constitutions have been ruin'd forever, and the narrow Span of humane Life, contracted by two thirds of its breadth by unreasonable Tipling in the Forenoon; indeed there are some Iron Constitutions that can stand the Force of their own Extravigances, but how many wear out their Constitutions before they arrive to 30 Years of Age, and die as it were of old Age in the very Prime of Life. He that can gain a Habit of abstaining from strong Drink in the Forenoon, is in but little Danger of being Drunk in the Afternoon.

JANUARY.

Our Yesterday's To-morrow now is gone
And still a new To-morrow does come on;
We by To-morrow's draw up all our Store
'Till the exhausted Well can yeild no more.
To-morrow I will live the Fool does say,
To-day its self too late; the Wise liv'd Yesterday

FEBRUARY.

If it be right what an Apostle said,
Or all be true which in the Bible's read,
If all your Wealth unto the Poor were turn'd,
And your own tender Bodies too were burn'd,
Such vast Oblations never cou'd atone
For lack of single *Charity* alone:
What think you then who have such Doctrine started
That all the World but you are unconverted.

MARCH.

The Days that's past were happy golden Times,
When Men were sentenc'd only for their Crimes,
For Lying, Stealing, Whoring, Swearing, Drinking;
But Men are damn'd at Noon-Day now for Thinking,
At their Tribunal they'l not deign to save
One Soul that thinks not just as they would have.

APRIL.

To be Good is to be Happy; Angels
Are happier than Men, because they'er better.
Guilt is the Source of Sorrow; 'tis the Fiend,
Th' avenging Fiend, that follows us behind

With Whips and Stings; the Bless'd know none of this,
But rest in everlasting Peace of Mind,
And find the height of all their Heav'n in Goodness.

MAY.

The tender Twig shoots upward to the Skies,
And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.
The swerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,
Unhurt by southern Sho'rs, or northern Hail;
They spread their Gems the genial Warmth to share,
And boldly trust their Buds in open Air.

Dryd. Virg.

JUNE.

All are not right who think themselves are true;
If an Opinion of one's Self would do,
Then *Turks* are right in Faith and Practice too.
Tho' Conscience be a Judge, he's oft unjust,
Brib'd by ten thousand secret springs of Lust,
Then farewell all rash Sentences of Man,
For GOD's eternal Word alone shall stand.

JULY.

A Mighty Giant lately slain,
An awful Monster from his Brain,
Leap'd forth, new-born, but in full strength,
With fir'y Tongue, of wondrous length,
Who talks to all, but never hears,
Because 'tis said he has no Ears.

AUGUST.

Thus *David's* Lyre did *Saul's* wild Rage controul,
And tune the harsh Disorders of his Soul;
His Sheep would scorn their Food to hear his Lay,
And savage Beasts stood by, as tame as they.
Rivers whose Waves roll'd down aloud before
Mute as their Fish, would listen tow'rds the Shore.

SEPTEMBER.

Delights, those beautiful *Illupians*,[1] play
Around us; and when grasp'd they glide away:
They shew themselves, but will not with us dwell;
But, like hot Gleams, approaching Storms foretell.
Pure unmix'd Pleasures on us never flow'd,
But stream like watry Sun-Beams thro' a Cloud.

BLACKMORE.

[1] (?) Illusions.

OCTOBER.

A Cloth of Gold extreamly fine,
Wrought by no Hand but the Divine;
Sometimes it lays upon my Chair,
The same as holy Angels wear,
Made chiefly for the Use of Man
Sometime before the World began.

NOVEMBER.

Shall mortal Man with Chalk and streightened Line
Mark out a Path for sovereign Grace divine,
To walk on Sinner's Hearts, and then confine,
What's Uncontrolled, and oftentimes displays,
Its Power on Man ten thousand secret Ways.
GOD's Ways are Infinite, above the Rules
Prescrib'd by empty narrow hearted fools.

DECEMBER.

Happy the Man! Alone thrice happy he,
Who can thro' gross Effects their Causes see:
Whose Courage from the Deeps of Knowledge springs;
Nor vainly fears inevitable things:
But does his Walks of Vertue calmly go
Thro' all the Alarms of Death and Hell below.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Now if Roses should Blow,
They'd make as strange a show as a Crown in a Poets Pocket.
The winter spends, what the summer lends.
Then drink to your Friends
And lie close to your Wives:
For Warming Pans suit better than Fans.
Cold Weather!—but 'tis January.

FEBRUARY.

The *Planet Saturn* informs me of Snow and Cold Weather in the Winter Season:

Now for it, behold it comes with a Witness!

A Hero now appears, does wondrous Things in Fight: and God-like Honour wins.

Rain or Snow in great Measure.

Perhaps there may now be some Considerable Event.

MARCH.

Very dirty wet miry bad travelling except for the Geese overhead.

Great Combustions among ambitious Worldlings.

APRIL.

Alas the Hopes of early Spring,
Sometimes revive then Sink again!

Unlucky Mistakes, a fine Scheme breaks.

News from the Planets, and News from *England*, some good, some bad.

MAY.

A remarkable Display of Humane Courage.

Strife & Debate hurt a State.

Now the World looks gay, both Night and Day.

Malicious Spies are prying into the Actions of a great Man, who is not prepar'd for such Inspections.

JUNE.

A Strife for Peace.

Take Care, the Sign is coming into the Neck: a dangerous Place for Rogues & Thieves.

JULY.

Courage with Conduct performs wondrous Exploits.

AUGUST.

Jack & Tom Tar make a noise about War,
which they end with a Jar.

Nimble *Mercury* and violent *Mars* are making
Mixtures in the Elements over our Heads.

SEPTEMBER.

Now beware of sudden Colds.
A Rumour of some great Affair turns out to nothing.
More Money! is still the cry.

OCTOBER.

Flora expires with Cold Morning Sweats.
Many remarkable Accidents fall out about this Time. ♂ ☍ ☿
The Rain comes down, and the Clouds touch the Ground.

NOVEMBER.

Now lay in for Winter.
5 POWDER PLOT.

Now *Saturn* changes *Signs* which portends Changes in the Air, and many important Changes on Earth.

DECEMBER.

About these days Expect impetuous Rains to fill up the Chinks and then Winter to set in closely.

Now you may bear a Cloak over your Coat.

Roasted Shins if exposed in the Market, would be as plenty as Neck-Beef.

A strange story, that few believe,
He's as free to give, as you to receive.

What have you done?
The Year is gone.

I knew an Astrologer, that many Years ago predicted that in the year 1742 there would be a great Stir of a Religious Nature in this Land, and great Disputes and Divisions among the Ministers of Religion. And as his Predictions are fulfill'd to a Tittle, let me add that as those Religious Topicks began to be the general Theme of Discourse, about the Time of the Great Conjunction of *Saturn* and *Jupiter* in *Leo*, a Religious Sign: So upon the same Foundation. Sects, Controversies & Divisions shall continue till about the year 1762, at which Time *New England* may expect remarkable Things, but of another Nature. But as I began this Page with Religion, so I shall go on with a few Lines from the *Spectator* (Vol. 3, p. 129) concerning *Mistaken Devotion*.

"THERE is not a more melancholy Object, than a Man who has his Head turn'd with a Religious Enthusiasm. A Person that is Crazed, tho' with Pride or Malice, is a Sight very mortifying to Humane Nature; but when the Distemper arises from any indiscreet Fervours of Devotion, or too intense an Application of the Mind to its mistaken duties, it deserves our Compassion in a more particular Manner. We may however learn this Lesson from it, that since Devotion itself (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the Mind, unless its Heats are temper'd with Caution and Prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our Reason as cool as possible, and to guard ourselves in all Parts of Life, against the Influence of Passion, Imagination and Constitution."

"DEVOTION when it does not lie under the Check of Reason, is very apt to degenerate into Enthusiasm."

"When the Mind finds herself very much inflamed with her Devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something Divine within her. If she indulges this Thought too far, and humours the growing Passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary Raptures and Extasies; and when once she fancies herself under the Influence of a Divine Impulse, it is no wonder if she slights humane Ordinances, and refuses to comply with any establish'd Form of Religion, as thinking herself directed by a much superiour Guide." *Spect. vol. 3, p. 129.*

I have determined to fill this Page with the following Lines, which I have attempted in blank Verse, as follows:

Glory to the Father of endless Ages,
From endless long Eternity thou wer't
Though in thyself unchangeable and fixt:
At thy Command unwearied Revolutions,
Roll thro' thy Worlds, and tumble up and down:
The toss'd and fickle mortal Sons of Change.
Thou uncreated Self existent Being
From whom all Species drew their first beginning.
Of thy Divinity Each Creature shares:
Then from all Creatures may Immortal Praises
Ascend like clouds of Incense round thy Throne.
Ye vocal Elements in Songs of Praise
Respire your Thanks to him alone who made you,
And whose right Hand with ease commands & weilds you.
You wide expanded Firmament bow down
And touch the brims of this low Globe of Earth
In token of your deep profound Humility.
You glorious SUN whose Robes are fring'd with Gold,
The Train of which borne by the Moon and Stars,
Trail on the Earth and kiss its humble Floor,
In your Devotion to the Source of Light.
But thou of Humane Race, and favour'd more
Than Angels were, who fell from GOD like thee,
For Bounties shower'd on thy ungrateful Head,
Repay'st th' Omnipotent with vile Neglects,
Contempts, Affronts, and horrid Blasphemies.

O, thou eternal Word, incarnate JESUS,
At whose mysterious Birth the Angels waited
To sing thy Praise, and publish Peace to Men,
When the eternal Eye beholds thy merits,
It drops down Love and Mercy on the Earth
Glad that the Sons of *Adam* yet survive
The flaming Vengeance, waiting to devour 'em.
Now let the Tempests of impetuous Winds
With Thunder, Rain, or Hail disturb the Air;
Or gaping Earthquakes menacing Destruction,
Rock all our tottering Buildings to and fro
Now may th' Arch-Angel sound that grand Alarm,
When universal nature must expire,
And to the Womb of Chaos back return.
In thy unbounded Love, there's sure Protection
Amid the Wrack of falling Elements,
Whose very Weight shall crush the Earth to pieces.

Notes on 1744.—The Almanack comes to us this year modestly setting forth its advantages on the first page; and on the second page may be found a practical sensible temperance address, in which the seductive *morning glory* is decried—and properly too—as the prime cause of many a ruined constitution and life.

The monthly offerings are certainly the Doctor's children—for none can dispute this fact after reading the verses—which still have a tincture of the old complaint. February and March and some of the succeeding months are thus characterized. Our old friend Sir Richard Blackmore drops in a verse in September and the year is closed about in the usual manner.

At the close of the "weather predictions" and phenomena of the planets we find announced a verification of an Astrological forecast for the year 1742, with a prognostication by Dr. Ames of similar troubles for the succeeding twenty years.

A specimen of blank verse of a devotional nature, from our author's pen closes the volume for 1744.

The humorous squibs plentifully strewn through the volume, are better tempered than those of the previous years.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1745.

By Nathanael Ames.

BOSTON in *NEW ENGLAND.*

Printed by JOHN DRAPER, for the Booksellers, 1745.
Price Nine Pence *Single*, & Six Shillings *per Dozen.*

——————My Soul admire!
That boiling Ocean of unfuel'd Fire,
The glorious SUN, on whose imperial State
A Train of Worlds for Life and Motion wait:
Prodigious Source! that e'er since Time begun
Has wasting still and undiminish'd run;
That far and wide does genial Streams dispense
Bright Emblem of his own Creator's Influence!
Swift Streams that almost leave the Thought behind,
Almost out-fly the Sallies of the Mind!

Courteous READER,

This Almanack which I here present you with for the Year 1745, compleats the series of 20 Years, wherein I have annually without intermission, served you this Way. In all this Time I have carefully compared my Calculations with Observation, and endeavoured to correct my Mistakes; and with Regard to my Judgment of the Weather, I have only this to say, namely, that I have endeavoured to observe what Aspects of the Planet affect the Country most, & have the Advantage of this same 20 Years Experience; but after all, the Weather is uncertain even to a Proverb—*As fickle as the Wind*, or *as uncertain as the Weather.*— I have receiv'd Letters from several of my Readers from time to time, some desiring that I would in my next Year's Almanack, insert the Planet's Places at large; some that I would publish a Description of the publick Roads, &c., and some that I would set

down in my Almanack the Holy Days observed by the Church of *England*, but I must return 'em all this Answer, namely, That so long as I am confin'd to the contracted limits of a single Sheet, I cannot oblige them.

Reader, Your free Acceptance of my Labours for so many Years past, may encourage me to go on in this Way to serve you for Time to come.

Dedham, Octo. 6, 1744. N. AMES.

JANUARY.

The Aspects this Month are generally good, save an Opposition of Saturn and Venus, and that may throw some Difficulties on the Affairs of Matrimony, and some unhappy Matches may be contracted this Month. The Constitution of the Air may a little incline to peripneumonick and pleuritick Fevers, Coughs, Asthmas, and Disorders of the Lungs.

FEBRUARY.

Could all our Care elude the gloomy Grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the Brave
For lust of Fame, I should not vainly dare
In fighting Fields, nor urge thy Soul to War:
But since, alas! ignoble Age must come,
Disease, and Death's inexorable Doom:
The Life which others pay, let us bestow
And give to Fame what we to Nature owe.

P. Hom.

MARCH.

The Aspects this Month are violent and extraordinary, portending burning of Houses, violent Deaths by unlucky Accidents, Feuds, Riots, Affrays and bloody Noses; the Thoughts of Peace among the Nations are banished, and all Parties put on an angry look; but Mars and Venus, and Jupiter and Mercury have a friendly Correspondence; hence I conclude that Lovers and Flatterers keep their Countenances.

APRIL.

The most considerable Configuration among the Planets this Month, is the Opposition of the Sun and Jupiter, which portends Debates among the Clergy upon some nice Points in Divinity; but no good can come of Oppositions, *ergo*. The Matter is left in the dark. The Constitution of the Air at this Time inclines to nervous slow Fevers and vernal Intermitants and Stagnation of the Blood.

MAY.

Now oft the LORD of Nature in the Air,
Hangs Evening Clouds his sable Canvas, where
His Pencil dip'd in heav'nly Colours, made
Of intercepted Beams, mix'd with the Shade
Of temper'd Æther, and refracted Light,
Paints his fair Rainbow, charming to the Sight.

Blac.

JUNE.

There is a Conjunction of the Sun and Venus, and of Venus and Mercury, which does not relate to Men or Matters of high Consequence; but amongst Women, it signifies Tattling and Tea-table Wars and Railery one against another, and if Women's Tongues were any ways slanderous, they might hurt the Characters of each other as much this Month as any in the Year.

JULY.

The renown'd *Etmuller* says the Plague is an exalted Pitch of Malignity compatable with any Disease whatsoever: there has been a Degree of Malignity attending some Instances of the Canker or Throat Distemper, not much short of the epidemical Plague in *London: Calomel* agrees with the Theory and Experience confirms its usefulness; but 'tis not fit that Asses should lick Honey, nor Fools use *Calomel* or *Mercurius Dulcis.*

AUGUST.

England is govern'd by Mars, *Spain* by Jupiter: This same Mars and Jupiter meet this Month in the Sign Scorpio; but as Mars is essentially dignified in his own House, so his Steel, will I hope cut down the Priest-Craft of *Spain* and *France* both; except he is betrayed by Saturn and Mercury, who meet in the very Equinox, in Opposition to the Ascendant of *England:* A Circumstance very remarkable.

SEPTEMBER.

The Sun and Saturn meet in Libra this Month; the First Time of their meeting in this Sign since the Year 1717. As bloody Fluxes increased when they met in Virgo the Years past; so if Autumnal Intermitants do not increase upon their meeting in Libra, the two Years to come, I shall be as thankful as a Physician can be for Health at any Time.

OCTOBER.

Look round how Providence bestows alike,
Sun-shine and Rain to bless the fruitful Year,
On different Nations, all of different Faiths;
And (tho' by several Names and Titles worshiped)
Heaven takes the various Tribute of their Praise,
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.

NOVEMBER.

The peaceful Sun and Jupiter are joined this Month, and would bless the whole World with their benign Influence, but a violent Quartile of Saturn and Mars follows; where there are Campaigns there will be a bloody Battle. If our Indians in League hold their Integrity, now let them have the Credit of it in Balance of their former Accounts.

DECEMBER.

And as five Zones th' ætherial Regions bind,
Five correspodent are to Earth assign'd:
The Sun with Rays directly darting down,
Fires all beneath; and fries the middle Zone:
The two beneath the distant Poles complain
Of endless Winter and perpetual Rain;
Betwixt th' Extreams, two happier Climates hold
The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Now gagg'd with Ice, the Waves no longer roar,
But with stiff Arms, embrace the silent Shore.

Now Virgins will own
'Tis hard lying alone,
Such Weather as this.

FEBRUARY.

A proud Fop meets with a sad Fall.

The Sun shines clear for several Days together,
And who can deny but that's good Weather.

MARCH.

A comical story now is told:
Which makes some laugh while others Scold.

Brave Tydings if they be true
Of Success obtained, after much ado.

APRIL.

Now the chearful Sun shines gloriously, and calls for the Plants that stand at the Door of Life.

What noble Acts atchiev'd on Europe's Shore?
Briton's glad Ships, come waft the Tydings o'er.

MAY.

Ladies appear in all their gay attire.
Now nature paints her colours.
Now the Bee sits on the Bloom, extracting Liquid Sweets.

JUNE.

Now Two that had been Foes do kindly meet:
And each the other sincerely greet.

JULY.

So much Finery, so much Poverty.

Jove with awful sound,
Rolls the big Thunder o'er the vast Profound.

AUGUST.

Something windy but a Spell of good Hay Weather unless the good Mr. *Jupiter* and my Lady Venus deceive me again, as they did last Year about the Frosts keeping off.

SEPTEMBER.

Fire & Smoke in many Places, both on Land and Sea.
An old Knave is now said is become an honest man.

OCTOBER.

A warm Debate, on Things of State.
A Sight about these Days appear:
Such has not been this many a Year.

NOVEMBER.

Money & Food, Cloaths & Fire:
Are Things which many do most desire.

Example is a Living Law, whose sway
Men more than all the written Law obey.

DECEMBER.

Now make Preparation for an unwelcome Guest.

An Honest Man may take a Knave's Advice,
But Idiot's only will be couzen'd twice.

A Shower of soft & fleecy Rain,
Falls to new cloathe the Earth again.

We conjecture many strange Things concerning the Planets; but there are many strange Things, which are Fact and not Conjecture, to be found in this Planet on which we live.

And *First*, Of FOUNTAINS and SPRINGS: — There is a famous Fountain near *Grenoble* in *France*, which appears as if covered with Flames, and boileth up in great Bubbles, and yet it is never Hot—Near the City of *Mons* is a Spring which makes Silver look exactly like Gold: [*We have Knaves that would be glad to use such Water.*]—In a large Lake near to *St. Omers* are floating Islands which are inhabited. — In the Desarts of *Padolia* in *Poland* is a Lake whose Waters by the Heat of the Sun condense into solid Salt. — Near *Guadalaxara*, in *New Castile*, is a Lake which never fails to send forth dreadful Howlings before a storm — In *Hungary* there are Waters of such a corroding nature that they will consume a Horse-Shoe in 24 Hours.— Near *Esperies*, in *Upper Hungary*, are two deadly Fountains, whose Water sends forth such an infectious Steam that it kills either Beast or Bird approaching the same; for preventing of which they are walled round and kept covered.— In *Wales* is a Spring which ebbs and flows contrary to the Sea.— In *Scotland* is a Spring which ebbs and flows with the Sea.— There's another Spring in *Scotland* which never freezes all over till the Month of *February;* and after that Time, one Night's Frost will do it. —Near *Wiggen* in *Lancashire*, in *England*, is a famous Well, which being emptied, there breaks out a sulphureous Vapour, which makes the Water bubble up as if it boyled; and a candle being put thereto, it instantly takes Fire and Burns like Brandy: During a Calm the Flame will continue a whole Day; and by its Heat they can boyl Eggs, Meat, &c. and yet the Water it self is Cold.— A River in *England* loseth itself under-Ground, and ariseth again at some considerable Distance.—And in *Dedham*, where I now live, There is a Pond that holds its Water the dryest Summer; but is dry the wetest Winter that comes.

Secondly, OF MOUNTAINS: —Who can describe the Wonders of Mount *Ætna* and *Vesuvius;* the Floods of Fire they sometimes cast forth! — There is a Mountain nigh to *Rhode*, in *Guinne*, which burns when it Rains.— In *Iceland* there is a terrible Volcano, which tho' cover'd with Snow, vomits Fire and sulphureous Matter in great Abundance; and sometimes with

terrible roaring like the loudest Claps of Thunder.—*But to conclude*, At *Bridgewater*, in *N. E.* the Place of my Nativity, there is a large Rock of several Tuns weight, which was some Years ago at a considerable Distance from the Shoar of a large Pond: but has gradually travelled many Rods up to the Banks of the Shoar, and has left a plain visible Track in the Sands behind.

A brief CHRONOLOGY *of remarkable* Events.

	Years since.
And first of all, since this our World began	5695
Since it was drowned for the Sins of Man	4038
Since noble *Hector* fell with ancient *Troy*	2936
Since *Sampson* did himself, and Foes destroy	2816
Since *Homer* liv'd, for Poets never die	2594
Since *Daniel* wrote his wonderous Prophesie	2227
Since ancient *London* was by *Ludd* uprear'd	2852
Since *Rome* was built which all the World rever'd	2443
Since JESUS CHRIST at *Bethlehem* was born	1745
Since Crucify'd with cruelty and scorn	1712
Since *England* first the Christian Faith receiv'd	1581
Since *Constantine* the great in CHRIST believ'd	1434
Since the destructive Ball by Guns were hurl'd	365
Since first the Use of PRINTING bless'd the World	317
Since our Forefathers ventur'd o'er the Sea, And planted first old *Plymouth* Colony,	125
Since *White*[1] was born, the first that e'er had Birth, Of English Blood on this *New England* Earth.	125
Since *Harvard* did the College first provide, Where great *Apollo's* learned Sons reside,	106
Since *Narraganset* Fort was bravely fir'd; Where many a Captain nobly expir'd.	70
Since *Philip* first his cruel war begun Which made our English Blood like Rivers run.	70
Since the vast Comet whose flaming Tail reach'd high, And brandished his Tresses in the Sky.	65
Since fair *Bostonia* fed the crackling Flame, And *Phœnix*-like, new from her Ashes came.	34
Since the grand Congress of th' superior Stars, When *Saturn* joined at once with *Jove* and *Mars*.	23

[1] Peregrine White, the first *white* child born in New England.

Since our *New England* Hero *Lovell*[1] dy'd, } 20
Whilst Victory lay bleeding by his side.
Since th' Earth receiv'd a most tremendous shock, } ... 18
Which made us tremble, and our Houses rock,
Since *Britain's* Patience would no more sustain, } 6
The great Abuses of affronting *Spain*.
Since the long Winter of prodigious Frost, } 5
By which much Sheep and Cattle too were lost.
Since in our Skies there blaz'd an awful Star, } 1
Presaging Earthquake and a general War.

Notes on 1745.—The Almanack this year commences with the usual front page salute,—the glorious Sun rises promptly. In the address to the *Courteous* READER, the Doctor announces the completion of his *twentieth* annual Almanack, and to inquirers gives his reasons why he cannot add to its present contents other information demanded by his patrons.

The Muse does not indulge much in poetry this month. Sir Richard Blackmore, and one or two others are drawn upon for a verse each for the monthly pages, while in the intervening months the Doctor indulges himself in astrological predictions on Matrimony and Medicine—Conflagrations and Canker. Tattling and Tea table wars. Priest craft and Poverty.—Campaigns and Calomel—Fluxes and Folly, and all the various troubles which could possibly agitate any community.

The Essay considers peculiarities of Fountains and Springs in various parts of the Earth, which is of much attractiveness, as also is the paragraph on Mountains.

The Almanack contains this year for the first time a "Chronology of remarkable events," such as were common in similar English publications of the period. The items would not be particularly interesting further than the history detailed—were it not for the fact that the Doctor has ingeniously woven them into very acceptable rhyme.

The weather column contains characteristic spice.

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[1] Capt. John Lovewell, slain by the Indians in the present township of Fryeburg, Maine, May 8, 1725.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1746.

By Nathanael Ames.

BOSTON in *NEW ENGLAND.*

Printed by JOHN DRAPER, for the Booksellers, 1746.

Price Nine Pence *Single* & Six Shillings *per Dozen.*

——————Nor think I can foretel
Those Secrets that the Stars do not reveal:
One asks how soon *Panthea* may be won,
And longs to feel the Marriage Fetters on:
Others convinc'd by melancholy Proof
Inquire when courteous Fates will strike 'em off.
Some by what Means they may redress the Wrong,
When Fathers the Possession keep too long:
And some would know the issue of their Cause,
And whether Gold can sodder up its Flaws.

Courteous Reader,

With much Difficulty I present you with another *Almanack* for the Year 1746. I may say the Year past has been truly *Annus tenebrosus* with me. I have been violently assaulted; my Enemies in a private Way endeavour to blacken my Name and Reputation, and would have as many as they have Opportunity to converse with, entertain the same little idle Ideas of me as they have form'd in their own groveling Minds: They would have caused *Urania* to have quitted her friendly Visits, in Consequence of which you would have had no Almanack of mine this Year; but the Reproach and Scandal of the Base instamps the Character of Glory, and leaves on the Head of him they smite a Monument of Worth and Honour. Oh the folly! that Men should be ready almost to murther one another for a few Acres of the Surface of this Earth, when the whole Earth itself

is but a Point in comparison of the other Worlds that do actually rowl about the Sun, who is their Sun as well as our's. I have seen a Hillock, as large for the swarming Inhabitants of Aunts who dwell about it, as the City of *London* is for Men; and is it not matter of Diversion to stand by and see a couple of sturdy Pismires of Distinction, fight even to blood for one of the Pebbles of which their Mole hill is composed. *N. Ames.*

JANUARY.

Want is a bitter and a hateful Good,
Because its Vertues are not understood;
If we from Wealth to Poverty descend,
Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the Friend.
Want is the scorn of every empty Fool,
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to ridicule.

FEBRUARY.

May uncorrupted Law decide
Each weighty Cause that now is try'd;
But some who make the Law their Rule
Would bend it like a Leaden Tool:
But he that throws his Compass by
To sail by Meteors in the Skie,
May chance to get in woful plight,
By following *Ignus Fatuus* Light.

MARCH.

O Shame to Men! Devil with Devil damn'd,
Firm Concord holds. Men only disagree,
Of Creatures rational, tho' under hope
Of Heavenly Grace; and God proclaiming Peace,
Yet live in Hatred, Enmity and Strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel War. *Milt.*

APRIL.

————The Trumpet's terribly from far,
With rattling Clangor rouze the sleepy War:
The Soldier's Shouts succeeds the Brazen sounds,
And Heav'n from Pole to Pole the Noise resounds:
The Sun starts back, to see the Fields display
Their rival Lustre and terrestial Day.

MAY.

The *Sun & Mars* are in ♂ this Month, which is commonly attended with the burning of Houses: Some of the Days in this pleasant Month look big with Misfortune to many Persons, & whilst some are really hurt, others suffer greatly by the Terrors of their Imagination; for if the ☽ and other Planets influence Men's Brains, why should they not influence their Actions.

JUNE.

And that by certain Signs we may presage
Of Heats and Rains, and Winds impetuous Rage:
The Sov'reign of the Heav'ns has set on high,
Sure Signs to mark the Changes of the Skie,
When southern Blasts should cease, & when the Swain
Shou'd near their Folds his feeding Flock restain.

JULY.

For e'er the rising Winds begin to roar,
The working Seas advance to wash the Shoar;
Soft whispers run along the leafy Woods,
And Mountains whistle to the murm'ring Floods.
Wet Weather seldom hurts the most unwise,
So plain the signs, such Prophets are the Skies.

AUGUST.

————————Now, *Sirius* from on high,
With pestilential Heat infests the Sky,
The rising Vapours choak the wholesome Air,
And blasts of noisome Wind corrupt the Year.
The *Effluvia* keen, on nervous Moisture feeds,
Ingenders Death, and dark Destruction breeds.

SEPTEMBER.

Good Sun expected, Evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again;
For fickle Fortune's favour, and her spight,
Roll with alternate Waves, like Day and Night.

OCTOBER.

The Cow looks up, and from afar can find
The Change of Heav'n, and snuffs it in the Wind.
The nightly Virgin, while her Wheel she plies,
Forsees the Storms impending in the Skies,
When spark'ling Lamps their sputt'ring Light advance
And in the Sockets oily Bubbles dance.

NOVEMBER.

If Sol arise unwilling to his Race,
Clouds on his Brow, and Spots upon his Face;
Or if thro' Mists he shoots his sullen Beams,
Frugal of Light, in loose and stragling Streams,
Suspect a drisly Day when southern Rain,
Fatal to Fruits, and Flocks and promis'd Gain.

DECEMBER.

————————The Power of Love,
In Earth, in Seas, and Air and Heav'n above,
Rules unresisted with an awful Nod,
By daily Miracles declar'd a God:
He blinds the Wise, gives Eye-sight to the Blind
And moulds and stamps a-new the Lover's Mind.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Some Gentlemen of Leisure
exhaust their Treasure
in too much Pleasure.

Tho' the Weather's freezing Cold
The hardy Soldier's brave and bold.

FEBRUARY.

A great Strife, to save a Life.

How happy are they
Who've not been led astray.

Many quake for fear
Conscious of some Danger near.

What vile Projects are now a hatching by wicked Men at Home & Abroad.

Some Talk of Peace.

MARCH.

You'll believe me if I say,
The Winter begins to break away.

A mighty Flood of purple Blood
From Traitor's Hearts proceed,
Which almost swells the Conscious *Tweed.*

Money flys about, and how many fly after it.

APRIL.

A sturdy strong Lubber proves a shameful Coward.

Tydings from afar, both good and bad;
Some mourn & weep, while some are glad.

Cold *Boreas* now his cruel Rage lays by
And gentle *Zephyrs* fan the chearful Skie.

MAY.

Wars and Fears still fill our Ears.

The Winter's past, the Winds and Tempests fly
The Sun adorns the Field, and brightens all the Sky.

JUNE.

The Oath of Abjuration continues still in Fashion.

The Lord Reluctant sends disastrous Times
To purge the guilty Nations of their *Crimes*.

JULY.

Now make your Hay, whilst you may.

The *French* have once more brought up the old Fashion
Of Gallows's and Scaffolds in the *English* Nation.

Love seldom haunts the Breast where Learning lies,
And Venus sets, e're Mercury can rise.

AUGUST.

Hot catching Weather tho' none but Hay-makers and Brick-makers need complain.

Now the Generous may expect an ample Reward.

SEPTEMBER.

How soon there's made, a Turn in Trade!

Trifles many do pursue,
Having nothing else in View.

This Month affords a mighty Storm
Which may do the Sailor harm.

See how the cruel Frost has nipt,
The Flowers that were a long while kept.

OCTOBER.

Nothing will do for Madam's Living
But Turkeys, Geese and Fowls and such like picking.

Now something strange may bring about a happy Change.

NOVEMBER.

Powder-Plot is not forgot:
'Twill be observ'd by many a Sot.
A mighty Struggle, as tho' for Life,
How to keep, and please a Wife.
It can't but be expected,
That what's been long neglected
Will now be rejected.

DECEMBER.

The Moon teaches us the right Way,
From the Knees to the Legs, not the contrary.
The Weather now is very Cold
Which makes some very apt to Scold,
And if they should fall out and Fight,
The Lawyers may get something by't.
The Miser and the Sot
Together have got,
To drink a Pot.

UPON THE 17TH DAY OF JUNE, 1745. THE DAY THAT LOUISBOURG WAS REDUCED TO THE OBEDIENCE OF THE CROWN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Bright *Hesperus*, the Harbinger of Day,
Smil'd gently down on *Shirley's* prosperous Sway,
The crowding Years roll'd swiftly on to view
The glorious Actions He was born to do:
Time urg'd their speed till this important Day;
But now Dame Nature seems to ask a stay.
The Prince of Light rode in his burning Car,
To see the Overtures of Peace and War,
Around the World; and bade his Charioteer,
(Who marks the Periods of each Month and Year)
Rein in his Steeds, and rest upon high Noon
To view our Victory at *Cape-Breton*.

THE PERSECUTOR'S HELL. BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

————————A miserable Hell,
The execrable Persecutor finds,
No Spirit howls among the Shades below,
More damn'd, more fierce, nor more a Fiend than he
Aloud he Heav'n, and Holiness blasphemes,

While all his Enmity to Good appears,
His Enmity to Good; once falsely call'd
Religious Warmth, and charitable Zeal.
On high beyond th' unpassable Abyss,
To aggravate his righteous Doom he views,
The blissful Realms, and there th' I———t,
The visionary, the deluded Saint
By him so often hated, wrong'd, and scorn'd,
So often curs'd, and damn'd, and banish'd thence,
He sees him there possest of all that Heav'n,
Those Glories, those immortal Joys, which he
The Orthodox, unerring Catholick,
With all his Charity, and burning Zeal
Against Enthusiasm poor Soul has lost.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SCHOLAR AND A CLOWN.

Clown. Sir, Altho' I don't know what Clasp you are in, I understand you are a Scholard, I wou'd therefore pop a plain Question to you, and shall be glad of your Dissolution as soon as I have done?

Scho. In mercy then I hope you will not have done this forty Years, but trusting (thro' the strength of a good Constitution) that your Question will not kill me right out of hand I'll venture to hear it, so please to Name it Sir.

Clown. Why my Neighbour Vulcan put his Son out to Coledge to learn to be a Minister, he was an honest Lad, and us'd to speak the Truth, but now he tells me the World turns round, and that the Sun and Stars stand stock still in the Skies: He says too that all the Scolards and Ministers believe that the World turns round, for my part I think the Ministers ought to be turn'd out of their Pulpits if they maintain such wicked Doctrines; but the Question is this, Whether you don't read conjuring Books at Coledge that bewitches you into such an Opinion?

Sch. Our Capacities are enlarg'd by our Education at Colledge to see the Reasonableness of such an Opinion, which you can't do for want of our Advantages.

Cl. I can tell you that a Cow is roundest when she is licking her ——; that a Goose hast most Feathers on her back when the Gander is on her; but you, to go a peg higher in your Pretences to Knowledge, tell us the World turns round, and because we han't Learning to conspute with you, you wou'd have us believe all you say is true?

Sch. It is demonstrably true from the Eclipses of the Satelities of Jupiter, that Light is not instantaneous, but propogated by a progressive Motion, and is 7 min. and 5 sec. coming from the Sun to this Earth, and if the fixed Stars were not as much farther from the Earth, than the Sun,

as 7 Years is more than 7 min. and 5 sec. we could discern their Parallaxes, which we can't do; & if the fixed Stars move round the Earth in 24 Hours, their Distance from the Earth is but the semi-Diameter of that Circle they describe in 24 Hours; and it is unlikely that they themselves should move a Space in 24 Hours that their Light could not accomplish in 42 Years, & move as fast too as the Light of the Sun in coming to the Earth in 7 min. & 5 sec.

Notes on 1746.—The Doctor has evidently crept into some favor as an Astrologer, and the opening verse on title page would seem to indicate that his services had been demanded by a portion of his constituents to forecast the future for them in various ways.

To the courteous reader a few lines are dedicated to cover an allusion to his private affairs which seem to go badly as the author's remarks imply, and the same trouble appears to drag as wearily through the courts as it does through a part of the monthly verses, a portion of which are attributed to Milton, who appears to sympathize with the Doctor's legal difficulties.

"Grim visag'd War" now shows "his wrinkled front." The French and Indian complication busies the Colonies, while "Charlie over the Water" keeps the home government busy on the Scottish border, and the April verses sound the "rattling clangor."

At the conclusion Shirley's victory at the reduction of Louisbourg is celebrated in verse, and an "Unknown Hand" administers an introduction to the "Persecutor's Hell"—all of which is germane to the general tendency of the author's thoughts.

A characteristic dialogue between a Scholar and a Clown drops the curtain on the dying year.

The "squibs" are as usual interesting, and savor of the times and the writer. Local, personal, political, and war matters, both at home and abroad, furnish the themes for the satirist and the marks to be shot at. The fate of "Prince Charlie's" friends is made apparent under March and July, and the "Powder Plot" gives occasion for by-drinking in November as formerly.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1747

By Nathanael Ames.

BOSTON in NEW ENGLAND.

Printed by JOHN DRAPER for the BOOKSELLERS.

1747.

Above Five Thousand Times the glorious Sun
His Annual Circuit round the skies has run
Since this our World and all things in't begun.
Strange Revolutions in the Time have been:
Strange Things indeed has the last Century seen,
King *Charles* dethron'd, surprizing *Cromwell* Reign
A second *Charles* the Regal Scepter gain:
Hanover's House established on the Throne,
The nation that illustrious offspring own,
The last Year saw a grand rebellious Rout,
And glorious WILLIAM root those Rebels out.
The Year to come shall wondrous Things behold,
But what? to me the Stars have not foretold:

☞ *The Eclipses of the Moon this Year are both remarkable, the last of which, according to Astrological Rules, portends Storms and Tempests, and losses by Sea, and diseases that hurt Old People most.*

JANUARY.

The Plants that are to rise the Year to come
In Embrio lie enclos'd in *Tellus* Womb;
Unmov'd as yet by the prolifick Sun,
Like Nature's-Seed before the World began.

FEBRUARY.

Mid-Summer's Beauties deck th' Ecliptick Road,
Where *Phœbus* rides in Glory like a god:

He's been awhile to bless the distant South,
And now is back returning to the North.

MARCH.

Sol rarifys the Blood of Man and Beast,
Whereby their conick Arteries are prest:
And where the Blood's inflam'd by being pent,
Let vene-Section give sufficient Vent.

APRIL.

Great Men have most to fear, and least to gain,
Which fills their mighty Minds with anxious Pain:
The Farmer in his Cot enjoys more Bliss,
With's little Children climbing for a Kiss.

MAY.

My Lady *MAY* doth now inspire
Mirth and Youth and warm Desire.
Woods and Groves are of her dressing;
Hill and Dale do boast her Blessing.

JUNE.

Some praise at Morning, what they blame at Night;
But always think the last Opinion right:
Whilst their weak Heads, like Towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt Sense and Nonsense daily change their Side.

JULY.

'Tis now the Shepherds shun the noon Day heat,
And lowing Herds to murmuring Brooks retreat:
And sultry *Syrius* burns the thirsty Plains,
And *Choler* in each Constitution reigns.

AUGUST.

Sol join'd with *Syrius* wonderously prevails,
And from the Earth her central Fire exhales;
Sulphur and *Nitre* mix in various Forms,
Flash from the Skies, and fall in Thunder Storms.

SEPTEMBER.

Sol through the Southern Signs now takes his Way,
And what he adds to Night steals from each Day:
As He declines, to close the Pores begin,
And shut a Thousand hot Diseases in.

OCTOBER.

Cold Nights advance the Summer Heats decay
And all her verdant Beauties fade away.
The Birds with all their pleasing Notes are gone,
And Nature mourns the Absence of the Sun.

NOVEMBER.

Those hardy Plants that still remain alive
Look cold and shrunk like man at ninety-five
Boreas like Death, has strip'd 'em of their Charms,
And hugs 'em mortal in his frozen arms.

DECEMBER.

Each verdant Plant that grew the Summer past,
In morning frosty sweats expir'd at last.
The Snow like winding-Sheets fall from the Skies,
And nature all like Death in Ruin lies.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Many Things are frozen.
All things are cold, the young Ladies excepted.

FEBRUARY.

The Farmer now's resolv'd he will not freeze
While he has Pipes, Tobacco, Fire, with good Bread & Cheese.

MARCH.

A great Fight but no Blood-shed,
A foul Sunday and a fair Monday.
And now out the Frogs peep
Which forebodes that Alewives will be cheap.

APRIL.

Now there may be something pleasing to the Eye, as there has been to the Ear.

From low Estate a Man is great.

A Look that's cross and a tongue that raves, spoils a Beauty.

Expect to hear of damage done by Fire, and other unlucky Accidents in the wide World.

MAY.

The Beggar in his Rags,
Is better than a miser with his Bags.

How pleasant now the air!
How gay the Flower there!
How fond the Lady fair.

A Matter of Difficulty, is now made easy.

JUNE.

A Scene as dark as night
In the End turns out bright.

Pleasure, with Concern, you may discern in many Faces now.

JULY.

Breezes which refresh the Ladies fair
Who in the Evening walk to take the Air.

AUGUST.

The Devourer of Fruit unripe now, must expect to pay dearly for it by'nd by.

OCTOBER.

Sol to the Southward hasts away
And Winter draws nearer ev'ry Day.

All Nature appears to vote for Thunder and Winds
Now prepare, for Winter's near.

NOVEMBER.

Many unlucky Accidents.
A memorable Battle fought Even Now!
How much ado about Trifles, while greater Matters are neglected.

DECEMBER.

The Dame that's old
Now feels the cold,
Which makes her scold.

Whilst we are frozen up in the dead of winter, the Cape of Good Hope rejoices in the highth of Summer.

AN ESSAY ON CONJURATION & WITCHCRAFT.

Conjuration, according to BAILEY'S Definition of the Word, signify's a personal dealing with the Devil, to know any Secret, or compass any Design. Many Persons in their Study of Nature

have div'd so far above the Apprehension of the Vulgar, that they have been believed to be *Necromancers*, *Magicians*, &c. But the Mistake lays in the People's Ignorance, and not in the other's Studies. That human Creatures should have actual Society and Communion with spiritual Dæmons is a strange Thing. All Men are gaping after *Novelties*. Our Mathematical Demonstrations please us not so much because our Discoveries are certain, as because they are new. What we know, we slight; and are fond of believing Articles that are most beyond all Belief. They, among the *Heathen*, who made too good a Use of their Reason, to be deceived themselves, were admitted into the Number of *holy Sorcerers*, as they were called, and make a gainful Market of the Credulity of their Fellow-Creatures. Some Writings father'd upon *Cornelius Agryppa*, affirm, that if you call upon Prince *Satan* by some of his Titles of Honour, in certain liesure Hours, he'll appear to you with

> " Flaming Eyes and Face as black as Soot,
> A Pair of mighty Horns and Cloven Foot."

But we are not to believe such Reports, unless the Evidence of the Truth of the Fact be equal to the Strangeness of the Thing.—If there be an old *Woman* in a Parish[1] prodigious ugly, her Eyes hollow and red, her Face shrivel'd up, that goes double, and her Voice trembles, she is a Witch forsooth: but the handsome young Girls are never suspected: as tho' Satan took a Delight in the Dry Sticks of Humane Nature, and would select the most neglected Creature in the humane Species to be his *Privy-Counsellor*.

VICTORY IMPLOR'D FOR SUCCESS AGAINST THE FRENCH IN AMERICA.

Hail, VICTORY! thy Aid we still implore,
Thy *Britain* conquers; send her Thunder o'er:
We only for her moving Castles wait;
But they, alas! have been detain'd by Fate.
Great Britain's Forests float upon the Floods,
And dreadful Lions dwell within those Woods:
Awake their sleeping Fury, make 'em roar,
And all the Beasts on *Canadensis* Shore

---

[1] Humourist.

Shall fear, and all their Native Rage forsake,
And Trembling seize those Coasts, ev'n to *Quebeck*.
When late round *Louisbourg's* strong Walls we made
By Land and Sea, a terrible Blockade.
The arduous Trumpet, Instrument of Fame
And thund'ring Cannon, call'd upon thy Name:
The silly *French* their fond Devotion paid
To old dry Bones, which Priests have holy made:
Our bursting Bombs, in Tracts of Fire and Smoke,
The Skies ascend, and thy kind Aid invoke;
Lo, th' Earth groan'd with many a gaping Wound,
Whilst the Air trembl'd at the awful Sound:
Jove saw his Thunder mimick'd here below
Whilst there strong Walls repuls'd each threat'ning Blow
And ere the dreadful Hurricane blew o'er
He took the Scales in his eternal Store,
Prepar'd to weigh the Fate of Warring Kings:
And now the great decisive Period brings:
The *Gods* attend, th' important Case is try'd,
And the Disputants put one in each Side;
When, lo, the Beam in Equilibrio stands,
Till Victory turn'd the Scale with her own Hands.
The *Gods* for *France* in high resentment cry'd,
Victory unfairly join'd on our Side
Proud of thy special Favours heretofore
Like Beggars once indulg'd, we ask for more.
Thou know'st which Way the ridged Fates incline
If on our Side, give one propitious Sign
And, lo, Ten Thousand bold *Americans* will join,
With chearful Hearts to Extirpate a Race
Of superstitious Papists false and Base.

Octob. 18, 1746.

Notes on 1747.—The muse recounts the glories of the previous five thousand years in short-hand, and particularly sounds the triumphant changes in the home government of the preceding hundred years; rejoicing over the discomfiture of the Scottish rebellion, with an especial allusion to William, Duke of Cumberland, who fought the decisive battle of Culloden near Inverness, April 16, 1746, and predicting future "wondrous things" to come to pass.

The monthly jingles savor of Arcadia and natural phenomena, and the "Essay on Conjuration and Witchcraft" in the physician's happy manner is a short and excellent specimen of humorous reading.

An heroic Poem to Victory in supplication for the success of the British arms, and the extirpation of the Gauls from America, very appropriately forms the valedictory for this busy year, while the merry morsels in the meteorological notes continue as readable as beforetime.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1748

By NATHANAEL AMES.

BOSTON in NEW ENGLAND.

Printed by J. DRAPER; for the BOOKSELLERS.

Price Sixteen Pence *Single*, & Ten Shillings *per Dozen*.

Ten Thousand Suns, prodigious Globes of Light,
At once in broad Dimensions strike our Sight;
Millions behind in the remoter Skies
Appear but Spangles to our wearied Eyes;
And when our wearied Eyes want further Strength,
To pierce the Void's immeasureable Length,
Our vigorous tow'ring Thoughts still further fly,
And still remoter flaming Worlds descry.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To Day *Man's* dress'd in *Gold* and *Silver* bright:
Wrapt in a *Shrowd* before *To morrow* Night.
To-day he's feeding on delicious Food;
To-morrow dead; unable to do *good*.
To-day he's *nice* and *scorns* to feed on *Crumbs*:
To-morrow he's himself a *Dish for Worms*.
To-day he's *grand*, *majestick*, *all Delight*;
Gastful and *pale*, before *To-morrow Night*.
True, as the *Scriptures* say, MAN'S LIFE A SPAN.
The *present Moment* is the LIFE *of* MAN.

JANUARY.

Nectorian Cyder now, with Pork and Beef,
Gives many an aching Stomach great Relief;
And he that hasn't these, nor Money in his Purse,
His Case is bad, and's likely to be worse.

FEBRUARY.

Philosopher, What Art japans the *Bow?*
What Looms prepare and weave the fleecy snow?
In what tight Mills the icy Balls are ground?
Why small or larger made? Why white and round?

MARCH.

The Winds, while yet unfledg'd in Woods they lie
In Whispers first their tender Voices try,
Then issue on the Main with bell'wing Rage,
And Storms to trembling Mariners presage.

APRIL.

Consuming Winter's gone, the Earth hath lost
Her snow-white Robes, and now no more the Frost
Candies the Grass, or casts an icy Cream
Upon the silver Lake and chrystal Stream.

MAY.

MAY like *Arabia* breathes, her Morning Flowers
New-sweetened with Dew of Twilight Showers,
Smells like the *Phœnix*-Nest, when she her Waine
Of Age repairs, and sows herself again.

JUNE.

Purchasing Riches with our Time and Care,
We lose our Freedom in a gilded Snare,
In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our Store,
If our abundance makes us wish for more.

JULY.

Now wild Ingredients are together cramm'd
And into cloudy Cannons closely ramm'd;
At whose dread Roar fierce Balls and Fires are hurled,
Omens of that that must calcine the World.

AUGUST.

The mellow Pears and Apples fall apace,
The Mellon ripens on the creeping Vine,
A Virgin Blush now paints the Rare-ripe's Face,
With the rich Load the burthen'd Limbs decline.

SEPTEMBER.

Now the cœlestial Ballance weighs the Light,
Giving an equal Length to Day and Night;
And the clear Air keeps a Divided Seat,
Affording sometimes Cold, and sometimes Heat.

OCTOBER.

Heaven's Candidates go cloath'd with foul Disguise,
And Heaven's Reports are damn'd for senceless lies:
Tremendous Mysteries are (so Hell prevails)
Lampoon'd for Jargon and fantastic Tales.

NOVEMBER.

Oh! why did Heaven leave *Man* so weak Defence
To trust frail Reason with the Rule of Sense?
'Tis overpois'd and kick'd up in the Air,
While Sense weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there.

DECEMBER.

The Trees to wear their leavy Hatts forbear,
In Reverence to old Winter's silver Hair;
From *Capricorn's* cold Tropick SOL looks pale,
And *Boreas* beats the naked Earth with Hail.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Wood burns now quicker than it grows.
A Crafty Piece of Mischief discovered.
A Bad State, an empty Purse, and no Credit, Food or Cloaths.

FEBRUARY.

Magna quartile *Saturn & Jupiter* continues a long while with sextile *Jupiter & Venus.*

Europe has conceiv'd and is big with Propositions of Peace, but alas! they prove Abortive to the great Disappointment of some Politicians.

MARCH.

Mischief to be done by the Indian Crew, and many unlucky Accidents.
To War and Arm! is yet th' alarm.
Keep a strict lookout, the Enemy's about.
Take care of your Buildings.

APRIL.

A bouncing, imperious Hussy falls to the Ground without Pity.
A Mixture of Strange Advices.

Boreas begins six months exhile,
And Infant-Spring begins to smile.

MAY.

Shear not your Sheep till this cold storm is past.
A fine Projection afoot.

JUNE.

It is a Thing that's indisputable,
Women, like winds, are very mutuable.

Extream cold and violent Snow Storms near the *Straits of Magellan* & *Cape Horn.*

JULY.

Many Schemes afoot but Self Intrest spoils all.
A bloody Fight may happen in the Night.
Some signs of Rain, if they fail, a Drought follows. So, or not, many will complain.
Your Spirits to refresh: take the Morning Air—youl find it best.

AUGUST.

If you neglect your Hay now, you may have a bad Season for it by'nd by.
Sailors, look out sharp!
Beware of eating too much raw Fruit and catching Sudden Colds.
Some are burden'd with Paper Money, while others are groaning for want of it.

SEPTEMBER.

The Demand for Things unnecessary, how much greater than for those we can't do without!

Rum, Sugar, Tobacco, Tea, Lemmons & Limes,
How excessively used, these later Times.

The Husbandman rejoices in gathering the Fruits of his Labour.

OCTOBER.

Many lose more in a Day, than others gain in a Year.

The Stone-Walls yet remain firm, which can't be stumbled over by all the Power, Riches, Intreagues or Policy of *France*, to it's great Vexation.

NOVEMBER.

If you can get no more;
besure, lay in your Winter Store.

More sleeping than working.

More quake for cold than fear of an Enemy.

Tydings come round about of Things unexpected.

DECEMBER.

The Geese and Turkeys fall a sacrifice in great numbers.

Now every hoary-headed Twig
Doth wear a snowy Perriwig.

Another Year now is gone;
But ah! how little have we done!

NOTE.—On the margins of the Almanack in my possession are the following memoranda for 1748: (*Ed.*)

In the Winter 1747–8 fell Thirty two Snows.

Jan. 6. South Winds & Rain and Sharp Thunder & Lightning.

March 30th. Frogs Croak. 31st, Peep.

March 21st. a Robin Sang.

24th. Blue Bird Sang.

the 27th. Spring Bird Sang.

April 19th. Sett out 120 Appel-Trees.

28th. Was the Annual Fast.

May 17th. in ye Morning was a Frost but did not much hurt.

June 1st. after a very dry time a Shower of Rain.

21st. in ye afternoon began to hay.

Aug. 7th. left the Meeting House to go to Relieve ye Inhabitants of Petersham from ye Indians: went as far as Brookefield and then Return'd Home.

10th & 11th. Each Morning was a hard Frost in low Land.

September 28th. went & see Mr Blunt ordain'd over the Separates.

October. The last week in this Month my Chimneys were Built by Benjamin Barney.

The very Position of the Planetary Circles shews, that this Earth is of the same Sort with the Rest of the Planets of this System that revolve about our Sun. The Times they spend in their Revolution about the Sun is in a fix'd certain Proportion to their Distances from the Sun. If we could be assur'd of but one Comet, what it was that is the Cause of that strange Appearance, Should we not make that a Standard to judge of all others by? Since then we are so well acquainted with one of these Planets, (*viz.* The Earth on which we live,) may we not judge of the rest by this one? 'Tis an Argument of no small Weight that is fetch'd from Relation and Likeness; and to Reason from what we see, and are sure of, to what we cannot, is no false Logick. This Earth appears to them a Star, as they do to us: They are like this Earth solid round Bodies; and have no Light but what they receive from the Sun: They have Days and Nights, which is discovered by their Rotation upon their own axis like this Earth: They have their Revolution of Years like this Earth: *Jupiter* has, like this Earth, an Atmosphere, Clouds and Vapours, which are discovered by the help of Telescopes. As *Saturn* and *Jupiter* are at a far greater Distance from the Sun than this Earth, How much more of the Sun's Light have they reflected to them by Moons than we have? *Saturn* has Five Moons; *Jupiter* Four: This is no imaginary Thing; We are able before-hand to calculate the Eclipses of some of these Moons with as great Exactness as our own. They revolve about their respective Planets, as our Moon revolves about this Earth: The First of *Jupiter's* Moons revolves about him in 1 Day, 18 Hours, 28 Minutes, 36 Seconds; the Second spends 3 Days, 13 Hours, 13 Min, 52 Sec. in going round him; the Third Moon, 7 days, 3 Hours, 59 Min. 40 Sec.; the Fourth Moon, 16 Days, 18 Hours, 5 Min. 6 Sec.: The innermost of *Saturn's* Moons moves round him in 1 Day, 21 Hours, 18 Min. 31 Sec.; the Second in 2 Days, 17 Hours, 41 Min. 27 Sec.; the Third in 4 Days, 13 Hours, 47 Min. 16 Sec.; the Fourth in 15 Days, 22 Hours, 41 Min. 11 Sec.; the Fifth in 79 Days, 7 Hours, 53 Min. 57 Sec.; This Computation is made as we measure Time by our Days and Hours. Besides these Moons *Saturn* has a wonderful Ring, that surrounds his Globe at some Distance, of which the Poet says,

How richly's this grave Wanderer drest,
With an illustrious Ring, above the rest.
Around it roles, makes all its Parts appear,
Yet lies obscur'd in Light for half the Year.
What different Office it at once can play,
Both make the Night, and make the Day?
Its circling Pace can Life retrieve,
And make the dying Fluids live.
See how its various Phases, Use and End,
At once delight the wond'ring natives, & be-friend!
—And rich Philosophy and charming Views create.

Now should we allow the Planets nothing but vast Desarts, lifeless and inanimate Stocks and Stones, and deprive them of those Creatures that more plainly speak their Divine Architect, we should sink them below this Earth in Beauty and Dignity. A Thing that no Reason will permit. As our Earth was not made only to twinkle on them; so they were made for nobler Ends than just to shine on us. No doubt but a departed Soul in its Journey to Heaven may say of these Planetary Worlds,

I see what natives these toss'd Islands bare,
Natives as different as their Climates are:
Their Studies, Pleasures and Employs I see,
How much more happy and more Pure than we?
More Heavenly they; more fit and glad to raise,
By Love and Service, their Creator's Praise.

Notes on 1748.—Again the time-honored ode to the Sun,—not only our Sun—but "more'n a million," receive the homage of the Muse on the first page. On the second follows an explanation of "the difference between today and tomorrow;" after which follows the monthly rhymes, partaking largely of the "crazy quilt" feature. Bacchus, Philosophy, Boreas, Neptune, Arabia, Croesus, Calvinism, Pomona, all figure in the poet's teeming brain, and their various attributes committed to the care of each monthly page.

Whether, under October, the Doctor proposes a tilt with the "Fraternity," I'm not able to say, but the inability of the Masonic student to fit the verse to anything else, might reasonably imagine that "he means *us*."

A lesson in practical Astronomy constitutes the subject of the annual essay, with a considerable portion devoted to a disquisition on the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn.

Momus occupies his usual seat, and is clothed with the customary cap

and bells. The wars in Europe are alluded to—the Indians are mentioned as likely to be troublesome—and woman—lovely woman is adverted to after the set manner. Health rules are prescribed for the summer months. The money market discussed, and the rage for foreign productions remarked, foreshadowing the events leading up to the quarrel with the mother country.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1749

By **Nathanael Ames.**

BOSTON in *NEW ENGLAND.*

Printed by **J. Draper**, for the Booksellers.

Price Eighteen Pence *Single*, & Twelve Shillings a *Dozen.*

No Hero's Ghosts, with Garments roll'd in Blood,
Majestick stalk; the golden Age's renew'd:
No hollow Drums in *Flanders* beat; the Breath
Of brazen Trumpets ring no Peels of Death.
The milder Stars their peaceful Beams affords
And sounding Hammer beats the wounding Sword.
To Plow-Shears now; *Mars* must to *Ceres* yield,
And exhil'd PEACE returns, and takes the Field.

READER, I would beg leave to answer the Rumour of my not making an Almanack this Year, by transcribing a few Lines from Mr. POPE'S Poem, entitled, *The Temple of Fame.*

" The flying Rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
" Scarce any Tale was sooner heard than told:
" And all who told it, added something new;
" And all who heard it, made Enlargements too,
" In ev'ry Ear it spread; on every Tongue it grew:

" Thus flying East and West, and North and South,
" News travel'd with Encrease from Mouth to Mouth.
——" When thus ripe Lyes are to Perfection sprung,
" Full grown and fit to grace a mortal Tongue;
" Thro' thousand Vents impatient forth they flow,
" And rush in Millions on the World below.
" Fame sits aloft, and points them out their Course,
" Their Date determines, and prescribes their Force:
" Some to Remain, and some to perish soon,
" Or wane and wax alternate like the Moon.

JANUARY.

In genial Winter Swains enjoy their Store,
Forget their Hardships, and recruit for more,
The Farmer to full Bowls invites his Friends,
And what he got with Pain, with Pleasure spends.

Dryd. Virgil.

FEBRUARY.

Pale Fear does Things so like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which,
That makes Men in the Dark see Visions,
And hug themselves with Apparitions:
And when their Eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest Object best.

Hudibras.

MARCH.

As *Ori'n's* Bands dissolve, the Farmer now
With wounding Steel gives Earth a furrow'd Brow,
And as he tugs the peaceful Plow along,
Sweetens his Labour with some Rural Song.

APRIL.

Now fruitful Show'rs abound, and pearly Rains
Descend in Silence, to refresh the Plains,
And swell the Roots of Plants; the Buds put forth
And Infant-Spring lies strug'ling at the Birth.

MAY.

Behold the Beauties of the flow'ry Spring!
Hark! how the Birds among the Branches sing!
From Heav'n each Night Nectarian Dews descend,
And some Delight does every Sense befriend.

JUNE.

The Indian Corn sprung up begins to grow,
And Husbandmen whet up their Scythes to mow:
The Country Maids with Sauce to Market come,
And carry Loads of tatter'd Money Home.

JULY.

The Sun with sultry *Syrius* now doth rise,
And *Jove's* red Light'ning flashes from the Skies;
The angry *Gods* Heaven's Armoury open flings,
And whizzing Bolts ride forth on burning Wings.

AUGUST.

Strange Fires enkindle in the Nervous Cell,
Where all the Springs of Sense and Motion dwell:
There hidden Deaths, and strange Destructions breed;
And slow convulsive Spasms thence proceed.

SEPTEMBER.

Now Nature's strange corroding Fires begin
To parch and fry the tender Parts within;
You bright *Appollo's* learned Sons display
Your skill to drive these torturing Deaths away.

OCTOBER.

The trembling Trees from green to yellow turn,
Their Summer-Dress by cruel Frost is torn:
They'r left to stand uncloath'd each Winter Day
And slow Consumption steels their Life away.

NOVEMBER.

The vegitable Life expires with Pain;
In hopes to live another Life again,
Their Faith in future vernal Doom they prize
Dead Plants in Nature's Resurrection rise.

DECEMBER.

The Earth does in her annual Orbit roll
And now is sheer'd toward the *Artick* Pole:
As though afraid of yonder sloping Sun.
Time's Page is full: The Aged YEAR is done.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Many remarkable unlucky Accidents happen about this Time.
If there was less debating and more acting 'twould be better.

FEBRUARY.

The Decision of some great Affair is now at Hand.

MARCH.

A man without Work, Money or Credit stands but a poor Chance.

Now pleasant drying Days
Which settle the dirty miry Ways.

APRIL.

The famous *Trine* of *Saturn* and Jupiter this month makes me think that PEACE will be concluded.

MAY.

A better Season for Grass than last Year, and for Hemp and Flax, a bad Year for Thieves.

Some Materials about this Time are hatch'd for the Clergy to debate on.

JUNE.

The News flies on the Wings of Fame.
A great Bustle about a Trifle.

JULY.

The Clouds their watery Buckets fill, but
Where they will be emptied I cannot tell,
Nor no man else since Adam fell.

The Earth is parch'd with Heat:
Man's Veins are burnt with Choler;
Some slow Fevers first,
and Bloody Fluxes follow.

AUGUST.

Make Hay while you may
For a mighty Storm is coming on.

Wou'd you keep well this Month, beware
of cold raw Fruits, and Evening Air.

SEPTEMBER.

Now some are Loosers, some Gainers
Now comes a lucky Day for Hunters.

Some luckless Undertaking is now afoot and many complaints among Children.

OCTOBER.

The Planets portend Things great & remarkable, lofty Winds and a Storm that continues.

The Heavens then smile, but for a short while,
Then muffle up in Clouds again.

He that lives by Fraud is in Danger of dying a Knave.

NOVEMBER.

□ (*Quartile*) *Mars—Mercury.*
□ (*Quartile*) *Saturn—Mars.*
☌ (*Conjunction*) *Saturn—Mercury*—These aspects

Shew violent Winds & in Winter Storms of driving Snow, mischiefs by the Indians, if no Peace, and among us Feuds, Quarrels, Bloody Noses, broken Pates, if not Necks.

If there was less debating, and more acting 't would be better Times.

DECEMBER.

Ladies, take Heed, lay down your Fans,
And, handle well your Warming Pans.

This cold uncomfortable Weather,
Makes Jack and Jill lie close together.

The Lawyer's Tongues they never freeze,
If warm'd with honest Client's fees.

Some feed on Beef, and some on Beans
Some scorch their Throat, and some their Shins.

READER,

In the two last Pages of my Almanack for the Year past I told you how the Planets were accommodated for inhabitants; and that they are actually inhabited; that rational Creatures there sing the Praises of their Creator, who has bestowed his Goodness on them in as bountiful & magnificent a manner as on us, is a Tho't that all judicious Men concur with: But then such Tho'ts as these naturally arise in our Minds, How do the People there look? Have they such Bodies as we? Do their Faces, Eyes, &c. look like ours? To which I would say, 'tis highly

probable, that their Bodies are not very dissimilar to ours: For the erect Posture of MAN (as [1]Dr. *C. Mather* observes) the *Os sublime*, how commodious for a rational Creature, who must have Dominion over those which are not so, and must invent & practice Things useful and curious: By this Posture Man has the use of his Hands, which as *Galen* observes, are *Organa Sapienti Animali convenientia;* and his Eyes, which as they have the glorious Hemisphere of the Heavens above him, so they have the Horizon of 3 Miles on a perfect Globe about them, when they are 6 Feet high, and by the Refraction of the Atmosphere they have much more than so: The Eye, the Ear, the Tongue, the Hands the Feet, where could they be more commodiously placed than in Man. These planetary Worlds (like our World) are liable to be delug'd or burnt up by the Approach of a Comet, not exempt from the grand Catastrophe of Nature, therefore 'tis probable their inhabitants are liable to Misfortunes, to Wars, Afflictions, Poverty, and the like, as well as we. In our Bodies there is one Conjugation of the Nerves, which is branched into the Ball, the Muscles and the Glands of the Eye; to the Ear, to the Jaws, the Gums and the Teeth; to the Muscles of the Lips, to the Tonsils, the Palate, the Tongue, and the Parts of the Mouth, to the *Præcordia* too; and lastly, to the Muscles of the Face, and very particularly those of the Cheeks. Hence 'tis that a gustable Thing, seen or smelt, excites the Appetite and affects the Glands, and Parts of the Mouth: A shameful Thing, seen or heard, affects the Cheeks: If the Fancy be pleased, the *Præcordia* affected, and the Muscles of the Mouth and the Face are put into the Motion of Laughter. When Sadness is caused, it exerts itself upon the *Præcordia*, and the Glands of the Eyes emit their Tears. Hence also the torvous look, produced by Anger and Hatred; and a gay Countenance accompanies Love, Hope, and Joy. To be afraid of Danger, to be angry with an Enemy, to love that which is agreable, these are dispositions of Mind that must be supposed to be found in all rational Creatures thro'out the Universe; whose condition is subject to change, and whose Natures can suffer Misfortune. No doubt then but the Planetarians have these necessary Passions of the Mind; and since the

[1] *Christ. Philos. p. 223.*

Face for the Reasons above mentioned is the Index ot all the Passions; the Criterion of a Friend, and the Certainty of an Enemy is better discovered by the Make of the Countenance than by the Utterance of Words. And these Planetarians can never be premonished of the evil Purposes of an Enemy without the Benefit of such an Index as I have above described; therefore no doubt when they are pleased they put on a gay Look as we do, and a fierce angry Countenance when they are affronted; and, had we Commerce with 'em, had we the little Spaniards Ganses,[1] to carry us to *Jupiter*, one of the portly tall inhabitants of that great World would excite our Respect; but if he was angry he wou'd make an hundred & fifty of the pigmy inhabitants of our small World tremble at his Looks.

Notes on 1749.—The advent of white-robed Peace is hailed in the salutatory verse, and an extract from Alexander Pope's "Temple of Fame" stifles the rumor that Dr. Ames would not appear with his Almanack this year.

Virgil and *Hudibras* open the monthly offerings, and from thence the muse drops down to more practical lines on husbandry, astronomy and meteorology. *Ceres* and *Sirius* receive their modicum of attention and gradually Jack Frost appears to close the season.

For the essay, we have some reflections on Man, and speculations as to how the inhabitants of the other Planets might appear. Doctor Cotton Mather, the volumnious, is called in to testify and enlarge upon his thorough approval of the very eligible location of the Eyes, Ears, Tongue, etc., in the human body, all of which appears to be quite gratifying to *our* Author, who concludes with a desire for the *ganzas* of the Spanish virtuoso, with which he might visit the various planets and study the comparative anatomy of their supposed inhabitants.

The jester pays his accostomed compliments to all as usual; clergy, laity, lawyer, client, are touched up by the jocose astronomer, and good advice and weather wisdom are judiciously mingled, to make a most pleasant and digestible melange.

Under the month of June, in the verse at the head, is an illusion to the condition of the circulating medium, referred to in the historical chapter in the introduction to this work.

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[1] A kind of wild goose, by a flock of which a virtuoso was fabled to be carried to the lunar world.—*Webster's Dictionary*. *Johnson*. *Hudibras*.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1750.

By Nathanael Ames.

BOSTON, in NEW ENGLAND.

Printed by J. DRAPER, for the BOOKSELLERS.

Price 1s. 6 Single & 12s. per Dozen.

To Systems numberless, remote and far,
Our Sun is seen but as a fixed Star:
Their Suns to us but lucid Points appear,
Whose full-orbed Glories blaze to World's more near.
Systems of Worlds are rang'd from Pole to Pole:
GOD made and shed his Glory on the whole.
These rolling Worlds obey his powerful nod.
How grand the Universe! How worthy of the GOD.

On a Judgment of Court obtain'd after a long *Law-Suit.*

DEUS, *nobis haec Otia, fecit.*

Four Times the *Sun* has in cold *Pisces* been,
The rising *Pleiads* have four Autumns seen,
Since I have stood th' opposing Lawyer's Tongue
Who puzzl'd Right, and Justify'd the Wrong,
An honest Cause by dint of Law, maintain'd,
And *Virgil* like the *Mantuan* Lands have gain'd:
When Strife belch'd forth her foul discordant Sound,
The *Voice* of *Orphæus* charming Lyre was drown'd,
The muses from their usual Haunts retir'd,
And left their barren Votary uninspir'd:
Ye Goddesses of Verse, *Appollo's Quire*,
The Prodigal return'd: once more inspire,
Ye sweet Infusers of diviner Strains,
With rich Ideas croud his minting Brains,
Cease Strife: all but the Nightingale be mute,
Whilst I contend with her upon the Lute.

JANUARY.

From yonder Lakes the Breath of Winter blows:
Nature lies bleach'd and bury'd up in Snows:
Vast Stores of Nitre from the frigid Zone,
Wedge up the rolling Floods as firm as Stone.

FEBRUARY.

Sol's Steeds at last have reach'd the scaly Star,
That ends the crooked Circle of the Year:
To *Aries* next they mount that heavenly Sign,
Whence *Phœbus* went when first he measur'd TIME.

MARCH.

The fleecy Ram conjoins th' approaching Sun
While melting Snows in purling Riv'lets run,
And waking *Philomel* begins to sing,
Her warbling Sonnets to the wanton Spring.

APRIL.

The Clouds that treasur'd up the Winter Rain,
Remit to Earth their humid Store again,
Their melting Bosom's drop in balmy Showers
The very Quintessence of vernal Flowers.

MAY.

The Eye delighted with the blooming Trees,
The Nostrils feasted with each o'drous Breeze:
The feather'd Tribe, that wanton on the Wing,
Entrance the list'ning Ear, the whilst they sing.

JUNE.

Sol joins the *Crab*, whose Claws with fervour fry
The verdent Herb, the Earth inflam'd and dry,
As with a Fever longs for cooling Rain
Drinks heartily, and longs to drink again.

JULY.

Through the boreal *Crab* SOL took his Way,
And with the fiery *Lyon* makes a stay;
There with the furious *Dog-Star* he doth meet,
Which adds a burning Fervour to his heat.

AUGUST.

The *Virgin* lends her Bosom to aswage
And pacify *Sol's* burning furious Rage.
They embrace, and down to *Thetis'* Bed descend:
Cool nights arise, and all the World befriend.

SEPTEMBER.

The torrifying Heat of *Sol* now fails,
Whilst he delib'rates with his heav'nly Scales
His more impartial Justice to display,
Weighs out in equal Parts the Night and Day.

OCTOBER.

The SUN withdraws, and aged grows the Year,
No wing'd musicians charm th' attentive Ear:
Approaching Winter now begins his Threats,
And *Flora* dies with morning frosty Sweats.

NOVEMBER.

We cannot justly on bright *Venus* lay
Those am'rous Tho'ts by which we're led astray
She only prompts to such propentions, and
Her Syren charms our Prudence may withstand.

Parker.

DECEMBER.

SOL in the Winter Solstice doth array
(Instead of Green) the Earth in Silver grey,
And all the Beauty of the wrinkled Fields
To the keen Blast of cruel *Boreas* yields.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

A Silver Currency as unlikely as a Crown in a Poet's Pocket.
Some Liberty, but Oh! Where's Property?
Now some Lady is honour'd.
Strange Disagreements even among old Friends.

FEBRUARY.

Now freezing cold
Which makes old Maids to fret and scold.

That sort of Weather that now happens will continue a long while.

I leave the good weather to come between and now predict another storm and a smart one too.

MARCH.

Expiring Winter shakes his threat'ning Rod.

Winds from the frozen Lake
Makes frighten'd Men, & starving Cattle quake.

Dirty travelling. *Boots* very convenient.

♂ ♄ ☽ An ill-portending Omen
To mushroom Gentlemen.

APRIL.

An honest Mind, with Diligence and Frugality may be Easy, in hard Times.

Nature presents the long'd for Spring to birth.

French Fashions still in vogue.

Joan's back, must have a Sack.

MAY.

The Lady's Dress, tho' fine and gay
don't come up to charming May.

Many Projections to little or no Purpose, but tending to Discord.

JUNE.

A disturbed air, at length rain,
Which makes some Country-men and Frolickers Complain.

Pleasant Evenings for Ladies.

JULY.

Our Province defended by some of its Friends,
and perhaps *Old Tenor* comes to an end.

A Scheme just started for the Benefit of a great Number.

AUGUST.

The Stars about this Time portend something unusual.
A love to Self, and worldly Pelf is still prevailing.
High Winds that blow the Trees o'erthrow.

SEPTEMBER.

An unexpected Turn of Times.

This Year there's rais'd both Wheat and Flax
At or near *New-Halifax*.

OCTOBER.

Butter and Cheese, as much as you please.

If no Money comes in we know what to trust to
And what we can't well do, we must do.

NOVEMBER.

The *Plot* of November
We ever remember.

The Sun now and then casts a Smile on his old Friend the North, but Night soon checks him for't.

DECEMBER.

I should predict good Weather this Week, but there's so many Courts, the Lawyers may raise a Storm, but may be soon over.

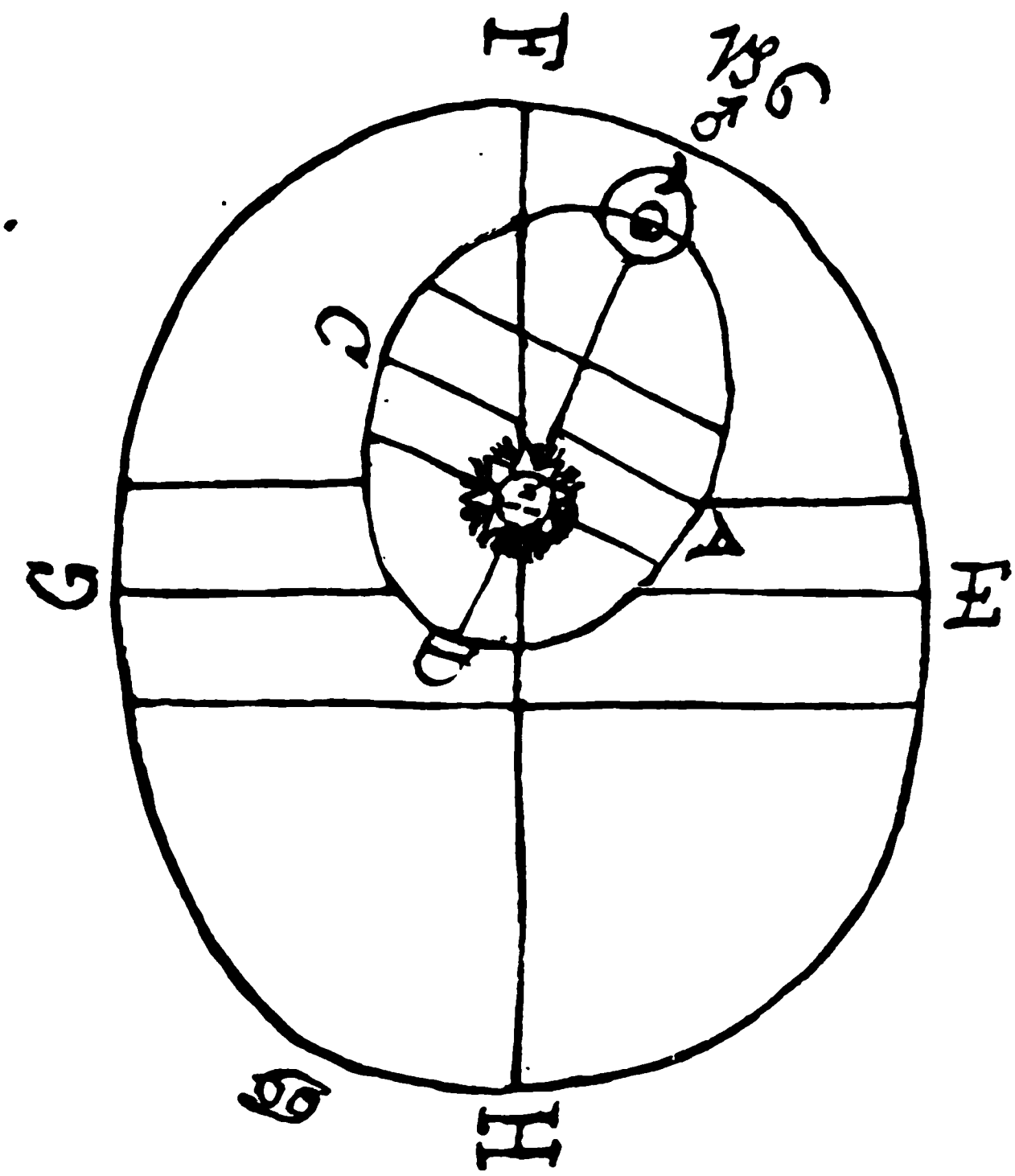
The Year ends with falling Weather. *Vale.*

AMES 1750.

JUNE the 18th Day 1749, that remarkable hot Day, the Heliocentrick Place of *Mars* in his Orbit is found to be 9 Signs, 6 Deg. 30 M. The Earth's Hel. Orbit Place 9 S. 7 D. 30 M. The Place of the Moon in her Orbit at our Noon 8 S. 29 D. 1 M. The Earth's Aphelion 9 S. 6 D. 57 M. The Distance of the Aphelion of Mars from the vernal Equinox 5 S. 0 D. 48 M. the Moon's Perigeon 11 S. 0 D. 21 M. But that my Reader may

see with his Eyes the remarkable Situation of our Earth, and her Attendant Moon, and the Planet Mars on that Day, I shall here insert the following

DIAGRAM.



Explanation of the foregoing DIAGRAM.

Let the Curve A ♁ C. D represent the Ellipsis in which the center of the Earth revolves about the Sun, ☉ that Focus in the Ellipsis where the Sun is placed, the Line ♁ D the greater Axis of the Earth's Orbit, the other Line A. C. the lesser Axis. The other Curve E F G H. represents the Ellipsis in which Mars in like Manner revolves about the Sun. F. H. the greater Axis of his Orbit, (which Line you see crosses the greater Axis of the Earth's Orbit at the Center of the Sun) E G. the lesser

Axis. The Aphelion of the Earth and Heliocentrick Place are near the same Point, viz: about ♍ 6, where the Character of the Earth is placed thus ⊖ : an Eye at the Sun would behold the Earth, the Moon and Mars all in Conjunction: Now since the Sun is at ☉ the Earth at ⊖, and Mars at ♂; it is evident that Mars must be in the middle of his Regress, and appears to us on Earth to be in ☍ to the Sun; but if Mars had been at ♋, he would have been in the middle of his Progress, and would have appeared to an Inhabitant of the Earth to be in ☌ with the Sun, the Moon likewise at ☽, is between Mars and the Earth. It appears by this Scheme that on the Account of Mars's being in Opposition to the Sun at ♂, he is an entire Diameter of the Orbis Magnus nearer the Earth at that Time than if he had been in ☌ with the Sun at ♋; not only so, but by Reason the Aphelion of these Planets fall in such parts of their Orbits as to make the nearest approach of their Orbits at those Points where Mars and the Earth happened to be on that Day, On this account I say, Mars never was nearer the Earth, nor can he possibly be nearer the Earth than he was the 18th of *June* last, and the Moon at that point of Time Step'd (?) in between them; and as Astrologers phrase it, handed down the Influence of that burning Planet to the Earth. The famous *Kepler* hath made it evident, that the Planet's Course about the Sun is not Circular but Elliptical, and the Sun does not possess the Center of the Ellipsis but one of the Foci: and the Planets as they are carried along their Orbits by the Rays drawn from them to the Sun, describe *Areas* exactly proportional to the Time they spend in their Revolution: This Sir *Isaac Newton* has demonstrated from the Laws of Nature.

The subjoined poem was found among the papers of Dr. Ames written on the same sheet which contained the copy for the above calculations, and was doubtless crowded out this year:

Should Christ lay by his Father's glitt'ring Rays,
Which shine eternal with a Glorious Blaze,
And in the Forme of a poore Humble Man,
Once more vouchsafe upon this World to stand,
Would Man fall down obsequious and Adore?
Or would he treat him as he did before?

Would he the eternal Son of God abuse
And shed his Blood as did the cruel Jews?
Say, Concience! lo, I heare ye say not I,
But then I fain would ask the Reason why.
Are you more favour'd by the Great Creator
To have a nobler and more generous Nature?
Can you Discern betwixt what's Good and Bad
With just ye same advantages they had?
Have you no favourite Passions of your own
That set and terrorize on Reason's Throne?
Can you be blamed and not the least resent
Or may you let a little fury vent?
This is the Rule, the only Rule to know
Wheather you are such Miscreants or no.
If you thro' Pride or Hatred do (?) wrong
The meanest Saint yt does to Him belong
Had you been present at yt tragick Scene
You there a bloody actor would have been
Would done assault God's favourite Son most high
If yt his Awfull Deity stood by
Pouring his Glories on your Mortal Eye.

Notes on 1750.—The works of the Grand Architect are extolled this year in the person of the daily Sun,—the Universe, and the rolling World,—lines to which appear on the title page. Next succeeding this offering—*Laus Deo*—we are advised that the Doctor has at last won his case in court, and in the fulness of his heart he properly exclaims "*Deus nobis, haec otia fecit;*" takes down from the shelf his lyre, attunes his soul to the joyful theme, allowing his inner self to gush forth to the Seven Stars in astronomical verse, to testify his most satisfactory satisfaction at the great victory.

At the head of each monthly page the jubilating astronomer poetically toasts each zodiacal sign in connection with *Phœbus Philomel & Co.* A Mr. Parker contributes a very tasteful verse for November.

The essay is also of an astronomical character entirely, and displays much knowledge of the subject, and in a very acceptable manner.

Hilaritas pervades the weather column. Hard times appear to pervade the Colony—the Currency question is to the front, and "Old Tenor" (that very peculiar emission of the Colonial treasury) appears to be a nuisance. Fashions, females and frolickers, are noticed, with Guy Fawkes again a prominent feature in November.

NOTE.—In the year 1750 *Roger Sherman* of Connecticut, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, began the publication of an

Almanack, which he continued several years, patterning the same largely after Dr. Ames. His opening address is as follows:

To the READER.

I have for several Years past for my own Amusement, spent some of my leisure Hours in the Study of the *Mathematicks*, not with any intent to appear in publick; But at the Desire of many of my Friends and Acquaintance, I have been induced to calculate and publish the following ALMANACK for the Year 1750. I have put in Every Thing that I thought would be useful, that could be contained in such contracted Limits: I have taken much Care to perform the Calculations truly, not having the help of any *Ephemeris:* And I would desire the Reader not to condemn it, if it should in some things differ from other Authors, until Observations have determined which is in the wrong. I need say nothing by way of Explanation of the following Pages, they being placed in the same Order that has been for many Years practised by *the ingenious and celebrated* DR. AMES, *with which you are well acquainted.*[1] If this shall find Acceptance perhaps it may encourage me to serve my Country this Way for Time to come.

R. SHERMAN.

New Milford, August 1, 1749.

The monthly poetic captions are on the Creation, and Roger does up the subject much the same as the authors of Oratorios, and others who have written on the theme.

Cimmerian darkness, wet weather, wild disorder; then, glorious Canopy, race between Night and Day, with Night a good second in the contest. Then SOL makes his entrance, with the customary allusions by the author to nuptial garments, warm times, purling streams, green grass, and other concomitants of the simile. Then some casual remarks concerning *Phœbus* and *Tellus*; Queen of Night with planetary Chorus; after which enter "the God-like creature Man," with robe of Innocence, manly Virtues, serene Locks, divine Temper: then the Rib performance followed by the much abused Eve, who with Adam sits about luxuriously on the green sward, until their curiosity is aroused by the neighborly Snake—in the historical manner, then the *denouement*, eviction, and December is reached.

Sherman in common with many others, corresponded with Dr. Ames on the subject of Eclipses, and the motions of the Planets, Calculations, etc. The allusions above, and the following letter will be evidence of the confidence and estimation which the Doctor enjoyed among his fellow citizens and co-laborers.

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[1] Italics by Editor.

New Milford July 14th 1759

Sr I Received your Letter this Day and return you thanks for the papers you sent for depending I find that there was a Considerable Mistake in the Calculation of the 2 Lunar Eclipses which I sent to you in my last letter which was occasioned by my mistake in taking out the mean motion of the Sun for the Radical year and I have now sent inclosed (them) with the rest of the Eclipses as I have since Calculated them for the Meridian of New London. which I reckon 4 hours and 5 & 2 min West from London — I have also sent one of my Almanacks — I Expect to go to Newtown in August next and I will enquire of Mr Clap about the Comet you mentioned and will write to you what Intelligence I can get from him about it at the first opportunity — — I am

Sr your very humble Servt Roger Sherman

THE ALMANACK FOR 1751

By *Nathaniel Ames.*

BOSTON in *NEW ENGLAND:*

Printed by J. DRAPER, for the BOOKSELLERS.

Price Twelve Shillings *old Tenor per Dozen*, 18d. *O. T. Single.*

Perceiv'st thou not the Process of the Year,
How the four Seasons in four Forms appear:
Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her Head,
With milky Juice requiring to be fed;
Proceeding onward whence the Year began,
The *Summer* grows adult, and ripens into Man:
Autumn succeeds a sober tepid Age,
Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage:
Last *Winter* sweeps along with tardy Pace,
Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face.

COURTEOUS READER,

THE Verses at the Head of each Monthly Page were written at my Desire, and presented to me by a young Gentleman, then at the Age of twelve Years.—

——The most remarkable Advice this Year from the Stars is the famous Oppositions of the superior Planets *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, which happens three Times this Year, the like cannot happen oftener than once in twenty Years: These Aspects portend Discord and Difference amongst Persons of the highest Rank and Quality; and threatens the European Nations with a Quarrel: But what may affect *North America* most is, it is quite

probable that there will be an open Rupture between the Governours of *New-England* and the Princes of *Terra Canadensis.*— I don't make such Predictions, but only speak what the Spirit and Genius of ancient Astrology dictates on these Occasions: I can bring no modern Author to support this Opinion, because those Men that write fashionably at this Day condemn the whole Art, and all who pretend to it: But be it remembred that 'tis but a few Men that govern in the Kingdom of Learning as well as in that of Policy, the Multitude, like empty Pitchers, are lugg'd by the Ears any Way that Custom leads: Whilst *Astrology* was caress'd by Princes and great Philosophers, and the Professors of it honoured and esteemed by great Men, the Tongues and Pens of all the fashionable Wits in the World were employed to defend the Credit of the Art; but now the Table is turn'd, they speak and write against it, the Multitude follow:—Truth generally lies in a Medium between the Extremes: Whilst these prevailing Opinions roll round in an eternal Circle from one Extream to another; the Nodes in this Circle that cross the Zodiack of Truth, are the only Points for the unprejudiced, that is, the only wise amongst Men to calculate by, and tell at any Time how far Truth is eclipsed by the Interposition of Error: The Path of Truth is a streight Line; but Men will vary from that Line in more Degrees than the Inclination of the Moon's Orbit varies from the Ecliptick: We can calculate the Wandrings of that fickle Planet; but the Errors of Mankind, or even his own who can understand?

JANUARY.

If fraught with Snow the gath'ring Clouds impend,
Hov'ring in Air the fleecy Flakes descend
Smooth as th' unruffled Surface of the Sea:
But if the furious Winds with Hail agree,
The furious Winds the batter'd Casements crack,
Level the hoary Grove, the tot'ring Buildings rack.

FEBRUARY.

Now hoary Winter shivers o'er the Plains,
And binds the frozen Floods in adamantine Chains;

Th' advancing Sun by his prolific Ray
Warms the cold Air, and drives the Damps away;
A gen'ral Thaw ensues, the Waters rore,
Break their cold Bands, and lash the sounding Shore.

MARCH.

The trembling Sailor views with anxious Eyes
The gloomy Storm slow-sailing up the Skies,
Hoarse Whirlwinds thunder o'er the distant Deep,
And the white foaming Waves majestick sweep,
Up to the Skies the shat'red Ship is tost,
Then down the bottomless Abyss is lost.

APRIL.

In Clouds array'd now Heav'n indulgent low'rs,
The fat'ned Fields confess the frequent Show'rs,
'Till at the Close of the declining Day,
The setting Sun directs his level Ray,
While flying *Iris* draws the painted Bow,
And in the dropping Cloud the blended Colours glow.

MAY.

The fragrant Fields are cloth'd in rich Array,
The Groves rejoice, and all the World is gay,
While tuneful Birds their various Anthems sing,
And with their Notes the vocal Forests ring;
The painted Blossoms charm th' admiring Eyes,
And send their grateful Odours to the Skies.

JUNE.

The murm'ring Thunder at a Distance rolls,
And vivid Lightnings burn about the Poles.
O'er the high Arch the flaming Torrents play,
And turn the Darkness to the Blaze of Day.
Heav'n's everlasting Pillars groan aloud,
And the hoarse Thunder rattles thro' the Cloud.

JULY.

The Flocks, retiring from the burning Heat,
Seek the cool Covert of a green Retreat,
The silver Stream invites the thirsty Swain,
While sultry *Syrius* fires the glowing Plain;
The parcht Earth cracks, the Oxen low for Food,
And *Phœbus* rages o'er the sapless Wood.

AUGUST.

Bear me to some cool Arbour's pleasing Shade,
By curling Vines and lofty Poplars made,
Or, in the Covert of some lonely Grove,
Fan'd by refreshing *Zephyr's* may I rove,
Where some still Stream it's silver Current pours
Thro' mossy Banks adorn'd with various Flow'rs.

SEPTEMBER.

While *Ceres* pours the Joys of Plenty round,
The bearded Harvest whitens o'er the Ground,
The tumid Grape bears down the slender Vine,
And ev'ry thick'ning Cluster swells with Wine,
With various Fruits the loaded Orchards blush,
And the gay Berry blazes on the Bush.

OCTOBER.

Sulphureous Flames th' unwary Bees assail,
And spite of all their little Arts prevail;
Fam'd Architects all perish in the Dome,
Who rear'd by Rules exact the curious Comb;
Statesmen and Gen'rals undistinguish'd lie,
And Monarchs and their Slaves promiscuous die.

NOVEMBER.

The silver Current murmur'd thro' the Grove,
Sacred to *Flora* and the Queen of Love;
But am'rous *Hymen* seiz'd the blooming Maid,
The Flow'rs all dropt, the Verdure all decay'd.
The silver Current stiffen'd as it roll'd,
And all the Forest shiver'd with the Cold.

DECEMBER.

Distant *Apollo* with his slanting Ray
Makes a faint Effort to produce the Day,
To the short Days the long long Nights succeed;
While twinkling Stars the chrystal Vault o'erspread;
And the fair Moon rules o'er the dusky Night,
The hoary Vale reflects the silver Light.

Advertisement.

THESE are to signify to all Persons that travel the great Post-Road South-West from Boston, *That I keep a House of Publick Entertainment Eleven Miles from* Boston, *at the Sign of the* SUN. *If they want Refreshment, and see Cause to be my Guests, they shall be well entertained at a reasonable Rate,*

N. Ames.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

FEBRUARY.

But little Money, Work or Credit makes difficult Times.
Contention often ends in Confusion and much Mischief.

MARCH.

Strange Stories told but how few turn out true.

APRIL.

Crazy Bodies in their Noddies feel a storm approaching.

MAY.

Still many Schemes afoot but to little or no effect.

There is a Generation of men who are valiant to fight with a Man behind his Back. *Experientia docet.*

JUNE.

Whilst many try to mend.
The People discommend.

Let those in our Frontiers take care this Month for the Tribe of *Dan* under the influence of *Saturn* will be much inclin'd to do mischief.

How many are lull'd asleep
While they a good look-out should keep.

AUGUST.

For want of Resolution great Promises are broken.
Old Complaints yet continue.

SEPTEMBER.

Many increase their Troubles by indulging their selfish Principles and vicious Habits.
Better Men better Times.

OCTOBER.

Now be saving and you need not fear starving.
Many Reports about Things that never come to pass.

NOVEMBER.

More bad News than good.

DECEMBER.

You'd better stir abroad than sit still and freeze.
Now at the Exit of this Year.
The heavy Clouds let drop a Tear.

AMES, 1751.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

The Earth, self-ballanced on her Center hangs, and by her obsequious Motion upon her Axis fetches the agreeable Vicissitude of Day and Night from that stupendious Globe of Light and Heat, the SUN. When Night erects his shadowy Cone in our Hemisphere, as the Splendor of Day diminishes, and the Tide of Light begins to ebb from our wearied Eyes, what an occular Demonstration of the Immensity of the Creators works presents itself to our Sight by the innumerable Lamps of Heaven that shine gloriously in the Vaux-Hall of the Universe. Night gives us a view of those associate Worlds that belong to the same System with this Earth, and by the help of Glasses we discover their attendant Moons that are invisible to the naked Eye: Night also calls forth that numberless Host of fixed Stars that were hid in Light all the Day long: their want of Parallax demonstrate their immense Distance and that their Light is

innate and not borrowed. The Galaxy in the Evenings in *February* and *August* presents itself to full View: and that white broad Path that encompasses the whole Heavens, by Telescopes has been discovered to consist of an innumerable cluster of fixed Stars different in Situation and Magnitude, whose confused Light we behold: 'Tis supposed that these Stars are Suus to other systems as far distant from each other as we are from them, that to nine Parts in ten of the Space between us and the fixed Stars, our Sun appears as a Star does to us in a clear Night: doubtless these Suns appear as large in their respective Systems as our Sun does in this, and are the noble Apparatus's of Light and Heat to each Planet that revolves about them: and that each of these Planets are impregnate with Gravity, and stock'd with rational Inhabitants who are furnished with everything necessary for their Conservation. How does such a Thought enlarge and stretch our Ideas of the Works of God? What but infinite Wisdom could contrive and what but Omnipotency make so grand a Fabrick as the Universe! Here's Employment for the Angels! Here's Space sufficient to stretch their Wings on Errands of Kindness from an indulgent Creator to the Individuals amongst his creatures.

Notes on 1751.—The *Seasons* this year are the topic for consideration in the opening chorus on first page, and the address to the reader rehearses the stellar aspects and their probable effects upon European nations and the Colonies of North America as viewed in astrological circles. The former spirit and genius of the art is related and its decay noted, together with the governing reasons therefor.

The monthly verses are announced "to have been written at the desire of Dr. Ames, and presented to him by a young gentleman then at the age of twelve years," the effort being quite creditable to the youthful Apollo, and it is to be regretted that we have not his name.

Boys were certainly quite precocious in the early days, and none need wonder at the Doctor compiling an Almanack in his 16th year, when a genius like the poet of this year's production was developed at an earlier age twenty-five years later. New England certainly has much to be proud of both in ancient and modern scholars and scientists.

The Doctor this year makes a new business departure, and boldly announces himself as a tavern-keeper "Eleven Miles from Boston, at the

Sign of the Sun," through an advertising medium of unquestioned large circulation.

The essay is a lecture on the beauties of the night, describing the wonders to be seen in the heavens, through the medium of the telescope which lays bare to our view the myriads of stars which compose the "milky way." After an elaboration of his ideas on this vast subject, the Doctor concludes, congratulating the Angels that there is yet space enough unoccupied for them to stretch their wings on errands of love and kindness.

The astronomer and inn-keeper is briefly humorous this year, but he has yet the inclination to give a parting salute to his assailant at law, and still warn the outlying settlements against the probable incursions of the Indians. "Hard Times" still exist, *Old Tenor* still the ruling spirit, and is this year noted in the price line of the Almanack to qualify the cost.

I append the following marginal notes found in this Almanack:

January 7th was a Tedious Storm of Snow & an Excessive high wind. It was the first snow we had deep enough to Sled on.
February 20th. Blue Bird sang.
25th. A Lark sang.
26th. Frogs Peep'd.
27th. Robins sang.
March 11th. Aaron Martin was Drowned found March ye 26th in Colo Marcy's Mill Pond.
21st. Was a Publick Fast.
April 20th. Breaks came up.
29th. Poplars leav'd.
May 6th. Mare Folded.
Octo. 20th-27th hard Thunder and Lightening.
November was a very warm Pleasant month.
December was in generrall a cold Tite month.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1752.

By Nathaniel Ames.

BOSTON, in NEW ENGLAND.

Printed by JOHN DRAPER, for the Booksellers.

Price 12 s. Old Tenor, per Dozen, and 18 d. single.

Of all the Plagues by which Mankind are curst
A Throat that's never satisfy'd's the worst.
—" What *Almanack-Maker* preach: Thou view the Pole,
" We will indulge the Pleasures of the Bowl."—
Go on vain Fool, if Lust thy Will can bribe
To scorn the Rules that Reason does prescribe;
All Nature's Stores cannot thy Thirst aswage,
Thou Prodigal of Life! thou'st mortgag'd thy old Age,
Thy Health will fail, thy Joys will end in Sorrow,
To live a Beast To-Day, thou'lt die a Fool To-Morrow.

Courteous Reader,

With the Year 1740 all the Ephemerides of the Planets Places then extant expired; and however cheap and contemptible a Thing an Almanack may seem to be, it annually costs me much Time and hard study to prepare one for you; and your chearful Acceptance of my Labours, for these *Twenty-seven* Years past, has encouraged me more to continue in this your Service than the Reward I receive for it.

The Affairs of my House are of a publick Nature, and therefore I hope may be mentioned here without Offence to my *Reader:* The Sign I advertised last Year by Reasons of some little Disappointments, is not put up, but the Thing intended to be signified by it is to be had according to said Advertisement. And I beg Leave further to add, that if any with a View of Gain to themselves, or Advantage to their Friends, have reported Things of my House in contradiction to the aforesaid Advertisement, I

would only have those whom they would influence consider, that where the Narrator is not honest, is not an Eye or Ear Witness, can't trace his story to the original, has it only by Hear-say, a thousand such Witnesses are not sufficient to hang a Dog: & I hope no Gentleman that travels the Road will have his Mind bias'd against my House by such idle Reports. *N. Ames.*

N. B. *When this Almanack was sent to the Press, I had no certain Account of the Act of Parliament for reducing the Year to New Stile.*

JANUARY.

Of all the Views, the first and chief Request
Of each, is to be richer than the rest:
And yet no Doubts the poor Man's Draught controul,
He dreads no Poison in his homely Bowl:
Then fear the deadly Drug when Gems divine
Enchase the Cup, and sparkle in the Wine. *Dryd. Juv.*

FEBRUARY.

At lowest Ebb of Fortune when you lay
Contented, then how happy was the Day:
But Oh! the Curse of aiming to be great!
Dazled with Hopes we cannot see the Cheat.
When wild Ambition in the Heart we find,
Farewell Content and Quiet of the Mind.

MARCH.

'Tis strange how some Men's Tempers suit,
Like Bawd and Brandy with Dispute,
That for their own Opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvast;
And when disputes are wearied out,
'Tis Int'rest still resolves the Doubt. HUD.

APRIL.

All Faiths are to their own Believers just,
For none believe because they will, but must:
By Education most have been misled,
So they believe because they were so bred:
The Priest continues what the Nurse began,
And thus the Child imposes on the Man. *Dryd.*

MAY.

Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature spake,
" Go, from the Creatures thy Instructions take,
" Learn from the Birds what Food the Thickets yield,
" Learn from the Beasts the Physick of the Field,
" Thy Arts of Building from the Bee receive,
" Learn of the Mole to Plow the Worm to weave.

JUNE.

How happy is the harmless Country-Maid,
Who rich by Nature scorns superfluous Aid!
Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,
But like her soul Preserves the native White.—
No Care but Love can discompose her Breast,
Love of all Cares the sweetest and the best!

JULY.

Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind,
And happy he who can that Treasure find!
But the base Miser starves amidst his Store
Broods on his Gold; and griping still at more
Sits sadly pining and believes he's poor.

AUGUST.

Look round our World; behold the Chain of Love,
Combining all below and all above:
See plastick Nature working to this End,
The single Atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in Place,
Form'd and impell'd it's Neighbor to embrace.

Pope.

SEPTEMBER.

My Son with those never consent to go,
Who all their Greatness to their Meanness owe;
* 'When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear sway,'
Rather than be as meanly great as they,
Contented live and die without a Name,
'Till GOD'S decisive Day reveals thy Fame.

* *This line from* Addison's *Cato.*

OCTOBER.

'Tis equal if our Fortunes should augment,
And stretch themselves to the same vast Extent
With our Desires; or those Desires abate,
Shrink and contract themselves to fit our State:

We to our selves may all our wishes grant,
For nothing coveting we nothing want.

NOVEMBER.

When Empire in its Childhood first appears,
A watchful Fate o'ersees its tender Years;
'Till grown more strong, it thrusts and stretches out,
And elbows all the Kingdoms round about;
Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,
And sinks in Minutes which in Ages rose.

DECEMBER.

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee,
All Chance, Direction which thou can'st not see,
All Discord, Harmony not understood,
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And spight of Pride, in erring Reason's spight,
One Truth is clear; whatever Is, is right.

Pope.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Now comes pinching close times.
If you would thrive, first contrive, & then strive.

MARCH.

Aeolus opens his Caves Mouth, and jarring Winds their airy Forces muster.

APRIL.

Many unlucky Accidents happen, perhaps some Buildings destroyed by Fire.

Put a stop to Pride, Idleness and Luxury, then should we find the Times grow better: but not before.

MAY.

Observe it you may, that Cunning Men are not always honest: trust them as you have try'd them.

JULY.

More Recreation than Trade & Business.

Much outside Grandure in gay Apparel, but an empty Purse, and selfish Minds within.

SEPTEMBER.

The Days Shorten space, therefore improve them well.

OCTOBER.

A Strife about Trifles, while Matters of Importance are slightily pass'd over.

The *South* & *North* Winds strive—the *North* prevails.

NOVEMBER.

The Stars and sputtering Lamps proclaim
The near approach of Snow or Rain.

DECEMBER.

Bad Times, Dull Drink, and clouded Minds: Make heavy, listless, idle Bodies.

Such Tydings come, as are pleasing to some.

This Year.—*Errors excepted*—makes a good End.

AMES, 1752.

Altho' I have gained many established Truths from repeated Observations and Experiments in the practice of *Medicine*, I cannot pretend to communicate any new Discovery to the Learned, since all I could say, if I had (instead of two Pages) a Folio to fill, is contained in the real History of *Nature*, as given by a *Sydenham* and a *Cheyne* in their excellent Writings. But for the sake of those who know not the Laws of Nature, and are unacquainted with the Operation of her Hands, I shall fill these two Pages with a Word: First, to those of my Readers who are athletick, healthy and strong: secondly, to those who are valetudinary, infirm, sickly, and of weak Constitutions.

To the athletick, healthy, and strong: Your Bodies, like a well regulated Clock, are a wonderful Machine consisting of an infinite Variety of branching and winding Canals, thro' whose cylindrical and conick Tubes the Blood, a Fluid whose compounding Parts are of different Densities, by the Momentum of the Heart, like the main Spring of a Watch, is perpetually propel'd forward in an unwearied Circulation: and the Glands, those excretory Ducts by which Nature drains her Superfluities from the Common Mass, are so situated and circumstanced that all the Fluids,

and no more, which Nature would have secerned, are drawn off: In this your Health consists: for in any Animal where the secretations are regular, the Health is sound and good. But, alas! there are Alterations which your Senses are imperceptible of, with Regard to the Air you breathe in, the Meat and Drink you take to support you, the Sleep to refresh you, or that Watchfulness your bodily Exercise require, or those Passions or Perturbations of Mind that arise from external Things: from each of these Quarters your Health may be instantly attacked, and that wonderful Machine that with an even Hand, according to the Laws of Nature carried on a due Circulation and Secretion of all the Juices may be so altered as to throw out those Balsams of Life that ought to be retained, or to retain those parts of the Blood that are worn out with Circulation, and ought to be flung out as Excrements, & whilst the Machine is clog'd and loaded with these Obstructions, the thinking Thing cries out with excrutiating Pains. On each of the above-mentioned Heads, called Non-naturals, Physicians have wrote largely.—

I shall just caution you against some Dangers that may arise from one of those Quarters, viz: *Eating & Drinking:* the Antediluvians had not learn'd the Art of *Intemperance*, therefore they attained to the Age of 900 *Years*, the poisonous Exhalations of the Air were expel'd by the Perspiration of their own healthful Bodies: but when they came to overload their Machine with animal Food, their 900 *Years* dwindled away to *Three score and ten:* but if with their Meat Men would be contented with such Drink as Nature requires to dilute their Food, and wash away the Crudities that arise by their *Cramming*, they might generally attain the extent of that abreviated Span of Life that is allotted for the present Age of Man:—Strong Waters were formerly used only by the Direction of Physicians: but now *Mechanicks* and low-liv'd *Labourers* drink RUM like *Fountain-Water*, and they can infinitely better endure it than the idle, unactive, and sedentary Part of Mankind: but DEATH is in the bottom of the Cup of every one. Does the great Doctor *Cheyne* lie when he says that neither *Laudanum* nor *Arsenick* will kill more certainly, altho' more quickly? You may feel High-spirited while your Blood boils into Sulphur and Flame: So you might walk (for the present safely) if the Sands of the Earth were

Gun-Powder, 'till the Spark came: but what could secure you in the Time of the Explosion?

Secondly, to the valetudinary, infirm and sickly. Your Bodies were made in the same perfect and compleat Manner with others: and whether your present Infirmities are the Effect of your own Mistakes, or Hereditary from your Ancestors, is worth your Consideration: with Regard to the Method of Cure,—Where the Disease prevails and Nature gives out, 'tis in vain to try to raise the Dead, but exercise Abstinence, proper Evacuations, with Time and Patience will cure most Diseases, or make them tolerable:—Those Patients whose Cases are chronick, who will not be govern'd in their Diet, must not expect lasting Benefit from Physick. But to know what Exercises, and what Evacuations you must use in your several Cases; from what you must abstain, what you may eat and drink, how long you must continue in such Courses, consult your *Physicians:* and if you would have the best Physician's Advice on such an important Subject, read Dr. *Cheyne's* Essay upon *Health* and *Long Life*, and the *English Malady*.

N. AMES.

Notes on 1752.— This year the Almanack opens with a very peculiar poetical effort from our tavern-keeper-astronomer. The sentiment would indicate a very, very conscientious Bardolph, or else an Ordinary where the exciseman's visits were not particularly necessary. Such very injudicious remarks indulged in at this period of civilization, would ruin the prospects of the general government, if not the retailer of spirits, and materially reduce the monthly surplus in the Treasury. It is hardly probable that the Doctor kept a temperance house.

On the following page, it is to be noted that the slanderer was abroad in the land, and that even the tavern at Dedham was not exempt from his baneful influence. The Doctor apologises for the non-appearance of the "Sign of the Sun" announced last year, and deprecates the custom of condemnation on hearsay testimony.

This year 1752 was noted for the adoption by the British Parliament, of the Gregorian Calendar, but Ames' Almanack did not make the change, as he "had no certain Account of the Act * * for reducing the Year to New Stile."

The Act mentioned was in substance thus:—

According to an Act of Parliament passed in the 24th year of the Reign of George II and in the year 1751, the Old Style ceases with the close of the 2d day of September 1752, and eleven succeeding days are

dropped from the Calendar, and the following day, which otherwise would be Thursday the 3d, becomes Thursday the 14th of September—the month September 1752, containing therefore but nineteen (19) days.

This year some of the verses at the head of each monthly page are again extracted from Dryden, and Butler, whose Juvenal and Hudibras are partly laid under contribution, while the Doctor drops in a few lines to connect up his moralizing with their sentiment, making a couplet with a line from Addison, while the author of the "Essay on Man" has the valedictory for the year.

The essay for 1752 is a very readable lecture on Medicine and Health, fraught with wisdom concerning the proper observance of the rules of nature, by which one might attain the age of *900* years, which, unhappily, is reduced by injudicious "cramming" to a paltry "three score and ten."

The humor in the usual place is not as extensive as common, yet what there is of that characteristic as well as wisdom, is of the usual attractive and amusing quality.

In the course of the past few years, allusions deprecating a currency known as "Old Tenor" have been made, and for the better understanding of the shrinkage of the value of this currency, we quote the various prices of almanacks during the period of Ames' publication.

His Almanack consisted of but one sheet of paper folded to make sixteen (16) pages, and was not increased from this size, from its inception in 1725 until the year 1759, when it was increased by the addition of a half sheet making the pages twenty-four (24). The prices of the earlier issues are not noted.

1737 to 1742.	Sixpence	single	and	Four	shillings	per	dozen.
1743.	Eight "	"	"	Six	"	"	"
1744 to 1747.	Nine "	"	"	Six	"	"	"

1748 Sixteen pence single and Ten shillings per dozen. 1749 to 1758 Eighteen pence single and Twelve shillings per dozen, *Old Tenor*. At this period, "Old Tenor" appears to have reached its highest point, as in this latter year "Spanish Milled Dollars pass for Six shillings Lawful Money and *Forty-five shillings Old Tenor*, in Massachusetts Bay."

The restoration of specie payments probably occurred shortly after, as in 1759 with increased size of book the price was reduced, and remained at about same figure until the commencement of the Revolutionary period. The prices are quoted.

1759	Five	coppers	single	and	Two	pistareens	per dozen.
1760 1st Edition	Seven	"	"	"	Three	shillings	" "
2d "	Five	"	"	"	Two	pistareens	" "
1761 to 1763	Six	"	"	"	half	a dollar	" "
1764 " 1765	Seven	"	"	"	Three	shillings	four pence per dozen.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1753.

By *NATHANIEL AMES.*

BOSTON; NEW ENGLAND: Printed by J. DRAPER
for the BOOKSELLERS.
Price 12 s. per Dozen, and 18 d. single, Old Tenor.

What Blessings LORD thy Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away:
For GOD is paid when Man receives—
To enjoy is to obey.
Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound;
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round.

Besides the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon this Year, there will be a curious Phœnomena, which, tho' observed by modern Astronomers, has not been mentioned by our New England Almanack makers; I mean a Transit of the Planet Mercury over the Body of the Sun.—On Sunday May 6, the Sun will rise with Mercury making a black Spot in his Body, and as ☿ will be 7 h. 46 m. passing over the Sun, his going off will be seen by us according to the following Calculation,

Middle of the Eclipse, 53 min. before Sun-rise.
The Sun riseth — — 4 h. 46 min.
Central Egress or End — 7 h. 46 min. Morning: so that ☿ will be seen on the ☉'s Disk for 3 h. after the ☉ riseth.

JANUARY.

Now all amidst the Rigours of the Year,
In the wild Depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless Winds blow Ice, be my Retreat
A rural shelter'd solitary Scene;
Where ruddy Fire, and beaming Tapers join,
To chear the Gloom.

FEBRUARY.

———Dread Winter spreads his latest Glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year.
How dead the vegetable Kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His melancholy Empire. Here fond Man!
Behold thy pictur'd Life; pass some few Years,
Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent Strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into Age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the Scene.

MARCH.

———Borrow part of Winter for thy Corn;
And early with thy Team the Glebe in Furrows turn?
That while the Turf lies open, and unbound,
Succeeding Suns may bake the mellow Ground:
But if the Soil be barren, only scar
The Surface, and but lightly print the Share. *Dryd. Virg.*

APRIL.

————The penetrative Sun
His Force deep-darting to the dark Retreat
Of Vegetation, sets the steaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant Earth.
From the moist Meadow to the wither'd Hill
Led by the Breeze, the vivid Verdure runs
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd Eye.

MAY.

————At once array'd
In all the Colours of the flushing Year,
By Nature's swift and secret working Hand,
The Garden glows and fills the lib'ral Air
With lavish Fragrance; while the promis'd Fruit
Lies yet a little Embrio, unperceiv'd
Within its crimson Folds.

JUNE.

Full swell the Woods, there every Music wakes,
Mixt in wild Concert, with the Warbling Brooks
Increas'd, the distant Bleatings of the Hills,
The hollow Lows responsive from the Vale.
Can Man forbear to join the general Smile
Of Nature? can fierce Passions vex his Breast,
While every Gale is Peace, and every Grove is melody.

JULY.

——————————————All
From Pole to Pole is undistinguish'd Blaze.
——————Hot ascending Steams,
And keen Reflection pain.—The Mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid Hay, with flowers perfum'd,
And scarce a chirping Grass hopper is heard
Through the dumb Mead. Distressful Nature pants.

AUGUST.

——————Whate'er the Wintry Frost
Nitrous prepar'd; the various blossom'd Spring,
Put in white, promise forth; the Summer Suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full perfect all.

SEPTEMBER.

——————Let us tread the Maze
Of *Autumn* unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd
The Breath of Orchard, big with bending Fruit,
Obedient to the Breeze, and beating Way
From the deep-loaded Bough, a mellow Shower
Incessant melts away. The Juicy Pear,
————The downy Peach, the shining Plumb.

OCTOBER.

Some Cyders have, by Art or Age, unlearn'd
Their genuine Relish, & of sundry Vines—Assum'd the Flavour.
——A German oft has swill'd his Throat and sworn,
Deluded, that Imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous Rummer, whilst the Owner pleas'd
Laughs only at his Guests thus entertain'd
With foreign Vintage from his Cyder-Cask.
Spect.

NOVEMBER.

See Winter comes, to rule the vary'd Year,
Sullen and sad with all his rising Train,
——Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms——
Hang o'er the farthest Verge of Heaven,—The Sun
Scarce spreads o'er Ether the dejected Day.

DECEMBER.

————Descending to the long dark Night,
Wide shading all, the prostrate World resigns.

Nor is the Night unwish'd; while vital Heat,
Light, Life, and Joy, the dubious Day forsake.
————The cherish'd Fields
Put on their Winter Robes of purest White.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

The last Year's Almanack now being dead yet speaketh.
Now *Jack Frost* enters many a Cellar by Night, *Vi et armis*, and is not guilty of *Burglary* tho' he does much Mischief.

FEBRUARY.

Many Accidents hurtful to Mankind happen about these Days.
The burthen'd Elements declare a mighty Storm is near.
An expectation of great Changes ere long.

MARCH.

Heavy Travelling and difficult Sailing.

APRIL.

If all Men would endeavour to be Honest: How happy would the Times be!

By Conduct good and wise
a sinking People soon may rise.

Peaceable Negotiations are yet going on.

MAY.

Politicians, Projectors, Directors,
Dictators and Detractors,
How many there be?
But how fruitless are most,
You may easily see.

JULY.

Altho' the Season's extreamly Hot,
Old Tenor cannot be forgot.

AUGUST.

If you would do Business to purpose, improve the Morning.

The Indian Corn now grows amain:
The Farmer's pleas'd with hopes of Gain.

SEPTEMBER.

Two potent Parties long contending, are now reconcil'd.

OCTOBER.

Those that are Husbands good,
Should now get in their Cyder, Grain & Wood.

An honest Friend is good Company, but a good Conscience is the best Guest.

NOVEMBER.

All complain the Times are bad, but how few try to make them better. The Idol SELF, is yet ador'd too much.

DECEMBER.

The Cold searches every Crevice.

Another Year the Sun its Course has ran
Have we improv'd Days well since it began?

Since the Characters in the Almanack are not understood by many of my young Readers, I shall set down the Names and Characters of them, viz.:

7 PLANETS.	5 ASPECTS.	12 SIGNS.	
♄ Saturn.	☌ Conjunction.	♈ Aries.	♎ Libra.
♃ Jupiter.	✳ Sextile.	♉ Taurus.	♏ Scorpio.
♂ Mars.	□ Quartile.	♊ Gemini.	♐ Sagitarius.
☉ Sol or the Sun.	△ Trine.	♋ Cancer.	♑ Capricornus.
♀ Venus.	☍ Opposition.	♌ Leo.	♒ Aquarius.
☿ Mercury.		♍ Virgo.	♓ Pisces.
☽ the Moon.	⊖ Earth.	☊ Drag. Head.	☋ Drag. Tail.

When the Moon is *Apoge*, she is furthest from the Earth; when *Perige* the nearest to the Earth.

READER,

Something that's great and sweet I've dar'd to join,
With these dull Labours which are only mine:
I mean those far unequal'd,[1] sublime Lays,
For which a *Tompson's* Muse deserves the Praise.
Since I to serve you in this Way began
Slow *Saturn* has one Period almost ran.
And Years and Months and Days must now no more
Commence upon the Times they did before:
But I the Reason of this Change explore.

Since this is the Second Year corrected to Solar Time, and the general Date of all *Europe;* and almost all the Almanack-Writers for the last Year in their several Performances gave some Account of this Matter: I should have only conform'd to the Act of Parliament without saying any Thing further: But for the sake of many that take my Almanack, and have not seen or heard what has been said by others, I shall attempt to give them the Reasons of this Alteration briefly as I can. The main Intention in striking off the Eleven Days between the 2d and 14th of *September* A. D. 1752, is to produce an Uniformity in the Computation of Time throughout the Christian part of the World: The Reasons given by the Government at Home for this Alteration in the Preamble of their Act of Parliament, are as follows, viz:

1. Whereas the (*Julian*) Year began on the 25th Day of *March* differ'd from the Legal Method of Computation in Scotland, and from the Usage of other Nation, which occasion'd frequent Mistakes in the Date of Deeds and other Writings, &c.

2. That the Spring Equinox at the Council of Nice in the Year of our Lord 325, happened on the 21st Day of *March*, now happens on the 9th or 10th of the same Month, and the error is still increasing: and if not remedied, would in Process of Time, occasion the several Equinoxes, and Solstices to fall at very different Times in the civil Year from what they formerly did, which might tend to mislead Persons Ignorant of the said Alteration.

3. That other Nations of *Europe* have received and established a Method of correcting the Calendar, so as the Equinoxes

[1] *The Verses over each Monthly Page.*

and Solstices may fall on the same nominal Days on which they happened at the said Council.

4. That Uniformity in this Matter will be of Conveniency to Merchants and other Persons corresponding with other Nations and Countries.

For these Reasons among others,

It is enacted, That the Year henceforward shall begin on the first Day of *January:* That every Fourth Hundred Year is to consist of 366 Days, as is usual in the *Bissextile* or Leap Year; but all other whole Hundred Years of 365 Days only: the Years between which whole Hundreds to be common and *Bissextile* as formerly.

Julius Caesar with the Assistance of a famous *Egyptian* Mathematician was the Contriver of the Form of the Year according to Old Stile which consisted of the Astronomical Quantity of 365 Days and 6 Hours: so that every 4th Year one compleat Day was added. The Account of Time has each Year run a head of Time by the Sun 11 *min.* 5 *sec.* 18th 33 *fourths:* or 44 *min.* 21 *sec.* 14th 12 *fourths,* every 4 Years: and consequently 4 *d.* 1 *h.* 55 *min.* 3 *sec.* 40 *thirds* in 400 Years: And so from the Council of *Nice* when the Calender was setled in the Year 325, to the Year 1752 being 1427 Years, the Time by Account is forward of that by the Sun 10 *d.* 23 *h.* 43 *m.* Therefore 11 Days was left out of *September* as before mentioned, which makes the Equinoxes and Solstices to fall on the same nominal Days on which they happen'd at the said Council of *Nice.*

We are not to forget our Birth-Days:—Nor does this Act of Parliament anticipate the Payment of Debts, &c.:—Therefore I have in the 4th Column of this Almanack given you the Days of the Months according to Old Stile.—And as my last Year's Almanack was carried out 11 Days too long, this Year begins the 21st Day of *December* Old Stile which must evermore be accounted the first Day of *January.*

Notes on 1753.—The "Doctor Watts" style of hymn embellishes the title page of this year, which Dr. Ames styles the "Gregorian," out of compliment to the New Style now in vogue through all the British kingdom.

Thompson, the man who sang about "gentle Spring," (a season now

but little known,) and our old friend Dryden contribute each a portion for the introduction of the first three months, while Addison is largely drawn upon for the balance of the captions. Even with no acknowledgment, the lines at the head of October month, with their humorously satirical allusion, would generally be allowed as *Spectatorial.*

For the benefit of young readers, a short lesson in astronomy sets out the representative characters of the Planets, Aspects and Signs of the Zodiac.

The lecture this year is upon the *Gregorian Calendar*, with the reasons stated for the change from old to new "stile." The doctor enlarges upon previous calculations, and finally, having made his year 1752 too long by eleven days, he atones for the act by asking his readers to drop the last eleven days of 1752, and begin the year 1753 on the 21st December: hence his remark in the weather column under January "The last year's almanack now being dead, yet speaketh," an adaptation of the Latin motto on Patridge's English Almanack published long after his death—*Etiam mortuus, loquitur.*

The humorous drops still savor of the continued bias of the Author; "*Old Tenor*" still holds foremost place, with Hard Times a close follower.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1754.

By Nathaniel Ames.

BOSTON, NEW-ENGLAND:

Printed by J. DRAPER, for the BOOKSELLERS.

Price 12 s. per Dozen, and 18 d. Single, Old Tenor.

——Those Stars that twinkling Lustre send
Are Suns, and rolling Worlds those Suns attend,
————For Heaven's eternal King,
Who bid this Universe from Nothing spring,
Did at his *Word* bid num'rous Worlds appear,
And rising Worlds the all-powerful *Word* did hear.
The Stars shall drop, the Sun shall lose his Flame,
But Thou, O, God, forever shine the same.

READER,

I have this Year collected the Poetry for the Almanack from several Authors: what typographical Errors escape I hope you will correct with your Pen. I have fill'd the two last Pages with an *Essay on Regimen.* I don't pretend to direct the Learned—The Rich and Voluptuous will scorn my Direction, and sneer or rail at any that would reclaim them, but since this Sheet enters the solitary Dwellings of the Poor & Illiterate, where the studied Ingenuity of the Learned Writer never comes, if these brief Hints do good, it will rejoice the Heart of

your humble Servant,

Nath. Ames.

JANUARY.

Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our Defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of Sense,
If once right Reason drives that Cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless Day.
Trust not your self, but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry Friend,———and ev'ry Foe.

FEBRUARY.

To the Unmarried Ladies.

Choose him who bears an honest Mind,
  If he has common Sense,
And is to moral Good inclin'd,
  With common Faults dispense.
By Friends are often wrong Conjectures made,
But your own Reason best your Cause will plead.

MARCH.

Forbear t' insist you must
  A Jointure very great,
For whom you with your Person trust,
  Trust him with your Estate.
If Fortune frowns—thence comes the Bone of Strife,
  Betrays Distrust—and parts the Man and Wife.

APRIL.

The breath of Spring dissolves the Mountain's Snow,
Which trickling down, with murm'ring Music flow.

Th' approaching Sun darts forth his chearful Rays,
And vocal Woods resound with warbling Lays.
The sportive Lambs skip o'er the verdant Plain
And joyful Birds their tuneful Voices strain.

MAY.

All Nature laughs, the Groves are fresh and fair,
The Sun's mild Lustre warms the vital Air,
Whilst southern Climes his sable Absence mourn
We feel with Joy the youthful Spring's Return.
The blooming Trees their grateful Fragrance yield,
And od'rous Flow'rs paint the smiling Field.

JUNE.

When the gay Sun first breaks the Shades of Night,
And strikes the distant Eastern Hills with Light,
Colour returns, the Plains their Liv'ry wear,
And a bright Verdure cloaths the smiling Year;
The bloomy Flow'rs with op'ning Beauties glow,
And grazing Flocks their milky Fleeces show.

JULY.

When to the Western Main the Sun descends,
To other Lands a rising Day he lends;
The spreading Dawn another Shepherd spies,
The wakeful Flocks from their warm Folds arise
Refresh'd the Peasant seeks his early Toil,
And bids the Plough correct the fallow Soil.

AUGUST.

See how the Skies with gath'ring Darkness low'r,
The Branches rustle with the threaten'd shower;
With sudden Blasts the Forest murmurs loud,
Indented Lightnings cleave the sable Cloud.
Thunder on Thunder breaks, the Tempest roars
And Heav'n discharges all its watry Stores.

SEPTEMBER.

The Apples now on loaded Branches shine,
Whose grateful Juice vie's with the generous Wine.
Leave Rum for Sots; and with a modest Sneer,
Let Farmers boast the Virtues of their Beer;
Their Barley hous'd, the Year's with Plenty crowned
The falling Fruits and Berries paint the Ground;
And lavish Nature laughs & strows her stores around.

OCTOBER.

The Sun grows low, the Summer Heats decay,
And all her Pride and Beauty fades away:
The cold Boreal chilling Rain returns,
Stript of her fading Pride all Nature mourns;
The Trees no more their wonted Verdure boast,
But weep in dewy Tears, their Beauty lost.

NOVEMBER.

Some few by Temp'rance taught, approaching slow
To distant Fate by easy Journeys go
Gently they lay them down; as ev'ning Sheep
On their own woolly Fleece's softly sleep
Still quitting Ground by unperceiv'd decay,
And steal themselves from Life, and melt away.

DECEMBER.

While we in Sleep's Embraces waste the Night,
The Climes oppos'd enjoy Meridian Light:
And when those Lands the busy Sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy Morning wakes.
In lazy Sleep the Night rolls swift away,
And neither Clime laments his absent Ray.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

I tell you for this Winter if you leave your Cellar expos'd to Jack Frost your Sauce will be froze, & Potatoes all lost.

If you have Coal or Wood you'l find a fire very good.

Venus & *Mars* smile on each other, touch & take.

FEBRUARY.

As oft as we do good, we offer Sacrifice.

Tell me thy Manners and I'll tell thy Fortune.

MARCH.

Huge Cakes of Ice come sweeping down the Rivers, & all their Banks oreflow.

Opportunity rideth Post.

APRIL.

Age may be allowed to gaze at Beauty's Blossom But Youth must climb the Tree and enjoy the Fruit.

MAY.

(*a*) ✳ ☉ ♂ (*b*) △ ☉ ♄ (*c*) ☍ ♄ ♂

These *Aspects* threaten buildings with Fire, and many violent unlucky Accidents to Men.

A riotous Disposition prevails in bad Men.

This pleasant Season vertuous Minds placed in beautiful Bodies are very acceptable.

JUNE.

Brisk Gales fill the Sails.

Now some are moaping with Disappointment in the Affairs of Love.

JULY.

A merry Meeting and kind Greeting of Friends.

Phœbus in *Thetis* Lap lays down his Head,
& Sheets of Lightning dress their Bed.

AUGUST.

Dreams like notorious Liars are generally false, but may speak truth now and then.

Be on your guard, for the Gates of Death are open Night & Day.

SEPTEMBER.

Get in your Salt Hay whilst you can.

Dainty Food and delicate Fare is the Mother of Diseases.

OCTOBER.

Much Meat, much Malady.

Finery and Poverty go together.

NOVEMBER.

More die by Gluttony, than perish by the Sword.

Now some light Heads and sharp Wits invent smooth Lies, to the prejudice of honest Men.

The Herd that Graze, the barren Fields, complain and shrink and shiver with the beating Rain.

DECEMBER.

There is no sufficient Recompense for an unjust Slander.

All things are chil'd with cold; but Love and Zeal are Warm.

It is hard for him that will not Labour, to excel in Wealth or Knowledge.

(*a*) Sextile—Sun and Mars. (*b*) Trine—Sun and Saturn. (*c*) Opposition—Saturn and Mars.

An ESSAY upon Regimen.

It is true as a Poet says

A Law Eternal does decree,
That all Things born shall Mortal be:

Yet the Birds, Beasts and Fishes, if not devoured by one another or murdered by Man, commonly go on in a State of Health to the Period of Life. Man! the last and most noble of all GOD'S visible Works! what innumerable Diseases (besides a strange Pestilence[1] with foul *Ulcusculosa*) prey on thy infant Posterity! How soon is thy Youth forced to struggle with inflammatory Fevers of all Kinds! If from the Age of thirty-five to forty Years we escape melting into Death with a Consumption, or swiming to the Grave in a Dropsy; Our Bowels are tortur'd with cholick Pangs, our Joynts rack't with Gouts and Rheumatisms, our Beauty spoil'd with *Erysipelas's*, the Strength of our Muscles broken down, and their springy Fibres torne asunder with Imposthumes, Gangrenes, and Mortifications? Is it not enough for mortal Man to be born, to live his appointed Time, and die at last! Why, does the Author of our Beings delight in our Misery! GOD forbid that we should attribute the Cruelty of a Tyrant, to Infinite Goodness: No, no, the monstrous and extream Tortures which many labour under, are the growth of their own Madness and Folly, who through Laziness rust for want of Exercise, or for the sake of a little sensual Pleasure cram their poor passive Machines with more Meats and Drinks, than they can easily digest: Our Bodies require only a determinate Quantity of suitable Matter to supply the Expences of Living, and Nature in her secret Distribution of the circulating Fluid requires, those Compressions, Extensions and other Kinds of Motions necessary to separate the several Humours, and cast them into their proper Channels, to retain the Balsamick and throw off the redundant excrementitious Particles of the Blood.

A Body found by Inheritance with this determinate Quantity of suitable Matter and these Motions and Exercises which Nature requires, (tho' liable to Death by innumerable Accidents) will not be subject to the Insults of the common Tribe of Distempers, under the Influence of which some Persons groan all their Days,

[1] The Throat Distemper.

as tho' their Lives were a *Purgatory* to Expiate for Crimes committed in some other State. Says an ingenious Author, "When I behold a fashionable Table set out in its Magnificence, I fancy I see Gouts and Dropsies, Fevers and Lethargies, with other innumerable Distempers lying in Ambuscade *among the Dishes*."

THE Divine Artificer, with infinite Skill, made the Body of Man, a Machine at first capable of endless Duration; but the living Principle in this Machine, which actuates and governs the divinely contrived, and infinite Number of it's perfectly finished Organs, suffered the Admittance of a *forbidden*, (if not an hetrogeneous Substance) which broke the divine Harmony, and in a certain determinate Number of Years rendered this Machine unfit for this self-motive, self-active Principle, to act harmoniously upon. In the Anti-diluvian Days these Organs would perform their intended Uses, for the Space of Nine Hundred Years: But since that Fluid, (i. e. the Blood,) which was created and contrived to preserve the due Plight and tonical Vertue of these Organs, is made of animal Substances, the divine [1] Warranty runs but for threescore Years and ten or fourscore. Though the foregoing Hints cannot be sufficiently illustrated in the contracted Limits of this Page, they will afford the following Corrolaries,

1. That those Men who have their Palates solicited with Variety of delightful Tastes, as with Cordials, Drams, Bitters, high relished Sauces with their Food, &c. have false Appetites created. 2. That these false Appetites being bribed betray their Trusts and admit of Excess. 3. That these Excesses contain in Embrio the first Seeds of those rebellious Distempers which spring in a terrible manner, and cut down Millions before they have liv'd out half their Days. 4. Those Persons whose male Regimen have produc'd Diseases, ought not to expect Cure from Physicians without reforming their ill Conduct. To conclude, All distill'd fermented Spirits contain a deleterious Quality, they destroy the Appetite and Digestion, they spoil the Blood and Nerves, and bring the Persons that use them into a languid dispirited State; and will as assuredly kill at last as any other slow Poison.

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[1] Psalm 90.

Notes on 1754.—Borrowed plumage ornaments the almanack this year; the author stating that he has drawn upon several writers for this purpose—the selections being both instructive and calculated to please the great mass of his readers.

The Doctor's profession asserts itself in the Essay; and he contributes a most practical dissertation upon *Regimen*, which, if "more thoroughly adopted," as the Author remarks, to the "Poor and Illiterate," the presence of many syllabled words therein would argue a more advanced state of learning among the aforesaid *impoverished and uncultivated.* than would be supposed to exist among the classes to which the essays were generally addressed.

The Doctor in his "weather column," however, makes amends, by inserting much of a more readily understood character, in the usual merry style.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1755.

By *Nathaniel Ames.*

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Printed by J. DRAPER, for the Booksellers.

Price 12 shillings *per Dozen* & 18 pence *Single, Old Tenor.*

Whether the tall Inhabitants of *Jove*,
And kindred Worlds that round one Center move,
With as are in a fallen State, or no?
Or sin and pray, as we poor Mortals do,
Are Mysteries too great for us, (as yet) to know,
Doubtless these Strangers altogether join
To laud one Author, infinite, divine.

JANUARY.

Keep *Friendship* warm, dear Antidote of Strife,
The sweet Beguiler of the Ills of Life.

Friendship, by Name, is courted and caress'd,
But banish'd far from each pretending Breast:
In her due Room, a Net of Vermin lies.
And selfish, sordid Furies tyrannize.

FEBRUARY.

"Let there be Light," GOD said; and lo,
The nimble Beams the Fiat heard,
Sprang from the Womb of ancient Night,
And chearful Light it's smiling Visage rear'd,
On purple Wings it upward flew,
And by his Order fix'd on high;

MARCH.

Around it's darting Glories threw,
And stain'd the Curtains of the Sky:
Whither it paints the blushing East
With rosy Streaks, or gilds the West:
Not undiscern'd by Him the heav'nly Ray,
He saw that it was good, and blest the infant Day.

APRIL.

Within the Chambers of the Globe there spy
The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lie,
Till the glad Summons of a genial Ray
Unbind the Glebe, and call them out to Day.
The gentle Heats and soft repeated Rains,
Make the green Blood to dance within their Veins.

MAY.

To meet the Sun, see! youthful Spring appear,
The laughing Fields, new Flowers and Verdure wear,
The warb'ling Birds now loftly hover round,
While silver Fountains murmur to their Sound,
Joy spreads the Heart; and with a general Song
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly Months along.

JUNE.

Now the Carnation, and the bashful Rose,
Their Virgin-blushes to the Morn disclose:
Now the chaste Lilly rises to the Light,
Unveils her snowy Breast, and charms the Sight:
And Arbours are with twining Greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.

JULY.

The Disk of *Phœbus*, when he climbs on high,
Appears at first but as a blood-shot Eye;
And when his Chariot downwards drives to Bed,
His Ball is with the same Suffusion red;
But mounted high in his meridian Race,
All bright he shines, and with a better grace.

AUGUST.

Dreams are but Interludes which Fancy makes:
When Monarch REASON sleeps, this Mimic wakes;
Compounds a Medley of disjointed Things,
A Mob of Coblers, and a Court of Kings:
Light Fumes are merry, grosser Fumes are sad,
Both are the reasonable SOUL run mad;

SEPTEMBER.

And many monstrous Forms in Sleep we see,
That never were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten Things, long cast behind,
Rush forward in the Brain, and come to Mind:
The Nurses Legends are for Truths receiv'd,
And the Man dreams but what the Boy believ'd.

OCTOBER.

Seek not to know To-morrow's Doom;
That is not our's which is to come!
The present Moment's all our Store,
The next should Heav'n allow
Then this will be no more:
So all our Life is but one Instant Now.

NOVEMBER.

Religion's foreign, and is treated so;
No sooner condescends th' Ætherial Dame
To visit some dark Town with vital Flame;
But straitway all around contrive
To hoot the heav'nly Guest, and drive
Her Home unto the Land from whence she came.

DECEMBER.

Who 'ere presum'd, till FRANKLIN led the Way,
To climb the amazing Highth of Heaven,
And rob the Sky of it's tremendous Thunder;

And leave the Clouds, with Winds and Tempests fraught,
But Breath enough to shake the trembling Trees,
And rock the Birds that pirch upon their Boughs.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

How easy they are who are freest of care.

FEBRUARY.

The Times are bad because Men's Minds are so.

MARCH.

Innocence is not always a Security from Punishment.
Happy would be the Times if all would strive to mend their Lives.

APRIL.

Many complain of bad Times, but take no care to become better Themselves.
A good Day to some, but ill for others.

MAY.

A sudden Combustion after a long Calm.
Some unexpected Change
□ ♄ ♀ △ ♃ ☿
for the Best.

JUNE.

The Fire of Contention destroys the publick Good.

JULY.

A sudden Disappointment stops the Progress of a grand Tyrant.
Good Projections without Resolution and Action, will produce no good Effects.

AUGUST.

What's spent profusely, might pay all public Charges.

OCTOBER.

An idle Man is a Burden to himself, to his Family, and to the Publick.

NOVEMBER.

An honest Friend is a good Companion.

A selfish Spirit ruins the Interest of the Publick.

DECEMBER.

A great Sign of some remarkable Occurrence in War or Love, about this Time.

The Planet Saturn changes Signs; the Sky changes Winds, and many Men change their Minds.

Now remarkable Weather in some sort, and many strange Accidents.

The Essay *on* Regimen *continued.*

Of *AIR*.

The AIR which fills our raptur'd Breasts with Joy, supports all Natures Sons with Life, without whose Energy the Blood of Man and Beast would soon become a drossy Tide, and all the Efforts of the active Heart, would be unable to propell the purple Currant thro' its secret mazy Channels. Sometimes the Planets dart their influence down; or from the Earth's wide Womb strange Plagues arise and contaminate the Ætherial Tracts of Air, which stains the blue Serenity of Heaven with Death in various Shapes.

Breathe not the Air of *Cities*, where breathless Winds imbibe Effluvia from the Sick and Dying, from the Dead, from Docks and Dunghills; where Thousands of Lungs with Exhalations foul, sate the Air with strange Corruption, and make that vital Element a nauseous Mass, enough to spoil and corrode that weak and tender Organ thro' whose flexible Tubes the putrid Salts of all obscene corrupt offensive Things are carried to the Blood.

You who would breathe in pure balsamic Air, see yon Blue-Hill invites you; where western Gales from *Dedham* Plains with sweet ambrosial Breezes fan the undulating Skie and chase those Mists which cloud his lofty summit; and see bewildered [1] *Charles* River in State slowly move thro' the Town, and well deserves her notice in the Charter.

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[1] *Bewildered*, because in *Dedham* the Flood parts, and contrary to the common Course of Nature, a considerable Branch runs from *Charles* River and joins with *Neponsit* River.

DIET.

The Food which from the briny Ocean is taken, and made hard with the Sun and Salt, or the vetran Ox, so smoak'd and dried that Wood is scarcely more rebellious, yet this the arthletic labouring Man with hungry Meal devours; his assimilating Powers are so amazing strong that they subtilize the stubborn Mass to Chyle, which nature labours into Blood: But those whose Fibres are unstrung, the inflrm and delicate, those pale and bloated up with Sloth, those new in Life, and those who bear the Weight of many Years; to keep your Bodies free of Pain, of Woes the Mind, reject all luscious Food; the oily Aliments which the stal'd and cram'd afford, will injure your languid Stomachs, your elastic Tubes are not sufficiently brac'd and the Machinery of Nature (in you) is not strong enough to grind such viscous Fluids fit for solid Health; but rather chuse Meat that is young and such as gain their Food with Exercise from Grass, from Grain, from flowery Herbs; that drink the Sun and Dews from Mountain's Sides, or fertile Vales: When first the Flowers and grateful Herbs, that deck the Spring with tender Blade and sprouting Life, rise from their nitrous Beds, these give the best Repast, a sweet Refection, their balmy Quintessences restore from Languishments, which all the long, long! Winter Nights opprest.

EXERCISE.

The Law of Nature so ordains, *Toil, and be Strong*: The Husbandman who manures the Glebe, and toils in Dust and Rain;—his Habit is steel'd with Labour;—his Nerves grow firm and strong; thro' midnight Fogs he walks unhurt, nor fears Rheumatic Pains or Coughs from Eastern Blasts. Oh! happy would it be for many Sons of Luxury, if they no Bread might eat but what they earn'd by Labour. When Winter chills the Blood and binds the Veins, your Health more Labour then demands. How Sweet the balmy Dew of Sleep descends on the labouring Man: He wastes the blank of Night in deep Oblivion; but if his Memory retains what roving Fancy coin'd, the little Cupids court his Company by Night, and happy Dreams increase the Tranquility of his Mind, and he awakes as lively as the

Morning: But with the unactive Sluggard it is not so; his flacid Nerves are unstrung, his Nature sinks, his Meals oppress, his Sleep is frantic with pale Spectres, coin'd in his delirious Brains; and monstrous Painting shocks his Soul all Night.

'Twas Toil that taught the *Romans* how to conquer; they from the Fields went to the Senate-House; and from the Plough they led their Legions on to War, by Toil thro' every Clime they gain'd the Victory. — Then you of firmest Clay, *New England's* hardiest Sons, let Agriculture exercise your Limbs. —You with the Spirit of the *Romans*, conquer'd *Louisbourg:* Manure this Land which your Fore-fathers planted with Herculean Labour and at a vast Expence. When Dust & Sweat besmears the Skin, thro' whose small Pores a constant Stream pervades—then plunge into the Flood, or in the Cistern bathe— Your Nerves thus tempered as with treble Steel, no chronick Languors can assault your Breast, nor Fever's rapid Flames scorch up your Blood; besides 'twill keep you clean, and Nastiness is Poverty indeed: Youth has no Grace with Filth, and Charms with Dirt are loathsome.—— But you whose Health is fled, whose Strength is prostrate, whose feeble Limbs the Toil of Exercise can't bear, nor in the tepid Flood dare plunge: You, Friction with the Brush may use; such Irritation on the porous Skin may move those Bars which Perspiration feels, and make the Wheels of Life (which lag) move easier along.

Notes 1755.—The almanack this year tends largely towards poetry and hygiene. The general character of the monthly verses does not differ much in sentiment from the earlier productions of the author. He still continues his profound admiration for the wonderful processes of Nature, and his lines are a veritable melange of moralizing, devotion, description, advice, and admiration; concluding with a *gloria* to the philosopher Franklin, and his remarkable attainments.

His essay on Regimen, divided into chapters on Air, Diet, and Exercise are well intended for the consideration of his auditors, and his wit and humor combines as usual, terse sayings concerning economy and reform, which now appear to occupy prominent positions in the public mind.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1756.

By NATHANIEL AMES.

BOSTON, N. E., Printed by J. DRAPER for the Booksellers.

" Presence of Mind, and Courage in Distress
" Are more than Armies to procure Success.
" True Courage dwells not in a troubled Flood
" Of mounting Spirits and fermenting Blood;
" Lodg'd in the Soul with Virtue over-rul'd,
" Inflam'd by Reason, and by Reason cool'd;
" In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,
" And only in the Field of Battle shown."

JANUARY.

Th' Alarm's beat, the Foe approacheth nigh,
The Noise and Shout of Soldiers pierce the Skie,
The Drum's and Trumpet's Sound awake the Day,
Come WINSLOW! with your Mirmydons away;
Your Soldiers are like their great Leaders true:
Success and Victory bound to follow you.

FEBRUARY.

For brave Men force Dame *Fortune* to bestow
Her Gifts on them, whether she will or no:
You've heard the Pagan's fearful warlike Yell;
Their *Claron* sound as from the Jaws of Hell.
This' frightned BRADDOCK'S Soldiers from their Master,
And wrought alas! that shameful sad Disaster;

MARCH.

Which wou'd to Heav'n, might never more be nam'd,
As 'twas thro' *France*[1] and *Canada* proclaim'd.
O may that Day! that fatal Day be ras'd,
Nor in Times Calender be ever plac'd;
July the ninth, let never more be nam'd,
Which *Britain's* bleeding Glory thus has stain'd.

[1] *It was published in* France *about the Time it happened.*

APRIL.

Fate fix'd the Doom of that illustrious Train
Of noble Heroes, most ignobly slain;
Their valiant Souls through many a gaping Wound
Left their rich Carcases to strow the Ground;
Th' affright'ned Field a dreadful Carnage swept
From skulking Foes who under Covert crept:

MAY.

So fares the Trav'ler amongst the Brakes,
Nigh some foul Den of deadly guileful Snakes,
From his stung Heel the baneful Venum deep
Into his Marrow and scorch'd Entrails creep,
He turns, and lo his skulking Foe he spies
When all's too late, for seeing Him he dies.

JUNE.

Thus *Shirley* too by savage Hands did fall,
His Blood for Blood incessently does call:
For this Defeat which thus our Honour soils
And their short Joy which triumph'd in our Spoils,
May our just Sword a plentious Harvest reap,
And *Canada* one endless Fast Day keep.

JULY.

Shou'd *Sols* fierce Beams the stragling Streams exhale,
That glide along the fam'd *Monongahale*[1];
May *Indian* Hearts their purple Stores let go,
And make that Flood its 'frightned Banks o'erflow:
Times rolling Wheel a Revolution brings,
And shifting Scenes attend all human Things.

AUGUST.

The Canons of Eternal Date decree
This foul Defeat shall full revenged be;
For whilst I write, the *Western Post* come's by,
My Muse collects the Rumours as they flie,
I just have heard how the proud *Gallic* Pow'rs,
Prostrate themselves before the leaden Show'rs;

[1] *The River nigh to which the Battle was fought.*

SEPTEMBER.

Which our *Cromelians* with just Rage possest
Aim'd sure and fatal at each bleeding Breast:
How like the Leaves the dying *Frenchmen* fall
And with the rest their haughty General:
Grief chills my Veins, my Joy is almost lost,
To think what Blood this Victory has cost.

OCTOBER.

A hearty Tear each mournful Face bedews,
Trees shed their Leaves, Streams murmur at the News
To hear how TITCOMB, and brave WILLIAMS dy'd,
" Whilst Victory lay bleeding by their Side:
Their Warlike Deeds, their lasting Names shall save
From the Oblivion of a Tyrant Grave.

NOVEMBER.

Behold our Camp! from Fear, from Vice refin'd,
Not of the Filth, but Flower of human Kind!
Mother's their Sons, Wives lend their Husbands there
Brethren, ye have our Hearts, our Purse, our Prayer.
The happy Bard who in Heroic Song
Shall paint your tedious Marches all along;

DECEMBER.

Tell whom you slew, what wonders you have done,
How you have fought, and God-like Honor won,
With heav'nly Lawrels of eternal Fame,
Reports the Merits of each worthy Name;
And justly tell what Praises are your due,
Shall gain himself immortal Honor too.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

What's now projected, ought not to be neglected.

Chuse thy Wife rather for her Wit and Modesty, than for her Wealth & Beauty.

He that can't feel the cold now, is certainly benumb'd.

FEBRUARY.

The Ambition of great Men, impoverishes and destroys a Nation.

When adverse Planets scowl, and press th' etherial Plains:
The secret touch by Man's confess'd in his disturbed Brains.

MARCH.

Now *Celsus* has to do, with Quinseys, Pleurisies and Cholicks too.

The falling Snow and Rain, mix'd with the Mire,
now makes the Trave'lers meagre Horses tire.

APRIL.

Many Remarkables happen about this Time.
A strange Affair, which makes some People stare!
News, more strange than true.
More is lost by Imprudence, than can be re-gain'd by Contrivance.
Cold eastern Gales, and Sun obstructing Clouds, keep back the approach of Spring.

MAY.

A mighty Stir to no purpose.
A great many remarkable violent Accidents.
Now where there's War they fall to Blows.

JUNE.

Now Agues chill, and melancholy Care,
possess some weakned Minds with black Dispair.

JULY.

Now the bite of a Rattle-Snake is bad, but the Envy of a bad Nei'bour is worse.

AUGUST.

If it Rains not now great signs fail.
A prospect of a plentiful Year in some Places, in others Desolation, by War & Drougt.
Unwholesome Gales, contagious Auster blows.

SEPTEMBER.

Now Rain, or else, a Frost,
or else, alas! my Guess is lost.

Excess of Drink, burns up Beauty, hastens Age, makes a man a Beast, a strong Man weak, and a wise Man a Fool.

OCTOBER.

Strange! now the Planets do excite
Contending Foes t' engage in Fight.

Some strange Events happen very unexpectedly.

NOVEMBER.

Now many an aching Bone prognosticates that Winter's coming on.

DECEMBER.

Pain's our Inheritance; Pleasure is lent to a Man upon hard Usury.
Now Sol in Capricorn appoints
Fierce Rheumatism to rack the Joynts.

An Account of the several Provinces in North-America.

This Continent was first discovered by *Christopher Columbus*, a *Genoese*, A.D. 1492, in the *Spanish* Service; and is called *America* from *Americus Vespucius*, a *Florentine* Merchant, employ'd by the *Portugese*, A.D. 1499, about the same Time the *Cabbots* were imployed by the *English*, and *Veruzani* by the *French*, in Voyages to this new World: The *British* Empire in *North-America* extends it's self about 1600 Miles Sea-Coast, from *Nova-Scotia*, South Westward to *Georgia*, including 13 Provinces, Colonies, or distinct Governments, subject to the Crown of *Great Britain;* each of which I shall just mention: And,

1. Of *Nova Scotia:* At the Conclusion of Queen *Ann's* War, 1713, at the Treaty of *Utrecht*, *Nova-Scotia* was ceded to *Great-Britain*, there were two or three Thousand *French* at that Time, who were suffered to continue on the Lands they had settled, and undoubtedly became the Subjects of *Great-Britain:* They call themselves *Neutrals*, but are Rebels and Traytors, assisting the *French* and *Indians* at all Opportunities, to murder & cut our Throats: They are increased to 7 or 8000: The brave *Monckton* & *Winslow*, with an Army, chiefly from *New England*, in removing those perfidious Neighbours,[1] have brightned the first of our Expeditions against the *French* this Year, with Success. Some say, that *Nova Scotia* for Healthiness of Climate, and Richness of soil, exceed the other Governments. Its produce is Hemp, Flax, Timber, Coals, Furs and Skins, and contains the most profitable Fisheries in the World; there are 5000 Inhabitants; it's present Governor is his Excellency *Charles Lawrence*, Esq;

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[1] This refers to the banishment of the Acadians in 1755.

2. *New-Hampshire* is the next Government on the Continent, which with the *Massachusetts*, *Rhode-Island* and *Connecticut*, bear the general Appellation of *New-England*. This Government produces Masts for the Royal Navy, and Lumber of all sorts; contains 30,000 Inhabitants; It's present Governor is his Excellency *Benning Wentworth*, Esq;

3. We come now to the *Massachusetts-Bay;* This Province may be said to give Peace to Europe; since for *Cape Breton* the *French* yielded all their Conquests in *Flanders*. *Boston* is the Metropolis of *North-America:* The Air clear and healthy; the soil in some Parts very good, producing Rye, Oats, Barley and Indian Corn, in great Plenty, excellent Pasture Land, and plenty of Provisions. Our Cod-Fish we Trade off to *Spain*, *Portugal*, *Italy*, &c. Our Whale-Fishery and Ship Building is great *&c. &c. &c.* The Number of our Inhabitants is computed at 220,000, Our Governor is his Excellency *William Shirley*, Esq;

4. *Rhode-Island* is the next in Course; a small Colony, *Newport* in *Rhode-Island* is the Capital Town, *Providence* is the next considerable Town, and increases very fast in Trade, in Building, and in Inhabitants. Their Air and Soil differ not much from the *Massachusetts*, and contains about 35,000 Inhabitants; their Governor this Year is the Hon. *Stephen Hopkins*, Esq;

5. In our Course a little to the Westward, lies *Connecticut* Colony, a good Air, a rich Soil, greatly abounding in all sorts of Provisions, many fine Towns along the Sea-Coast, and on the River, which bears the Name of their Colony. They are a religious, virtuous People, and have greatly distinguished themselves in the present Expedition against *Crown Point;* their Number of Inhabitants 100,000, and Governor this Year, is the Hon. *Thomas Fitch*, Esq;

6. The next Government is *New-York;* the City of *New-York* is their Capital; and is said to contain 5000 Houses, they abound in all Sorts of Provisions, which they export, and in Return bring the best *Madeira*, which by the better sort is drank freely in the City; the Number of their Inhabitants is set at 100,000, and their present Governor is His Excellency Sir *Charles Hardy*, Knight.

7. The next Government is *New-Jersey;* a level Country, and Plenty of Provisions; not much Foreign Trade. Many good

Towns, and contains about 60,000 Inhabitants; their present Governor is His Excellency *Jonathan Belcher*, Esq;

8. *Pennsylvania;* the most populous of all the Governments in *North America; Philadelphia* is the capital and finest City on the Continent; their Houses are well built, their Streets regular; their Town House elegant: Their Market abounds with every Thing, they tolerate all Religions, and trade to all Parts, and have 250,000 Inhabitants, their Governor is the Hon. *Robert Hunter Morris*, Esq;

9. The next Colony is *Maryland:* A fruitful Soil, they raise Wheat, Indian Corn, and Tobacco in plenty, Cattle and Hogs. The Transports from *Tyburn*, plague them worse than Rattle-snakes, who are Natives of the Country; they have 85,000 Inhabitants; their present Governor is the Hon. *Horatio Sharpe*, Esq;

10. *Virginia* is next; named by Sir *Walter Raleigh*, after the Virgin Queen *Elizabeth;* 'tis the most ancient Settlement: *Williamsburg* is the Capital Town, Lat. 37. Deg. N. not so cold; the People live in ease and plenty: Tobacco is their chief Commodity, which brings a great Revenue to the Crown. *Virginia* has 180 Miles Sea Coast; & its now well known our disputed Claim with the *French*, extends back in the Country unbounded, and is wonderfully supplied with fine navigable Rivers; contains 85,000 Inhabitants, their present Governor is the Hon. *Robert Dinwiddie*, Esq;

11. *North-Carolina;* Lat. 35 Deg. N. is fruitful in Rice, Indian Corn, Tobacco, Pitch, Tar, Deer skins, Fur, Wax, Tallow, &c. Hot in Summer, and not very cold in Winter; their Cattle and Hogs are fed and fatted by indulgent Nature, without Expence to the Farmer: Their chief Places are *Cape Fare* and *Edentown;* their Number of Inhabitants 45,000, their present Governor is the Hon. *Arthur Dobbs*, Esq;

12. *South-Carolina;* in 32 Deg. N. Lat. has the same Produce as *North-Carolina;* they have little Winter, and have all the Conveniences of Life; also fine Rivers and good Harbours; *Charlestown* is their Capital: Number of Inhabitants about 30,000, their present Governor is His Excelleney *William Littleton*, Esq;

13. *Georgia*, the last and Frontier Colony against the

Spaniards, lies in Lat. 29 or 30 Deg. is very hot and not so rich a Soil as the other Colonies: they abouud in Mulberry Trees, the Silk-Worm's proper Food, and some Silk has been made there. *Georgia* contains 6000 Inhabitants, and the Hon. *John Reynolds*, Esq; is their present Governor.

Upon the whole, The southern Colonies live with the least Labour; but the Northern Colonies are most Healthy; and the Breed and Disposition of the *New-England* People, are the most stout and warlike, and deserve the Preference in Military Affairs.

Notes on 1756.—The patriotism and military ardor of the Author no where shines forth to any better advantage than in his verses the present year. Seventeen hundred and fifty-five, it will be remembered was a bloody period for the frontier colonists. The French with their Indian allies were making desperate efforts to cut off the advancing strides of British colonization, by the establishment of a chain of outposts or forts, between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley.

This war embraced the fateful Braddock campaign, and heralded the advent of a Washington. The Doctor's lines are full of spirit, and each syllable is impued with not only patriotic fire and loyalty, but also with an implacable belief in the *lex talionis* of the old dispensation.

He embalms in his poetic strains the memories of almost forgotten heroes—Winslow, Shirley, Titcomb, Williams—execrates the French and Canada, and with a pen dipped in gall, bemoans the employment of mercenary *savages*, as allies in a combat between *Christian* nations.

A very interesting geographical description "of the several Provinces in North America" concludes this year's pamphlet, and will possess considerable attraction for the reader; conveying to his mind forcibly and briefly the condition of the colonies at that period, and from which sprang this great Nation of Republics.

NOTE.—The compiler inserts the following, with an extract from a contemporary almanack, as being of possible interest in connection with Dr. Ames' production.

In the last paragraph of the geographical description, it will be observed that Dr. Ames takes occasion to comment upon the comparative military efficiency of the two sections of the now American Union, by which it would seem that there were *opinions* upon this subject even at that early period.

Mr. C. MORE, in his Almanack 1757, published at New York, makes use of the entire article written by *Dr. Ames* (and here printed,) concerning the "Provinces in North America," but forbears any allusion to the "Preference in Military Affairs." *Mr. More* does, however, amplify the

subject in the manner following, and also touches up several matters connected with the "French and Indian War," which bear evidence that the "Army" and the "Government," had some critics equally as watchful as any who supervised the "War between the States."

"Besides these 13 Colonies, the English are in the rightful Possession of *Newfoundland*, but there are but few Settlements on it, and those chiefly for carrying on the Cod-Fishery; which is great.

These 13 Colonies form an Extent on the Sea-Coast of near 1800 Miles, but no where reaching 300 Miles back; whilst the *French* surround us as it were in a Bow, from *Cape Breton*, at the Mouth of *St. Lawrence* River, to the Mouth of the *Mississippi*, forming a Chain of about 3000 miles. The French have continually been encroaching on the Lands claimed by the English on this Continent; and in the Year 1754, the Government of *Virginia* being too sensible of it, sent Col. *Washington* to treat with them about their Encroachments on the *Ohio;* but the then French Commandant M. *St. Pierre*, told him he knew it must come to Blows, and he did not care how soon. A while after Col. *Washington* was sent with an armed Force, to fortify a Place since called Fort *Du Quesne*, on the *Ohio* River, in order to dispossess the French; but he was set upon by the French and Indians the 3d Day of *July* 1754, entirely defeated, and his Cannon all lost.

This seemed to awaken the Court of *Great Britain*, who early the next Spring, sent over General *Braddock*, with a Body of Forces and Artillery sufficient to dislodge the French: They arrived at *Virginia* on the 1st of *March*, 1755. The same Spring Orders were given for raising Forces for an Expedition against *Crown-point*, to consist of upwards of 2000 Provincials, under the Command of Gen. *Johnson*. And the two Regiments of *Shirley* and *Pepperrell* were to be completed, in order to make an Attempt at the same Time on *Niagara*. The first of these Orders were given in *Connecticut* the first of *January*, and by the beginning of *May* the chief of the Men were raised. Gen. *Braddock* sent for Gen. *Shirley* to meet him at *Annapolis* in *Maryland*, the beginning of *April*, but after waiting there 9 Days for him in vain, he set out on his Way to the Frontiers; and G. S. not coming till some Days after, was obliged to follow him a considerable Distance: By these Delays, and a continued Series of others as unaccountable, Gen. *Braddock* could not proceed till the Beginning of *July*, when, on the 9th Day being got within 13 miles of the Fort Du Quesne, he was suddenly attack'd by the French in Ambush, when he was entirely defeated, his Cannon taken, upwards of 600 of his Men and Officers killed, and himself mortally wounded, so that he died two Days after: In this Battle G. S. lost a Son. Gen. S. was to have attack'd *Niagara* at the same Time, but he had not got so far on the way as *Albany* then: The Provincial Forces were also to have been against *Crown-point*, but these last continued loitering near *Albany* till Sickness, Idleness and Dissatisfaction increased much among them. On the first Day of *September*, they however got to the Banks of Lake Sacrament, now called Lake George, where

after lying eight Days, they were attacked by the French General Baron *Dieskau*, with a body of Regulars, Canadians and Indians, (as if to chide them for their long Delays.) However, here they happened to catch a Tartar; for the English once more resumed their natural Disposition, and not only bravely repulsed the Enemy, but entirely routed them, taking their General Prisoner, and killing upward of 700 Men, being great Part of their Army: And M. *St. Pierre*, who defeated G. *Braddock* the 9th of *July*, having travell'd above 900 miles by Land and Water, to assist the Baron *Dieskau*, lost his Life in this Engagement. But the English delaying to follow their Blow, the scattered Remains of the French escaped, and got safe back. The Noise of this Attack alarm'd the whole Country, and several Thousands poured in to their Assistance; and it is conjectured had they followed their Stroke, while the French were under their Panic, *Crown-point* must in all Probability have fell into our Hands, if not all *Canada*. But a Cry of Want of Provisions was pleaded in Excuse; tho' they had had all the Summer to provide them in; and whose Fault it was, that they were not provided, tho' worthy the Enquiry of the respective Legislatures, is hard at his Time to say;

Gen. *S.*, arrived at *Oswego* the 18th *August*, in order to go against *Niagara*; but waiting till the 27th of *Sept.* it was then found out to be too late for Action that Season; Whereupon a new and larger Fortification was set about at *Oswego*, and all the Army ordered into Winter-Quarters.

This Winter a grand Congress was held at *New York*, and a Plan of Operations agreed upon: In pursuance of which a numerous Army was provided by the several Colonies concerned, to be commanded by Gen. *Winslow*, who had so expeditiously taken the *French* Fort *Beausejour* in *Nova-Scotia*, as mentioned under the Description of that Place; and Gen. *S.* upon whom the chief Command in *America* devolved on the Death of Gen. *Braddock*, provided a great number of Battoes and Battoemen, to carry Provision and Stores to *Oswego*; as also Carpenters and Smiths, to build a Naval Force on the Lake *Ontario*, in order to defend that Place and assist in the Attack of *Niagara*. Great Quantity of Provisions and warlike Stores were accordingly carried and lodged there; two or three stout Vessels of War built, and other Preparations made; but no more Men sent there than about 1000 of the King's Forces, under Lieut. Col. *Mercer*, and 300 of the *Jersey* Troops, under the worthy Col. *Schuyler*. In the Spring we had frequent Alarms of the *French* taking the Fort at *Oswego*, but all false.

June 7, 1756, Col. *Webb* arrived at *New-York*, and the 16th following arrived Gen. *Abercrombie*, with two more Regiments of Soldiers, and Lord *Loudoun*, being appointed Generallissimo, daily expected:---As Gen. *Abercrombie* took Place of Gen. *S.* the latter thereupon left *Albany*:--- The 23d *July* the Lord *Loudoun* arrived at *N. York*: and three Days after embarked for *Albany*: The Beginning of *Sept.* continual Advices came of *Oswego's* being attacked and taken by a large Body of *French* and

Indians; but so various, that nothing certain could be depended on for some Time: At last Scouts being sent out, the Fort was found demolished, and every Thing carried off; and the Beginning of *October*, several Letters were found from the *English* Prisoners at *Montreal*, dated *Aug*. 30, 1756, giving Intelligence that the Garrison of *Oswego* were made Prisoners of War to the *French*, the 14th of *Aug*. with the Loss only of Col. *Mercer*, and 13 others.

At this Time the *English* had 5 Ships of Force built at *Oswego*, all well rigged, with Cannon on board, which all fell into the Hands of the *French*, and a Year's Provision for more than 2000 Men, besides Arms and Ammunition, the most agreeable Things the *French* could have. And thus fell Oswego; but whether by Cowardice or Treachery, no one can yet determine.

Every sensible Person knows the River *St. Lawrence* is hardly ever navigable till the beginning of *May*, and that the Freshes in the Spring in the River *Ohio*, will very much retard the *French* from coming up that River till the End of *April;* and the great Length of both those Rivers must always hinder the *French* from relieving their Settlements from *France* till some time in *May:* And we all know, that the Baron *Dieskau*, who attacked Gen. *Johnson* the 8th of *Sept.* left Old *France* the End of *April* only. From whence it must appear that if Gen. *S.* had proceeded to attack *Niagara* in *May*, and Gen. *Braddock* to attack Fort *Du Quesne* at the same Time, as they might have done, had they acted with, as much as they made Use of the Word *Expedition*, in all Probability 1000 Men would have been more effectual than all the Force they afterwards could produce; The same Instant if the Provincials had gone against *Crown-Point*, the *French* had there by all Accounts not more than 500 Men to oppose that Way; and as Gen. *Winslow* at the same Time attack'd and took Fort *Beausejour;* it is plain, the Success was scarce doubtful; But by the unhappy, if not unaccountable Delays, all those Advantages have been lost, and the *French* have now attack'd us four Times on our own Ground, whilst we have only made a Bluster, and never attempted or even marched on to their Lands at any Place, except at *Beausejour* aforesaid.

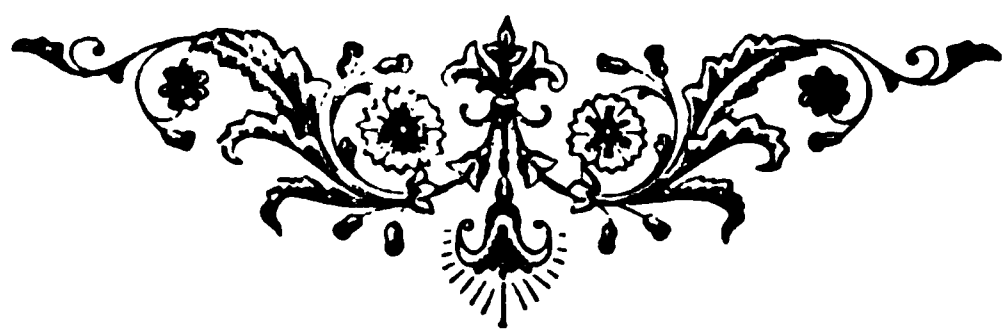
One would have thought, that the *English* seeing the fatal Consequence of such Delays in 1755, and having all Winter before them to provide in, would be early enough the next Year: But alas! the *French* have had Time to come from Old *France:* (for they had had their Force broke the Year before) march 3 or 400 Miles, land Cannon, attack and take *Oswego*, and get back to *Crown-Point* ready to receive us, before we have began to march: What fatal Legarthy this! and how consistent with our Boasting, is nor for me to say: Tho' some have objected that there is a great Difference between *talking* and *doing:* This is allowed; but cannot we undergo the same Difficulties, and *do* as well as the *French?* or are we only to *talk*, and they to *do?* *O tell it not in* Quebeck, *publish it not in the Streets of* Montreal, *lest the Daughters of the popish Nunneries rejoice, and the*

free-born Sons of Britain, *be had in Derision by the Slaves of haughty* Louis. *Oh!* China! *thou hast enervated old* Britain's *Sons with thy pernicious Drug Tea; and by diluting our Hearts, made us become like thy own Race of effeminate Asiaticks.*

Were there room here something should be added of the additional great and fatal Loss of *Minorca*, by the inglorious Conduct of Admiral *Byng;* but whether that, with the Loss of *Oswego*, is owing to Treachery or not, Time only must discover.—The following Sentiments of the Inhabitants of the City of *Bristol*, in an Address to our most gracious Sovereign, the 9th of *September*, 1756, upon this Occasion, is thought worthy the Regard of every Englishman, *viz.*

'There is nothing so reasonable, or so just, as the desire universally expressed by the nation, that a clear and full account may be obtained, of the immense supplies given by their representatives in, and raised upon the people, since the last sessions of parliament. The motives on which, and the ends for which, those vast sums, in our present circumstances especially, were so readily voted, and so chearfully paid, were sufficiently divulged, and therefore the manner in which they have been applied, ought to be no secret. The *Arcana Imperii* are well suited to despotick governments, but are inconsistent with, and dangerous to, the liberties of a free people. Besides it is no way reconcileable to the nature of our constitution, which is founded on reason and equity, the liberty of the subjects persons, and the security of their properties.—*they add*,—we have attempted nothing."

Humor and wisdom this year are but sparsely distributed in the almanack; the author being more intent upon patriotism, war, aggrandizement of the British nation, and the downfall of the sons of St. Louis.



THE ALMANACK FOR 1757

By NATHANIEL AMES.

BOSTON; NEW ENGLAND: Printed by
J. DRAPER, for the BOOKSELLERS.

MINORGA's gone! OSWEGO too is lost!
Review the Cause; or *BRITAIN* pays the Cost:
These sad Events have silenced my Muse,
The Prince of Day* eclipses at the News,
And Comet† soon will blaze along the Skie,
Portending (sure) some dire Event is nigh;
I dare not speak! May Shame and Blushes tell,
What we've not done, and what hath us befell!

**See the* Eclipse *in the next Page.* (An Annular Eclipse of the Sun.)
† *The N. B.* (A COMET expected the latter End of this Year or the Beginning of the Year 1758.)

JANUARY.

Few People know it; yet dear SIR, 'tis true
Men should have somewhat evermore to do.
Hard Labor's tedious Every one must own,
But surely better such by far than none.

FEBRUARY.

The perfect Droue, the quite Impertinent,
Whose Life at nothing aims, but — to be spent
Such Heaven visits for some mighty Ill;
'Tis sure the hardest Labour to sit still.
Hence that unhappy Tribe who Nought pursue
Who sin for want of something else to do.

MARCH.

Sir JOHN is bless'd, with Riches, Honour, Love;
And to be bless'd, indeed, needs only move;
For want of this, with Pain he lives away,
A Lump of hardly animated Clay.

APRIL.

Dull till his double Bottle does him right;
He's easy, just at Twelve o'Clock at Night:
Thus for one sparkling Hour alone he's blest;
Whilst Spleen and Head-ach seize on all the rest.

MAY.

What Numbers Sloth with gloomy Humours fills,
Racking their Brains with visionary Ills?
Hence what loud Outcries, and well-meaning Rage,
What endless Quarrels at the present Age!

JUNE.

How many Blame! How often may we hear,
"Such Vice!—Well, sure, the last Day must be near!"
T' avoid such, wild, imaginary Pains,
The sad Creation of distemper'd Brains.

JULY.

Dispatch, dear Friend! move, labour, sweat, run, fly
Do aught—but think the Day of Judgment nigh,
There are, who've lost all Relish for Delight;
With them no earthly Thing is ever right.

AUGUST.

T' expect to alter to their Taste were vain;
For who can mend so fast, as they complain?
Whate'er you do, shall be a Crime with such;
One while you've lost your Tongue, then talk too much.

SEPTEMBER.

Thus shall you meet their waspish Censure still;
As Hedge-Hogs prick you, go which Side you will.
Oh! pity these, whene'er you see them swell!
Folks call them cross—Poor Men! they are not well.

OCTOBER.

How many such, in Indolence grown old,
With Vigour ne'er do any Thing but scold?
Whose Spirits only from ill Humour get;
Like Wines that die, unless upon the Fret.

NOVEMBER.

Weary'd of flouncing to himself alone,
ACERBUS keeps a Man to fret upon;

The Fellow's nothing in the Earth to do
But to sit quiet and be scolded to;

DECEMBER.

Pishes and Oaths, whene'er the Master's sour'd,
All largely on the Scape-goat Slave are pour'd.
This drains his Rage: and tho' to JOHN so rough,
Abroad you'd think him Complaisant enough.

As for myself whom Poverty prevents,
From being angry at so great Expence;
Who, should I ever be inclin'd to rage,
For want of Slaves, War with myself must wage.
Must rail, and hear, chastizing be chastiz'd,
Be both the Tyrant, and the Tyranniz'd:
I choose to Labour, rather than to fret;
What's Rage in some, in me goes off in Sweat,
If times are ill, and Things seem never worse;
Men, Manners to reclaim,—I, take my Horse:
One Mile reforms 'em; or if ought remain
Unpurg'd—'tis but to ride as far again.
Thus on myself in Toils I spend my Rage
I pay the Fine, and that absolves the Age.
Sometimes, still more, to interrupt my Ease
I take my Pen, and write such Things as these;
Which tho' all other Merit be deny'd,
Shew my Devotion still to be employ'd:
Add too; tho' writing be itself a curse,
Yet some Distempers are a Cure for worse.
And since mid'st Indolence, Spleen will prevail,
Since who do nothing else, are sure to rail.
Men should be suffered thus to play the Fool
To keep from hurt, as Children go to School,
You should not pine in spite of Nature?—True;
Yet sure 'tis greater trouble if you do;
And, if 'tis Labouring only, Men profess,
Who writes the hardest, writes with most Success.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Brethren! You've lost the Roman Spirit.
What! be like Sheep, drove into Canada.
What's to be done, do it speedily, if you would succeed.

FEBRUARY.

Courage without Conduct is like a fiery Blast, soon extinguished.
Now the Heavens discharge their watery Stores in great Abundance.

MARCH.

Preparations for further Campaigns on both Sides of the Water.

APRIL.

A Man of true Courage, disdains a base Action.
Some seek Places of Profit, more than their Country's Good; so great is the Power of Self Love!

The Nations now in Anger rise,
to prosecute an Enterprize.

MAY.

There's now Abroad a pleasant Air,
but Minds within perplex'd with anxious Care.

JUNE.

Cowardice, Covetousness and Treachery destroy the best concerted Schemes.
If Rain comes not now, I know not when it will.

JULY.

A strange Bustle about a Trifle.
That which enriches some may impoverish many.

AUGUST.

What Contention, what Confusion, for a little more of the Earth!

SEPTEMBER.

Within these Northern Climes,
are very trying Times.

Strange Amusements.

OCTOBER.

Every one that wishes for better Times should strive to be better Himself.
Desire without Endeavour is disappointment.

NOVEMBER.

Now look for violent Accidents, and Mischief done by the Enemy.
A Man that does nothing but saunter about, to tell what he has seen or heard, is a Burden to Himself, his Neighbour and the Publick.

DECEMBER.

More Schemes projected by the Fire Side than can be good; but much like the Winds and Weather, how variable? how unsettled?

How fast the Year has run!
but who is better now than when it first begun?

Orthodox Astronomy, (if I may so speak) asserts that our Earth is a primary Planet, which with five others revolves about the Sun; and that the fix'd stars are Suns to other Systems of Worlds. When we consider the Laws, and Œconomy of Nature, the Analogy, and flagrant relation between these Worlds in each material System, and the intelligent Creatures that inhabit them; these Things might afford Matter of curious Speculation to some of my Readers, but I here present them with a Section transcribed from Dr. *Cheyne's* practical Essay on the Regimen of DIET, which may be of real Use, and I hope will not be unacceptable.

" I think (says that great Man) the natural Order and Progression in Regimen for those who are ordain'd to, or for those whose Vocation and Occupation is sedentary & studious, who by the Order of Providence and Situation of Life, have been signatur'd to intellectual Professions, and for all those who would cultivate and maintain clear Heads and quick Senses to the last, is from their Birth, till Fifteen, to persevere in a gradually increasing temperate Diet, without fermented Liquors: From Fifteen to Fifty, to be only temperate in animal Foods and fermented Liquors: After Fifty to give up animal Food Suppers, and fermented Liquors: After Sixty to give up all animal Food; & then every Ten Years after, to lessen about the Quarter of the Quantity of their vegetable Food: And thus gradually descend out of Life as they ascended into it. And that all Persons subject to inflammatory Distemper, Gouts, Erisipelas, hot Scurvies, Leprosies, Asthmas, Jaundices, Cholicks, nervous Lowlinesses, violent Head-achs, Hæmorrhages and Hæmorrhoids, Anasarcas, Ruptures, or white Swellings, tho' otherwise strong, hearty, hale and of a seeming sound Constitution, ought to give up all Meat Suppers, and all fermented Liquors; And the Children of all Fathers (for

Mothers are not here to be minded) who have died before Thirty-Five of any natural Distemper whatever, and all Children begot of Fathers after Sixty, ought to live without Meat Suppers, or fermented Liquors; And that all Persons whatever, whatever Age they be of or of whatever Nature their Complaints and Disorders may be, if upon repeated small Phlebotomies, and without transient Accidents, (as Colds, Damps, Blasts and Bruises) they constantly observe their Blood sizy, viscous and glutinous, ought directly to be put on a low Diet, either on Milk, Seeds and Vegetables only, or at least of one, without Meat Suppers and fermented Liquors: And this Regimen, with proper attenuant, alterative and sweetning Medicines, (which in the Nature of Things, ought to be of the mild, ponderous and mineral Tribe) to be continued 'till at least the Size & Glew be broken and dissolved, else they can never expect uniform and continued Health: For such a Regimen and such Medicines, must do this in Time; else nothing in Nature possibly can."

Notes on 1757.—The muse tolls a very sad note on the muffled bell, and in dolorous verse mourns the departing glories and possessions of Albion and for which the present eclipse is alluded to as the o'ershadowing cause of all these varied ills, and dire disasters.

Laziness and Labor are compared in the monthly verses, and the crabbed, quarrelsome, fault-finding disposition analysed, and scarified. In conclusion the Doctor apologizes for his *cacoethes scribendi*, in a characteristic manner.

His essay departs again from the study of the stars, and in lieu thereof he presents an extract from "*Dr. Cheyne's* * * regimen of Diet."

The weather column contains many pointed allusions to the late military disasters, and satirical remarks on the responsibility of certain individuals indirectly put.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1758.

By Nathaniel Ames.

BOSTON; NEW ENGLAND:

Printed by J. DRAPER, for the Booksellers.

The Starry Parliament, whose twinkling Eyes,
With mystic Characters imboss the Skies,
And sparkle on the Brow of shady Night;
Heav'n's high Expanse with their portent'ous Light
Is fill'd; and glorious Blazes play
In Knots of Light along the Milky-Way.
Vast Worlds of Light in feeble Orbits glow;
Their Space immense must needs ordain it so:
Worlds without Number worthy of their GOD!
And of bright Seraphims perhaps th' Abode.

JANUARY.

Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm;
A Virtue, tho' in Rags, will keep me warm:
Whose Fortune is not fitted to his Will,
Too great, or little, is uneasy still.
Our Shoes and Fortunes sure are much allay'd,
We limp in Strait, and stumble in the Wide.

FEBRUARY.

Sure there is none but fears a future State;
And when the most Obdurate swear, they do not;
Their trembling Hearts bely their boasting Tongues.
Divines but peep on undiscover'd Worlds,
And draw the distant Landskip as they please:
But who has e'er return'd from those bright Regions,
To tell their Manners; and relate their Laws?

MARCH.

With——smooth Looks and many a gentle Word
The first Fair she beguil'd her easy Lord:

Too blind with Love and Beauty to beware,
He fell, unthinking, in the fatal Snare;
Nor could believe that such a heav'nly Face
Had bargain'd with the Devil to damn her wretched Race.

APRIL.

GOD grant a Hero with an even Soul,
A steady Temper which no Cares controul.
The Wise and Active conquer Difficulties,
By daring to attempt them: Sloth and Folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of Toil and Hazard
And make th' Impossibility they fear.

MAY.

The peaceful Peasant to the War is press'd;
The Fields lie fallow in inglorious Rest;
The gloomy Throngs look terrible from far,
Disclosing, show the horrid Face of War:
The thick Battalions move in dreadful Form,
As low'ring Clouds advance before a Storm.

JUNE.

———THE Powers militant
That stand for———in mighty Quadrate join
Of Union irresistable, move on
In Silence their bright Legions, to the Sound
Of instrumental Harmony, that breathes
Heroick Ardour to advent'rous Deeds.

JULY.

.....AND now,
" 'Twixt Host and Host, but narrow Space is left,
" A dreadful Interval! and Front to Front
" Presented, stand in terrible Array
" Of hideous Length———dire is the Noise
" Of Conflict.———

AUGUST.

The Storm let loose; red Lightning's downward hurl'd,
And thundering Peals alarm th' affrighten'd World:
At once the Hills, that to the Clouds aspire,
Are wash'd with furious Rains, and scorch'd with Fire;
'Til the fierce Hurricane is heard no more,
And Nature smiles as gayly as before.

SEPTEMBER.

Some Men can smile, and murther whilst they smile,
And cry Content to that which grieves their Hearts,
And wet their Cheeks with artificial Tears.
Who dares think one Thing, and another tell,
My Soul detests him as the Gates of Hell.

OCTOBER.

We of our Foes shall great Advantage have
If none command our Armies but the brave:
On Valour's Side the Odds of Combate lye;
The Brave live glorious, or lamented die:
The Wretch who trembles in the Field of Fame
Meets Death, or worse than Death, eternal Shame.

NOVEMBER.

Fierce *Boreas* with his Offspring issues forth
T' invade the frozen Waggons of the North;
But when the Wings of wanton *Zephyr* flie,
To puff away the Clouds, and purge the Sky,
Serenely whilst he blows, the Vapours driv'n
Discover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n.

DECEMBER.

The Sun from far peeps with a sickly Face,
Too weak the Clouds and misty Fogs to chace;
From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard
Long Iceicles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard;
Mean Time perpetual Sleet and driving Snow
Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOR.

JANUARY.

An unexpected Change ☌ ♄ ♂ This Opposition portends much Mischief of a sudden and violent Nature.

FEBRUARY.

If you fall into Misfortunes, creep thro' those Bushes which have the least Briars.

MARCH.

'Tis Virtue only makes our Bliss below;
And all our Knowledge is our selves to know.

Learning makes a good Man better, but a bad Man worse.

Britain! O let us give one dire Blow;
Before you let your injur'd Hands go.

APRIL.

Now you that crawl out for Health beware
Of the present Wind's moist Air.

Expectation waits to know,
Whether the Mountain bears a Mouse or no.

Industry and Frugality makes a poor Man rich.

MAY.

A Union of Council, and Affection, in the common Cause, will produce good Effects, but Discord and Disaffection, ends in Disappointment.

JUNE.

They who have Nothing to trouble them, will, Themselves, be a Trouble to Others.

Let us awake,
Our All's at Stake.

JULY.

Ye Ladies, Why in such a Bloom?
When you cannot tell your Country's Doom.

He can't speak well, who always Talks.

AUGUST.

The verdant Field with purple Gore is stain'd all o'er.

Changes of many Sorts in divers Parts of the Earth.

SEPTEMBER.

A mighty Combustion
Which tends to Confusion.

OCTOBER.

An unlucky Season.

After a Bustle in the Air,
The Weather's very calm and fair.

There are three faithful Friends: an old Wife, an old Dog, and ready Cash.

NOVEMBER.

Were Things done twice, Many would be wise.
A Man out of Favour,
Is slighted by a Neighbour.
Some Fools make Feasts, for wise Men to eat.

DECEMBER.

An honest Farmer, now at ease,
Regales himself with Cyder, Bread & Cheese.

A THOUGHT upon the past, present, *and* future State *of* NORTH AMERICA.

America is a subject which daily becomes more and more interesting:—I shall therefore fill these Pages with a Word upon its Past, Present and Future State.

I. First of its Past State: Time has cast a Shade upon this Scene.—Since the Creation innumerable Accidents have happened here, the bare mention of which would create Wonder and Surprize; but they are all lost in Oblivion: The ignorant Natives for Want of Letters have forgot their Stock; and know not from whence they came, or how, or when they arrived here, or what has happened since:—Who can tell what wonderful Changes have happen'd by the mighty Operations of Nature, such as Deluges, Vulcanoes, Earthquakes, &c.!—Or whether great tracts of Land were not absorbed into those vast Lakes or Inland Seas which occupy so much Space to the West of us.—But to leave the Natural, and come to the Political State: We know how the *French* have erected a Line of Forts from the *Ohio* to *Nova Scotia*, including all the inestimable Country to the West of us, into their exorbitant Claim.—This, with infinite Justice, the *English* resented, & in this Cause our Blood has been spill'd: Which brings to our Consideration,

II. Secondly, The Present State of NORTH AMERICA.—A Writer upon this present Time says, "The Parts of *North*

America which may be claimed by *Great Britain* or *France* are of as much Worth as either Kingdom.—That fertile Country to the West of the Appalachian Mountains (a String of 8 or 900 Miles in Length,) between *Canada* and the *Mississippi*, is of larger Extent than all *France*, *Germany* and *Poland;* and all well provided with Rivers, a very fine wholesome Air, a rich Soil, capable of producing Food and Physick, and all Things necessary for the Conveniency and Delight of Life: In fine, the Garden of the World!"—Time was we might have been possess'd of it: At this Time two mighty Kings contend for this inestimable Prize:—Their respective Claims are to be measured by the Length of their Swords.—The Poet says, The Gods and Opportunity ride Post; that you must take her by the Forelock being Bald Behind.—Have we not too fondly depended upon our Numbers?—Sir *Francis Bacon* says, "The Wolf careth not how many the Sheep be:" But Numbers well spirited, with the Blessing of Heaven will do Wonders, when by military Skill and Discipline, the Commanders can actuate (as by one Soul) the most numerous bodies of arm'd People:—Our Numbers will not avail till the Colonies are united; for whilst divided, the strength of the Inhabitants is broken like the petty Kingdoms in *Africa*. —If we do not join Heart and Hand in the common Cause against our exulting Foes, but fall to disputing among ourselves, it may really happen as the Governour of *Pennsylvania* told his Assembly, "We shall have no Priviledge to dispute about, nor Country to dispute in."——

III. Thirdly, of the Future State of NORTH AMERICA—Here we find a vast Stock of proper Materials for the Art and Ingenuity of Man to work upon:—Treasures of immense Worth; conceal'd from the poor ignorant aboriginal Natives! The Curious have observ'd, that the Progress of Humane Literature (like the Sun) is from the East to the West; thus has it travelled thro' *Asia* and *Europe*, and now is arrived at the Eastern

Shore of *America*. As the Cœlestial Light of the Gospel was directed here by the Finger of G O D, it will doubtless, finally drive the long! long! Night of Heathenish Darkness from *America*:—So Arts and Sciences will change the Face of Nature in their Tour from Hence over the Appalachian Mountains to the Western Ocean; and as they march thro' the vast Desert, the Residence of Wild Beasts will be broken up, and their obscene Howl cease for ever;—Instead of which the Stones and Trees will dance together at the Music of *Orpheus*,—the Rocks will disclose their hidden Gems,—and the inestimable Treasures of Gold & Silver be broken up. Huge Mountains of Iron Ore are already discovered; and vast Stores are reserved for future Generations: This Metal more useful than Gold and Silver, will imploy Millions of Hands, not only to form the martial Sword, and peaceful Share, alternately; but an Infinity of Utensils improved in the Exercise of Art, and Handicraft amongst Men. Nature thro' all her Works has stamp'd Authority on this Law, namely, "That all fit Matter shall be improved to its best Purposes."—Shall not then those vast Quarries, that teem with mechanic Stone,—those for Structure be piled into great Cities,—and those for Sculpture into Statues to perpetuate the Honor of renowned Heroes; even those who shall NOW save their Country.——O! Ye unborn Inhabitants of America! Should this Page escape its destin'd Conflagration at the Year's End, and these Alphabetical Letters remain legible,—when your Eyes behold the Sun after he has rolled the Seasons round for two or three Centuries more, you will know that in Anno Domini 1758, we dream'd of your Times.

NATH. AMES.

Notes on 1758.—Again the year is ushered in with a poetic salute to the "Starry Parliament," always a foremost thought in the Doctor's mind. Then follow the captions of each month, with all the variety of ideas which our Author has at command.

Poverty and Contentment—a glance at Futurity—Love and Beauty—

with the usual ungallant slap at the daughters of Eve, on account of that unfortunate ancestress having in an unguarded moment stopped to converse with that confounded snake. Sloth and Activity, with an indirect allusion to the paucity of properly constructed Heroes to add renown to the British arms and influence. Conscription, neglected fields, and "grim visag'd War,"—the crash of Conflict—Thunder and Lightning,—a side-long glance at "the Unpopular King" with his convenient forms of Deceit—Bravery and Cowardice,—Boreas and his ice-cart, with the seasonable *finale* of snow and slush.

But the essay in this Almanack bears the palm, and should any one doubt the power of the Doctor to forecast the future, or if they should have any misgivings as to his thorough Americanism, his patriotism, his loyalty to his king, and his faith in the future of this country; he need but carefully read the "Thoughts upon the past, present and future state of North America," to be thoroughly and at once disabused of that idea.

The first part of his "Thought" treats of Natural changes in the *past;* the second the present political condition of affairs, and the struggle of Briton and Gaul for temporal power; while the *third*, and to us the most interesting portion of his reflections, treats of the *future*. A prognostication remarkable in the annals of predictions as being almost unique, and evincing beyond dispute that *Doctor Ames* was far in advance of any of his compeers, in his appreciation of the possibilities of America in the developement of its resources.

For ages the "spirit of prophecy" has been reputed to dwell with certain individuals of certain nations: Persons who had had the peculiar felicity of being *cauled* into the world with a peculiar veil over their faces; or who by supreme circumspection and calculation on the part of their ancestors, rejoiced in the proud and mysterious distinction of being the seventh son or daughter, of a seventh son or daughter. These particularly were reputed to have foreknowledge of future events, and among the credulous were eagerly sought, for information of "lucky numbers," stolen goods, etc., as ever were the astrologers and other *mystagogues* of a darker age.

Among the ancient celebrities said to possess these most valuable faculties: was 1, *Merlin* (A. D. 425-471) surnamed *Ambrosius*, who by his *mother's* account "was conceived by the compression of a fantastical spiritual creature, without a body," and probably from this fact could see things better than the average mortal. His remarkable birth is *almost* unique, but his prophecies are *fitted* to almost every important event in British history for hundreds of years.

Another was *Michael Nostradamus* of St. Remy in France, who came into the world in the orthodox manner about 1503; the only peculiarity noted concerning his ancestry was that his grandparents were "skilfull in Mathematick and Physick." Michael became "Physitian in Ordinary to Henry the II. and Charles the IX. Kings of France," and combining the

then very necessary adjunct of astrology, he put in his odd hours, when not engaged in "leeching" the royal body, in performing the same office for the subject's purse. He also has left behind some very *fitting* stanzas of mysterious import.

One more familiar to modern readers, and who even the past year has been quoted quite prominently, is that "dear, delightful, *Old Mother Shipton*," a dame of the Mother Hubbard variety, who shed brilliancy on the age in which she lived, beaming first from a small village in Yorkshire, where her putative father was in business as a "Jack Pudding." When his repute became established, he was commissioned "Necromancer" by an admiring constituency. She also was said to have been begotten in the *Merlin* fashion, by the "*Phantasm of Apollo*," or some wanton "Airial *Daemon*." Hence she could perform remarkable forecasts in a similar manner to *Dr. Merlin*.

Following these were prophets of lesser repute, among whom *Nixon, the Cheshire prophet*, *Joanna Southcott*, and others.

All of these artists possessed a copiousness of language which was peculiarly adapted for prophetical allusion, and from which those of future generations who were interested could pick out what suited the case, and go to bed with the comforting satisfaction that "it was foretold hundreds of years agone."

The foregoing may not be absolutely relevant to the matter in hand, but is merely adverted to as showing that the imagination of those of a latter day, had much to do with translating the mysterious language of these charlatans into information or prescience of any sort.

In America we have never had any person of any rank in society, who by peculiarity of birth, cast of countenance, or by reason of ancestry, was justly reputed with the "sublime art of forecasting the future." The only one who may claim any such distinction, as far as the future of this country has in a meagre way been predicted, is the author of these Almanacks—Dr. Nathaniel Ames.

One could not expect much in the way of a prognostication of this character on the single leaf of an almanack, which, in its entirety, sold for the small sum of "Five Coppers." Yet here it is, clad not in the voluminous language of a mystagogue, but in plain Old Testament English, setting forth in a general way what most of us know *has* already come to pass. The period of opulence has arrived sooner than he predicted, but in detail, each item alluded to has more than been fulfilled.

I only regret that his printer had not added an extra sheet that more of the Doctor's wisdom concerning our political and commercial future might have been set down.

We possibly could have learned his opinion as to how long men who were "born free and equal" would remain in that condition; also whether their condition being changed, they would be eligible to sit on juries, or enjoy the blissful conditions entailed on our great and growing country

by the generous use of universal suffrage: and whether within one hundred and fifty years it would be considered not *how* the country should be governed but *who* should govern it.

(Gracious! I have almost got my *kite* "out of sight," and have drifted entirely away from the book.)

The "squibs" this year betray a patriotic anxiety for the advancement of the country, and the glory of the British arms.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1759.

By NATHANIEL AMES.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by DRAPER, GREEN & RUSSELL, & FLEET.[1]

Price Two Pistareens *per Dozen, and* Five Coppers *Single.*

Dire Wars and mutual Rage are surely come,
E're any Comet blaz'd the threatned Doom!
Kingdoms and States impatiently attend,
The great Events now verging to an End;—
When three Times more the Sun has chear'd the Spring,
A new important Æra will begin:
From which young Date and settled State of Things
A Train of strange Events and Wonder springs.

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[1] The appearance of this *triumvirate* of printers on the almanack this year, was, according to *The History of Printing in America*, occasioned by a dispute between the printers and booksellers, in substance as follows:—"John Draper and his predecessor Bartholomew Green, had always purchased the copy of that Almanac, and printed it on their own account; but they had supplied the booksellers, in sheets, by the hundred, the thousand, or any quantity wanted. About the year 1759, this Almanac was enlarged from sixteen pages on a foolscap sheet to three half sheets. Draper formed a connection with Green & Russell and T. & J. Fleet, in its publication. A half sheet was printed at each of their printing houses; and they were not disposed to supply booksellers as formerly.

KIND READER,

I here present you with my *Thirty-fourth* ALMANACK published. Although a *Perhaps*, with Justice, might always be added to what I say of the Weather; yet I have collected the best Rules that Experience has taught me in that Affair, from the Aspects, and Configurations of the Planets: I am therefore constantly obliged to trace the *rambling Moon*, and *wandering Planets*, in all their intricate Paths, which costs me much Labour and hard study.—The *Poetry* this Year I have from the Inspiration of the Muses:—I hope they will not blush to own it.—What looks like Prophecy in the outward Page, I grounded on the great Conjunction of *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, which is to happen *Anno Domini*, *1762*, in *Aries*, a Cardinal Equinoctial Sign.—Astrologers for a long Time past have fixed their Eyes on *that Point of Time* as big with new and remarkable Events,—if the Learned are not always free from Superstition, I hope an Almanack-Maker does not talk out of Character to mention such Things.—I have carefully put the Courts of the several Governments on the respective Days, agreeable to and compared with the Laws; I have procured also the several Stages on the Roads from *Boston* to *New-York*, &c. from those who have often travelled them, which may be depended upon to be exact, as they have been taken down lately, and not from the Roads published these many Years past in other Almanacks.

The Tables of Interest at 5 per Cent. suitable to *Rhode Island* and *Connecticut*, and of 6 per Cent. for *Massachusetts Bay*, as also the Value of Coins, I hope will not be unserviceable.—Reader, I have added *half a sheet* to the Almanack this Year, which I hope will be to your Satisfaction.

Dedham, Sept. 15, 1758. N. AMES.

The following Lines are a Description, not a Prediction of an *Earthquake:*

In deepest Caves are Beds of Sulphre made,
And in a secret fearful Ambush laid;
When God's avenging Hand shall touch the Train,
Some warn'd devoted City quick is slain.

The Earth convuls'd, her Jaws are open'd wide
Churches and all their lofty Spires subside,
To Nature's Womb they sink with dreadful Throws,
And on poor screaming Souls the Chasms close.

How wond'rous, Lord, thy mighty Works appear
Thro' all the Seasons of the rolling Year!
Thy glorious Name is equally exprest,
In the fair *Spring*, with gay Confusion drest;
And the warm *Summer*, when the flashing Cloud
And breaking Thunders speak the GOD aloud:
Autumn's ripe Fruits, the lab'ring Swain's Delight,
Paint out thy Goodness to the ravish'd Sight;
What daring Mortal can His Cold withstand,
Or guide His Tempests with a steady Hand?
When o'er the Earth the fleecy Snow He sends
The fleecy Snow His sov'reign Voice attends:
Thus thro' the World, thy mighty Pow'r is known,
And Savage Nations a CREATOR own.

—Ten thousand Wonders open to my View,
Shine forth at once; Sieges and Storms appear,
And Wars and Conquests fill th' important Year,
Rivers of Blood I see, and Hills of Slain,
An Iliad rising out of one Campaign!

JANUARY.

A Bloody Conflict casts a purple Stain
On yonder Lake, that bears our Sovereign's Name,
A noble Band who stood the first Attack
Firm as a Rock, nor thought of turning back:
Oh had their Bodies, like their Hearts, been Steel,
Or could the Force of whizzing Balls repel,
They might have liv'd!—But gloriously they fell.

FEBRUARY.

In future Days, when Nations smile again,
And banish'd PEACE from Heav'n returns to Men
As *Rusticus* with Innocence and Toil
Brings to the new uncultivated Soil

He'll start amaz'd! mixing a Tear with Groans,
To see his Plow-share turn up Human Bones!
Grey-headed Sires the Myst'ry will explain,
Who mark'd the Place where lay the many slain.

MARCH.

Had we wak'd early from an idle Dream
On yonder smooth OHIO's winding Stream,
Our Cities might have stood, and Structures shone,
Magnificently built with curious Stone,
With all the Stores of Nature there possest,
And vast Conveniencies for Man and Beast.

APRIL.

Now chearful Mariners unfurl their Sails,
To pleasant Suns,—to steady, gentle Gales,
Which speed their Course along the Wat'ry Way,
And richly all the Merchant's Cares repay;
The Treasures of the East and West explor'd
Are now in vast Repositories stor'd.

MAY.

The tuneful Choir welcome with Joy and Mirth
The Anniversary of Nature's Birth;
Native Perfumes are blended with their Song,
And Gentle Gales the Transport waft along:
Each Sense some Pleasure to the Soul does bring;
And brilliant Plains and Valleys laugh and sing.

JUNE.

Meridian Suns dart down their fervid Rays:
The glowing Firmament does almost blaze;
'Till from the West the gentle Zephyr springs,
To fan the fainting World with breezy Wings,
And sweep the Chambers of the Atmosphere,
And purge (from Dregs to Life adverse) the Air.

JULY.

His ripen'd Grain with Joy the FARMER sees!
The bearded Billows rustle with the Breeze;
The loaded Blades in leaning Posture stand;
And silently invite the Reaper's Hand:
For this Reward he cultivates the Soil;
This long expected Day crowns all his Toil.

AUGUST.

Behold the Clouds! a kind of Ocean spread
Along th' Aerial Spaces over Head!
What Power and Skill supports their pond'rous Weight,
Or keeps them hov'ring in a buoyant State!
Nor do these pendent Lakes at once descend;
But fall in gentle drops,—which all befriend.

SEPTEMBER.

After the Summer-Fruit's cooling Repast,
(Kind Heav'ns Indulgencies forever last.)
Autumn's rich Stores in next Succession come;—
The Grape, th' Apple, the downy Peach and Plumb:
Nature's Demands these charming Dainties suit;
Refresh the Healthy, and th' Infirm recruit.

OCTOBER.

The Power that weilds the Ocean's mighty Weight,
The Element has bounded by the Shore;
Or its proud Waves with swelling Billows great
Would deluge Continents and Kingdom's o'er:
Since it's alternate Flowings are confin'd,
To many noble Ends, they serve Mankind.

NOVEMBER.

The Orchard now of all it's Fruit bereft;
Nor Leaves, nor Blossoms on the Trees are left!
They stand like Logs, fix'd in the frozen Ground,
While driving Snows their lifeless Trunks surround:
And yet e'er long without our Help or Aid,
They'l be with Leaves, Blossoms and Fruit array'd.

DECEMBER.

Tho' now the ground affords a Prospect mean.
' Tis Nature's rich Resource,—a Magazine
By which all Nations yearly are supply'd,
Its verdant Stores for Man and Beast provide:
Dealt freely out to Generations past,
Undrain'd, will still to Generations last.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

May Heaven preserve the Soldiers, us, and all;
from Poisons, Plagues and Poxes, great and small.

Fling by your Wheels, and Sleighs & Sleds provide;
Boys fix their Skaits, and nimbly they slide.

FEBRUARY.

Projections for a finishing Stroke.

MARCH.

March comes in like a *Lyon*, this Year; for *Boreas* a searching Blast does blow, which chills the Air, and shakes poor Mortals, here below.

Wet underfoot, and over Shoes in Dirt.

Now the fierce North Wind, with his airey Forces rears up th' Atlantick to a foaming Fury.

APRIL.

K's Court Houses now are Combustible.

The Verdure of the Fields will soon a charming Prospect yield.

Now many a fair Prospect is crush'd by Disappointment.

MAY.

These ticklish Times make many Minds uneasy, without becoming Bankrupts.

JUNE.

What human Blood is shed a Sacrifice, for Spots of Earth, which never can Ambitious Minds suffice.

The Fate of War, How precarious! how distressing!

JULY.

A selfish Man is envious, and hurts his Friend, secretly, by Guile & Deceit.

A mighty Stir! for what?
Why that which never can be got.

AUGUST.

Some talk of calling home PEACE from a long Exile.

The News of which follows, and crosses the wide *Atlantick*.

SEPTEMBER.

How many have been slain,
And strew'd upon the Plain,
Since last Campaign!

A cruel Frost! By which the tenderest Plants are lost.

OCTOBER.

The Apple Juice without Abuse is best for Use.

There may be a private Triumvirate form'd to promote Injustice.

NOVEMBER.

Many Heads at work, and Hands employed, to accommodate Affairs.

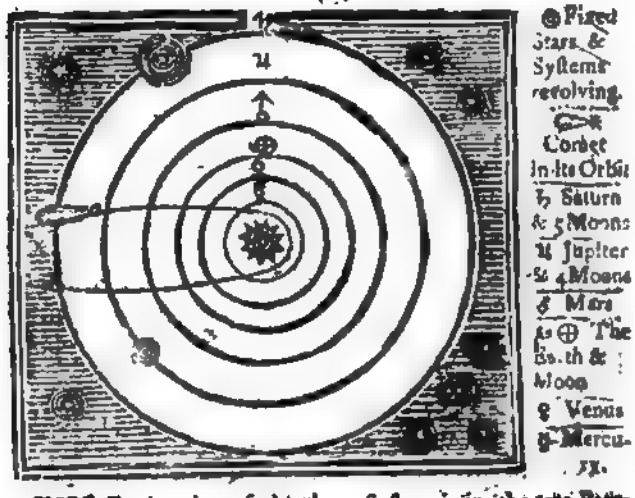
Something remarkable in the Winds, and Weather; and many unlucky violent Accidents, in several parts of the Earth, besides this.

DECEMBER.

Strife & Contention upon a new Invention.

Now many Castles in the Air are built, whose Makers go to Fools Paradise, described by MILTON.

The Solar System.



☞ THE Explanation of the above System is in the two Pages following the Month of *December*.

N. B. At the Writing this, it was not determined whether the COMET would appear or not, as expected.

EXPLANATION of the SYSTEM (in the Front Page.)

This *Figure* represents the true System of the Universe, which being understood, will exalt our Ideas and excite our highest Admiration of the magnificent Works of God.

The *Sun* being placed in the Centre with the several Planets revolving about Him in their natural order. All allow that the

Earth is one of the Planets in the Solar System, and Curiosity will excite us to look after the Situation of that Planet which we know is inhabited. You see then, that this Earth is the third Planet from the Sun in this System, and its Orbit is situate between the Orbit of *Mars* and *Venus;* and the Earth revolves about the Sun in that Circle you see there described, in the Space of one Year; in performing which it turns East on its own Axis 365 Times and almost a quarter more. As the *Earth* revolves about the *Sun* in his Orbit, the Power of Attraction carries the *Moon* revolving about the Earth in her Orbit; and this Analogy, consonant to the known Laws of Matter and Motion, runs through the Planetary System.

A Planetary Year is the Revolution of the Planet about the *Sun*, and is performed *in Times, in Square Proportion to the Cubes of their Distances.* Those who gain no other Ideas of the heavenly Spaces, and the glorious Bodies therein contained, but what is derived to them by the bear Sight of the Eye, would do well to consider, That wherever the Spectator resides he will still be in the Centre of his own View; for in an indefinite Space, where there is nothing to bound our Prospect, all Objects that are at a great Distance from us, though they be at immense Distances from one another, yet if they appear in the same right Line which passes through the Eye, will be seen at the same Point of Space: And all Bodies will appear equally remote, when their Distances from us become so great that the Eye cannot estimate or judge of them; and consequently, the Spectator will look upon them all as placed in the Surface of a Sphere which has the Eye for its Centre, and whose Surface is at an immense Distance, in which Surface all the Heavenly Bodies will seem to perform their Motions. In whatever Place, therefore, the Spectator resides, whether it be in the *Earth*, or any of the Planets, or *Sun*, or even in a *Fixed Star*, that Place will be look'd upon by its Inhabitants as the Middle Point of the Universe, aud the Center of the World, since it is the Center of that Spherical Surface in which all distant Bodies seem to be placed.

When we view this wonderful Fabric of the Universe, and the Beauty of the Stars, in a supine Manner, throw aside our Reason, aud form our Opinions of them, by the Dictates of our

Senses, despising the Report of Men of Genius, Learning and Leisure, who by the help of Glasses, bring these distant Objects vastly nearer to the Eye:—I say, under these Circumstances, we are apt to conclude, that the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*, were made only to decorate and serve this *Earth*, that they perform their slavish Journey round it every 24 Hours; that this Spot, or *Earth*, which we dwell upon, only is inhabited; and that we ourselves are the only intelligent Creatures that possess the Universe. Pride becomes such ignorance! But all those who by a serious Enquiry have gained a true (tho' not an adequate, comprehensive) Notion of the Universe, look upon such an Opinion with the same Contempt that we do on a poor Maniac, who sits in his Hovel on a Wisp of Straw, and fancies himself a Monarch, and that all the Persons about him are his Subjects.

The other *Planets* are like this *Earth* in Situation and Circumstances,[1] having Summer and Winter, Day and Night, Land and Sea; We have but one *Moon;* and how many and great are the Advantages of it to the World? But some of the other *Planets* have a Plurality of *Moons*, that as a bright retinue attend them wherever they go. I have proved that an Eye placed in any of the *Planets* would have much the same Prospect that we have. Shall then, *their* Heavens be stretch'd forth like a Curtain, and *their* North over the empty Place, and no Eye to behold it! Is the Divine Bounty and Goodness *there*, only bestowed on Stocks and Stones, and other inanimate Creatures! Do far the most Noble and Magnificent Parts of the Creation, return no Praise and Gratitude to their Creator! Monstrous Absurdity.

The foregoing *Figure* also represents the Path of the remarkable *Comet* expected this Year.

Comets or *Blazing Stars*, are a sort or kind of *Planets;* They may be stiled *Planets*, because they revolve about the same *Sun* the *Planets* do; they are made of the same Materials, and are subject to the same Law of Gravitation which the *Planets* are; but their Orbits are exceeding Excentrical, on which account they ascend a great Height above the System of the Planets; and spend almost all their Time in the remote cold Regions of

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[1] See Mr. *Huygen's* Celestial Worlds discovered, and Mr. *Derham's* Astro. Theologia.

the Universe, at vast Distances both from the *Planets*, and from one another. As they descend to the *Sun* they approach so near as to be intensely hot; which uneven Heats and Colds render them unfit for Habitation. By lessening the Velocity of the projectile Motion of this *Earth*, and the other *Planets*, they would descend to and ascend from the *Sun*, in Orbits excentrical like the *Comets*. Thus easy is it for the great Governour of these Worlds to change the Course of Nature, and reduce them to the unhappy Circumstances of these *Blazing Stars*.—A doleful Inheritance, reserv'd perhaps for the Punishment of their ancient guilty Inhabitants!

But beyond the utmost Wanderings of these *Comets* is the infinite Expansum, occupied by the *Fixed Stars;* which with the greatest Reason and Probability are judged to be *Suns* as large as ours; which enlighten, warm and cherish their respective Systems of Worlds that revolve about them; and it is only their amazing Distance which makes them appear so small. This I have endeavoured to represent by those Stars without the Orbit of *Saturn;* and those Circles about them are to shew the Orbits of their revolving *Planets*. Lo! these are Part of His Ways! But when we view the Heavens with our Glasses, we discover many more *Stars* than our naked Eye can reach; and when we view them with better and better Instruments, we discover more and more of these Starry Globes; and after all, perhaps we cannot see the thousandth Part of what the Heavens contain.

Of the Cause of Sickness in the Camp, and the Method to prevent the same.

As a great Number of Men of late Years have been called into the War for the Defence of our Country, and altho' many have fallen in Battle, yet I believe more have died of Sickness in the Camp. An Enquiry into the Reason why the Camp often becomes extremely sickly, and to point out some Salutary Methods to prevent the same, I hope will not be unacceptable at this Time.—I may venture to assert, that a proper Choice of those Materials of which we take daily and in great Quantities,

for the Nourishment and Support of our Lives, relates more to our Health and Comfort; and has more Power to prevent Diseases, than those Medicines which we take but seldom, and in small Quantities, have to remove Diseases after we are attack'd by them. The best Beef and Pork tend to decay and corrupt, and such Substances used in Diet (that is in an undue Proportion, without being balanced with Farinacious[1] Substances, Fruits and Herbage) naturally produce Acrimony in the Blood, and daily dispose it to a state of Putrefaction. I have forgot the Number of Days Doct. *Arburthnot* asserts, that a Meat Diet without Bread, and only Water for Drink, will certainly produce a Fever in; but he is very particular, and the Time he sets is short. If Water, which is simple and innocent, cannot withstand the Alkaline[2] State of Blood, which such a Diet produces; spirituous Liquors substituted in the stead of Water, will produce these bad Effects in a much shorter Time.

If the common Soldiers have as good and wholesome Meat dealt out to them as the Officers have, yet the Privates have not the same Antidotes, which qualifies their Meat and makes it wholsome, as Wine, Cyder, Lemmons, Vegetable Seeds, Roots, &c, neither are they kept so clean, nor enjoy quite so good an Air, therefore they are more sickly.

Some Persons are of such firm Constitutions that their vital Force is able to subdue all the sapid Substances they feed upon. But in all Persons who commit Error on this Hand in their Diet, who have not such vital Force, the Alkaline Salts from such a Diet, will not be sufficiently attenuated, and they will retain their original Qualities, which ever tends to Putrefaction; which will be discovered by producing a stinking Breath, rotten, corroded Gums; high colour'd fœtid Urine; black, blue and brown Spots; Eruptions on the Skin; Fevers; foul Tongue; bilious and bloody Dysenteries, and other atrocious Distempers.

But methinks I hear my Countrymen loudly object, and say, "Why should such Charges be made against Beef and Pork, a Soldier's Diet? We liv'd on such Fare all our Days, before we came into the Camp, and were healthy; why should that which

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[1] Mealy. [2] Corrosive producing Putrefaction: Sour or Acid Substances are of a contrary Nature.

never hurt us before, be so dangerous to us now?" To which I Answer, Persons who live in single Families, besides a good Air, have the Advantages of Cookery and Cleanliness, and with their Meat have much of the farinacious or mealy Kind of Substances to feed on, and various acescent vegetable Sauces, Apples and sub-acid Fruits, Vinous Drinks, Cyder at least, if not Wine; all these are a continual Antidote and keep the Acid and Alkaline Salts well balanc'd, in which Circumstance Health consists. But when Men come to encamp in any Army, their own foul Cloaths, the corrupt Air they Breath in, the rank putrescent Qualities of the Meat they feed on, besides which, their *Summum Bonum* Rum, being dealt out freely; and all this without any Wine, Lemmons, Cyder, Apples, or Acescent Substance, to make a Balance between the Acid and Alkaline Salts of the Blood, it is not to be wondered, why so many are Sick and Die under these Circumstances; it is a meer Miracle that any, with these Errors, escape Death. The *Roman* Soldiers mixed Vinegar with their Water and found it healthy. If the Use of Vegetable and Acid Things will cure the Alkaline State of the Blood, then what will cure will prevent. I would therefore advise every Soldier, First, to keep Clean, that the foul, rancid Matter lodged in his Cloaths by Sweat and Perspiration, may be done away by frequent Ablution. Secondly, if no Sauce can be had with their Meat, but what comes from the mealy Kind of Vegetable Substances, let it be so managed by Cookery as to prevent the use of Meat more than once a Day. Thirdly, if Cyder or Vinegar can be procur'd, use it freely: But if neither of them can be had, every Man at an easy lay, may procure Sweet Spirits Nitre, or even Cramberries eaten raw, sufficient to Acidulate his common Drink, and make a sort of artificial Cyder, which will be found very serviceable. He that faces his Enemy in Defence of his Country, and falls in Battle, lies in the Bed of Honour: But as the Fool dies, so dies he that sits in the Camp and dies thro' bad Regimen, and neglects, or disregards the only Means of his Preservation.

If some such Method, as I have hinted at, were prescribed by Physicians, commanded by the Officers, and heartily observed and practiced by the common Soldiers, some Lives might be saved, and many made more able and effective to answer the Purposes they are imployed about.

Notes on 1759.—"Grim visag'd war" is announced in the opening verses, and in common with the Astrologic prophet, the Doctor predicts the advent of the Comet of 1762, to be "big with Fate," and "portentous of events." The Almanack is increased in size this year to twenty-four (24) pages, including more information *pro bono publico.*

The muse continues her extravagances and in varied form. An Earthquake is described; the Seasons and their attributes discussed; Wars and Conquests opened to the vision; the marine combat on Lake George recorded; and then follows a forecast of the future, with the plow-share doing the work of the bayonet; a wail concerning *lost opportunities* in the Ohio country; then a return to the beauties of agriculture, and the joys of rustic life, with the accompaniment of the praises of Ceres and Pomona.

The Essay is a description of "the Solar System" embellished with a rude wood-cut showing the relative positions of the planets, the Sun, and the course of Comets. The language of the Doctor and his deductions always make these articles readable.

The increased size of the almanack enables the author to give some very well-timed and useful advice to the army, and rules concerning the prevention of sickness in camp.

The injected sayings and aphorisms, both witty and wise are about of the usual quality and interest.

An Astronomical DIARY,

OR, AN

ALMANACK

For the Year of our Lord CHRIST

Containing, The Sun's and Moon's rising and setting, — Eclipses, — Time of High-Water, — Lunations, — Aspects, — Courts Spring-Tides, — Judgment of the Weather —

Feasts and Fasts of the Church of *England* — Quakers General Meetings — Roads, — Tables of Coin & Interest, &c. &c. &c.

Being BISSEXTILE or LEAP-YEAR.

Calculated for the Meridian of BOSTON, NEW-ENGLAND, Latitude 42 Degrees 25 Minutes North.

The Year of the Reign of King GEORGE the Second begins the Twenty-second Day of *June*.

By NATHANIEL AMES.

MARS like a wild Infernal Fury stalks,
And marks his Steps in Blood where'e he walks;
But Peace would from her Native Heav'n descend,
And Olive-Branches to the Nation lend.

BOSTON: in NEW-ENGLAND
Printed and Sold by JOHN DRAPER, in Cornhill; RICHARD DRAPER in Newbury-Street; GREEN & RUSSELL, and EDES & GILL, in Queen-Street; and THOMAS & JOHN FLEET, at the Heart and Crown in Cornhill.

Courteous Reader,

Thro' the Kindness of Heaven in preserving my Life another Year, and your free Acceptance of my Labours for so long past, I am enabled and encouraged to present you with this my *Thirty-fifth* Almanack, which is for the Year 1760. By the Addition of Half a Sheet I have Room to insert more; and have therefore taken the Planets Places from the great Column in this Almanack, and made an Ephemeris in a Page by itself, and set the Days observ'd by the *Church of England* in each monthly Page according to the Church Calender:—And as by inlarging this Performance I aim to gratify all who are pleased to purchase one of my Almanacks, I have remembred the friendly Sect of Men called Quakers, by inserting their General-Meetings. I have continued the Table of Interest;—the Weight and Value of Gold, &c.—And have made an Addition to the Account of the several Stages and Roads, and have taken Notice of the Names and Distances where the Persons that kept Entertainment have been changed the Year past.—But besides these all Things, *Reader*, you expect that I should tell you something from the Stars.—I tell you that they are at a great Distance from us, we know but little with certainty about them; but if you would have my Astronomical Creed, it is in a Word, That the Stars, which are so innumerable, were not all created at one and the same Time; that our Sun, and the Stars only that compose the Copernican System, were created when this Earth was; and that they were formed from the Chaos or Matter of some whole System that run thro' its Period, and was in a dissoluted State: and that (except the five Planets which, with this Earth, compose our own System) all the Stars that you behold with your naked Eye, or that you can see with the Assistance of Glasses, are so many Suns to whole Systems of Worlds, Worlds no doubt suited to all Natures, Tastes, and Tempers, aud every Class of Beings! and that the meritorious Part of the Creation, who pass their probation State with the Supreme Applause will be received into some of the happy Worlds, where they will possess perfect Joy: Where all the Errors of this World will be amended, and whatever exists there, analogous to this present State, will be in infinite Perfection.

Dedham, Sept. 28*th*. 1759. N. Ames.

Empires conceiv'd awhile in Embryo lay
They sprout and grow and branching spread away
Till lopp'd by Time their aged Trunks decay.
The Book of Fate contain all earthly Things
The State of Kingdoms, and their Race of Kings:
Th' advent'rous Muse these brazen Leaves unfold,
And future Days as present now behold,
Where Powwou's Huts in deep Prostration lies
Temples to GOD with lofty Spires arise:
On Murder bent where savage Pagans met—
Majestic Halls of public Justice set;
Impenetrable Shade keeps off the Day
Safe haunts for all the ravenous Beasts of Prey
Where stately Domes adorn the ample Square
There sapient Senators inrob'd repair;
And splendid Courts magnificently shine
With scepter'd Heads of GEORGE'S Royal Line.

JANUARY.

In Vulgar Minds false Maxims are receiv'd,
Laid up for Truth and sacredly believ'd;
And thus in Law, Estates cannot ascend,
For Gold like Lead does ever downward tend.
Nature abhors a Vacuum too, they say.
Nature abhors such Fools, as well she may;
For if Space was with Plenitude oppress'd,
Nothing could move, all Things would ever rest.

FEBRUARY.

The steady Horse his drunken Rider feels,
And veers transverse to prop him as he reels;
Who takes the Bowl too freely at a Feast,
We say in scorn, he makes himself a Beast:
Beasts take no more than Nature's craving needs;
Man only surfeits Nature when he feeds.
The Steed would tell (could you him understand)
His erring Mate, "you make yourself a Man."

MARCH.

All Second Causes from the First proceed,
So no Event can happen undecreed.
Eternal Wisdom all Things has design'd,
And Heav'n and Earth and Hell are firmly join'd
By one vast Chain, whose Links connected be,
Thro' Time revolving to Eternity.

APRIL.

" The World's a Scene of Changes, and to be
" Constant, in Nature were Inconstancy,
" For 'twere to break the Laws herself has made;
" Our Substances themselves do fleet and fade;
" The most fix'd Being still does move and fly,
" Swift as the Wings of Time 'tis measur'd by.

MAY.

The Life renewing Heat each Flower meets,
Expands its Leaves, and gives forth all its sweets;
Touch'd by the kindly Warmth, the Roses blow,
And liquid Pearls amidst their Fragrance glow;
The velvet Lillies milder Scents exhale,
And give their Odours to the passing Gale.

JUNE.

Swift through the Fields the Peasant takes his Way,
And pleas'd resumes the Labour of the Day;
The feather'd Choir renew their artless Lay,
Wing thro' the Air, or warble on the Spray;
These are thy Works, O great Creator! these
Thy Power effects; Heaven, Earth & Air, & Seas
Are Thine.——

JULY.

Young Fool! for Pleasure sells his little Wits,
To suck Damnation from a Strumpet's lips;
How silly is the Wretch to trust the Lass,
That robs him of his Nose before his Face;
And 'tis the Nature of the nasty Wench,
To borrow English Coin, but pay in French.

AUGUST.

Custom for Liberty is still mistook,
And Virtue for the Fashion is forsook:
Deluded Age, confin'd in Custom's Chain,
Reflect——and soon your Liberty regain;
That once regained, this maxim will protect,
Let each Man act as Conscience shall direct.

SEPTEMBER.

Ye idle Fair, who spend the fleeting Hours
In Trifles,——Dressing, Scandal and Amours;
Whose Tempers to the Fashion subject most,
Are for a fashionable Trifle cross'd;

Who in your formal Visits take Delight,
Seem fond of one ye hate, to be polite.

OCTOBER.

Meer Slaves to Fashion, and Extremes of Taste,
With Hat compleatly cock'd, and Coat well lac'd;
Whether your qualities are good or ill,
They Judge your Merit by your Taylor's Bill;
Concluding he to Wit has no Pretence,
Whose lasting Serge was bought at small Expence.

NOVEMBER.

The happy Men that first possest this Earth,
Spent their dear Hours in endless Rounds of Mirth;
They claim'd no Titles from Descent or Blood,
But that which made them Noble made them Good;
Envy was not, none thought themselves opprest,
For every one what most he lik'd, possest.

DECEMBER.

No snarling Words from drunken Fits ensu'd,
Acorns and Strawberries were all their Food;
From painful Cares of Luxury they fled,
And on the wholesome Herbs of Nature fed;
Possest of inward Peace they eat their fill,
And drank the Christal of the murm'ring Rill.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Now o'er the Fire we muse
Of what we've got, and what we have to lose.

MARCH.

A strange Event!
Which makes some to repent.

MAY.

What's this we hear!
Sure we have Reason to dread & fear.

JULY.

Must we for Peace with dear-bought Conquests part,
Conquests that cost us many a bleeding Heart!

OCTOBER.

News from afar,
Which ends the War (perhaps)

DECEMBER.

This is a Time for Joy & Mirth
When we consider our Saviour's Birth!

ACCOUNT of the present ROYAL FAMILY.

GEORGE II. King of Great-Britain, France and Ireland, &c. His living Issue, by his late Queen Caroline, are, 1 Princess Amelia; 2 Prince William, Duke of Cumberland; 3 Princess Mary.——The Princess Dowager of Wales, Augusta, of Saxe Gotha, born 30th of November 1719, married 8th of May 1736, to Frederick, late Prince of Wales.—Their living Issue are, 1 Princess Augusta; 2 GEORGE Prince of Wales; 3 Edward Augustus, 4 William-Henry; 5 Henry-Frederick; 6 Louisa Ann; 7 Frederick-William; 8 Caroline Matilda.

A TABLE of the Weight and Value of Gold.

Coins.	dwt.	Gr.	Old Tenor.			Lawful Money.		
Guinea	5	9	£. 10	10s.	0d.	£. 1	8s.	0d
Half Ditto	2	16	5	5	0	0	14	0
Moidore	6	22	13	10	0	1	16	0
Half Ditto	3	11	6	15	0	0	18	0
4 Pistole Piece	17	8	33	00	0	4	8	0
Half Ditto	8	16	16	10	0	2	4	0
Pistole	4	8	8	5	0	1	2	0
Half Ditto	2	4	4	2	6	0	11	0
Double Johannes	18	10	36	00	0	4	16	0
Single Ditto	9	5	18	00	0	2	8	0
Half Ditto	4	14	9	00	0	1	4	0
Quarter Ditto	2	7	4	10	0	0	12	0

Value of Gold.	Old Tenor.			Lawful Money.		
1 Ounce of Gold is	£. 38	00	0	£. 5	1	4
1 Pennyweight of Ditto is	1	18	0	0	5	1
1 Grain of Ditto is	0	1	7	0	0	2½

Value of Silver.	Old Tenor.			Lawful Money.		
1 Ounce of Silver is..... £.	2	10	0	£. 0	6	8
1 Pennyweight of Ditto is .	0	2	6	0	0	4
1 Grain of Ditto is.....	0	0	1¼			

Spanish mill'd Dollars pass for *Six Shillings* Lawful Money and *Forty-five Shillings* Old Tenor, in *Massachusetts Bay.*

LIST of all the Crowned Heads in Europe, and the Names of their respective Royal Cities or Metropolis of each Kingdom.

GEORGE II. King of Great Britain, &c. .....*London.*
Francis Stephen, Emperor of Germany
Empress Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary. } .....*Vienna.*
Lewis, XV. King of France .....*Paris.*
Carlos III. King of Spain .....*Madrid.*
Joseph, King of Portugal .....*Lisbon.*
Frederick, King of Denmark.....*Copenhagen,*
Adolphus Frederick, King of Sweden .....*Stockholm.*
Augustus, King of Poland.....*Warsaw.*
Charles Frederick, King of Prussia .....*Berlin.*
Elizabeth, Empress of Russia.....*Petersburg.*
King Stanislaus, Duke of Lorrain and Barr.....
Charles Emanuel, King of Sardinia .....*Turin.*
Osman, Sultan of Turkey .....*Constantinople.*

Besides a Number of Princes, Dukes, &c., who govern Republicks, Provinces, &c.

AMES, 1760.

On the Reduction of QUEBEC, Sept. 18, 1759, by General WOLFE and the brave Troops under his Command &c.

Important is the Cause. All British Hearts
'Twixt Hope and Fear expect the Grand Event:
The Seed of Jacob send their Souls to Heav'n
In fervent Prayers: The Lord of Hosts attends,
Attends the Cries of wrestling Jacob's Sons:
And Heav'n designs Success. The winged Hosts
Quick at th' Almighty's Nod, bend round his Throne,
Ready to hear his Will, nor less dispos'd
To execute his great Commands on Earth.

" Behold on yonder Earth, the British Troops,
" True to their GOD, and valiant for their King,
" Compell'd to Arms by Gallic Perjury,
" Led forth by WOLFE, the generous and the brave:
" Oppress'd AMERICA their Succour claims;
" CANADA to demolish is the Plan;
" Under th' auspicious Smiles of Heav'n the Plan
" Was laid, and hitherto Success has gain'd;
" But yet the grand decisive Scene remains
" To be attempted; and Success therein
" Cannot be gain'd by Power merely human:
" Why should the sadden'd British Troops withdraw
" With Victory half-gain'd, and glad the Hearts
" Of haughty Papal Power: And so at last
" A Conquest lose for want of Man for Man?
" Better that I with my peculiar Aid
" Cause the few Heroes Multitudes to Chace,
" So that the Conqu'ror's and the Conquer'd both
" May see my Hand, and own a Power Divine.

He said: And all th' Angelick Souls benign
Their Approbation smil'd, and humbly bow'd.

" Then Wing your Course to Earth " th' ETERNAL said,
" Nor loiter by the Way; haste to the Help
" Of English Troops: But those of Gaul confound!
" The English Hearts, now bold, still bolder make,
" Bid them dismiss their Fears, and trust in God,
" Whose is the Cause, and whose to give Success.
" Into the Mind of WOLFE, Heroic Man!
" A Ray of Wisdom dart, more than Human,
" That he with Skill Divine may lay the Plan
" To gain the Conquest o're his numerous Foes;
" And his fir'd Breast with ten-fold Ardor fire,
" To lead the Van, and crush the Rebel Throng.
" And then bid Fear and Darkness fill the Souls,
" The Savage Souls, of proud Canadian Bands;
" What Valour still remains let be ill-tim'd,
" Let ill-tim'd Confidence their Ruin bring.—
These great Commands sink deep in every Breast
Of the attending Spirits round the Throne;
They spread their Wings with Pleasure to obey,
And thro' the trackless Path of Liquid Air,
Pursue their rapid Course, nor miss their Way:
Not otherwise than flaming Balls of Fire,
Bursting from Clouds with hoarse tremendous Roar
Stream swiftly down, and shake the trembling Ground.

Malignant Spirits which frequent the Air,
And croud these Lower Regions, full of Spite,
Observe these bright Ambassadors from Heav'n,
Guess their Design, and wish to stop their Course:
But (Thanks to Heav'n) their Malice is confin'd.
They only shew that they belong to Hell.
Heav'ns Messengers fly thro' the wakeful Camps,
And spread their Influence thro' the Breasts of all
Who give Commands, and who Commands obey;
Add Wisdom to the Wise, Strength to the Strong,
Zeal to the Zealous, Courage to the Brave,
And so enliven all; but yet, as bidden,
Mainly attend to WOLFE, the noble CHIEF.
Greaten his Soul, (his Soul was great before,)
Extend his Views, before extended far,
And warm his manly Soul with fresh Desire
To gain the long wish'd Victory: At once
To add new Conquests to the British Arms,
New Territories to the British Crown,
And 'venge the Wrongs done to her peaceful Sons:
He meditates great Things; all Possibles
Ope to his Mind: He knows what can be done,
And burns to execute the deep-laid Scheme,
Tho' conscious of the Danger to himself.

Himself he views a Point, when in compare
With that great CAUSE in which he is engag'd,
He's *Hero*, *Patriot*, *Politician*, All:
These drink up all his Soul, he has no *Self*.

And now the great decisive Morning dawns
When proud QUEBEC must fall; and WOLFE immortal,
Borne on the Wings of Fame, quit this dull Earth,
To dwell in Realms above. All British Hearts
Grow warm, their Blood beats high in every Vein,
The noble Chief gives forth his wise Commands,
They're all Attention, and with dauntless Hearts
March forth to meet the Foe in hidious Fight.
The Armies now advance in dread Array,
The glitt'ring Shields give and return the Blaze;
Serenely *WOLFE* leads on his trusty Few
To meet a tripple Force: He calmly gives
His Orders; while the dusky Horrors rise,
With blazing Confidence the Foes rush on,
And with quick Vollies hurl the leaden Showers,
Which thrice the British Troops bravely sustain,

And then with double Force return the Fire,
Which spreads a wild Destruction all around:
Stunn'd at the Blow the yielding Squadrons break,
And then in dire Amazement basely fly;
While Britain's Sons pursue with noble Rage,
Renew the Charge with wide destroying Balls,
And wield with Skill the dire avenging Sword,
Whose steely Blade its horrid Circles cuts.
WOLFE, where the Combat mow'd the falling Ranks,
Nobly serene enjoy'd the raging War.
Come on, Come on, the valiant Leader cries!
The Day is our's, the Day is our's! But oh!
(Heav'n so permits—what loyal Hearts don't Bleed!)
A fatal Ball soon plough'd its angry Course
His Body thro', and stretch'd him on the Strand;
And yet with bleeding Wounds, and shatter'd Voice,
He cries Pursue, Pursue, my Lads, pursue!
Now Victory and Heav'n divide his Mind,
And each alternate claim his dying Cares
Till Victory's secur'd; And then in Peace
He breaths his noble Soul into the Arms
Of Guardian Angels, who with Joy convey
It to the Realms of Cloudless Day above.
O WOLFE! immortal Hero. tho' now fall'n
Thy Name shall live for ever in our Breasts.
Shall We, or envy or condole thy Fate?
Like him of *Gaza*, conqu'ring in thy Fall
Gaining the greatest Victory at thy Death.

Notes on 1760.—The title page this year is embellished with a rude cut of the Zodiac surrounded by ideal figures of the four Seasons. War with all its pomp and circumstance, with Mars in command with his baneful influence, is poetically described in the opening verse, and Peace as briefly, but not as forcibly alluded to.

The inconveniences of being popular, and being the author of a popular publication are thoroughly experienced by the Doctor this year, in which occurs quite a "cotillion," caused by the action of the printers of the Almanack 1759 (see Note p. 289) in declining to furnish copies to the booksellers.

There being no *copyright law* in the Colonies, the booksellers engaged a printer named Kneeland, stole the copy after publication by Dr. Ames' printers, and issued on their own account.

Not content with absolute robbery, these pirates boldly announced their production as the "IId. Edition, *Price*, 2 Pistareens *per Dozen*, 5

Coppers *single*. Corrected from the Mistakes and Blunders of those printed by some of the PRINTERS of *Boston*." Then to add insult to injury they (the booksellers) appended:

"*N. B.* As some of the *Printers* of the Town of *Boston* seem determin'd to impose on the Publick:—This is to inform, that to the great Abuse of *Dr. Ames*, and the Publick, they have printed *Almanacks* for 1760 & affix'd the Doctor's *name* to the same, that differ in a scandalous *Manner*, and can by no Means be depended on: and that great Care has been taken to correct this Edition, from the Errors they have made in said Almanacks:—We also desire the Public to beware they are not impos'd on by giving an Extravagant Price for said Almanacks."

This the Doctor replied to as followeth:—

FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE, JUNE 14, 1760.

In a *Connecticut* Paper was Advertised Almanacks for 1760, with my Name thereto, to be sold by some of the Booksellers in Boston; and also some to be sold at New Haven, at the low price of *Two Shillings* per Dozen: and having seen some of them in Boston; it appears that said Almanack is a notorious Cheat and Imposition; The Chief Design was, (as given out by some who had Honor, Honesty and ingenuity enough to assist in Counterfeiting) to destroy the Credit my Almanack had gained, and prevent its having such Credit for the future: To which Purpose they have Endeavoured to render my performance as despicable as possible, by omitting the Preface, Ephemeris, Verses, &c. also what is of Service, Interest Tables, Value of Coin, the several Roads and Stages: and further to make me appear still more Contemptible omitted ALL the Week Days in the whole Year, and above 50 Days in the Months, and fixed in some places the wrong Dominical Letter: Surely such Conduct is to the last Degree, Base!

☞ I therefore advertise again, That those Almanacks printed in Boston from my Copy have the Printers name thereto, and none others: And I hope that the Defence of my Reputation, in thus advertising, which at this Time seems necessary, will be a sufficient Apology to my Countrymen, whose Good I seek, and on whose Good-will I depend.

Boston, Jan. 8, 1760. Nathaniel Ames.

The recorded "pirated" editions published previous to this date, and during the lifetime of the author, bore the following imprints: 1757 *New England;* 1758-59, *New Haven: J. Parker & Company;* 1764, "*Printing office New Haven;*" 1765, "*Reprinted New London. Timothy Green.*"

In his address to the Reader in the Almanack for 1760, the Author rehearses the advantages of the increased size of the Almanack; remembers "the friendly Sect of Men called Quakers," *etc.*, *etc.*, closing with an allusion to that "happy World" where all errors typographical and otherwise will be amended.

The accession to the throne of George the Third, is celebrated in heroic verse, and in the monthly lines, Temperance, Truth, Cause and Effect, Inconstancy, Folly and its punishment, Liberty and Custom, Idleness, fashion, and the Pre-historic man, are all attended to in the Doctor's usual method.

Then follows an Account of the Royal Family, and contemporary rulers, with their postoffice addresses; concluding the annual production in an heroic elegy in blank verse on the "*Death of the Immortal Wolfe.*"

As might well be surmised, the humor for this month is well nigh dissipated by the presence of more important serious matters.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1761.[1]

By NATHANIEL AMES.

BOSTON: Printed by JOHN DRAPER, in Cornhill; RICHARD DRAPER in Newbury-Street; GREEN & RUSSELL, & EDES & GILL in Queen-Street: and THOMAS & JOHN FLEET, at the Heart and Crown in Cornhill.

Great Alexander, who the World had won,
Sat down and wept when all his Work was done.
AMHERST with Glory triumphs o'er his Foes,
And rests for want of Countries to oppose.
CANADA conquer'd! Can the News be true!
Inspir'd by Heav'n what cannot *Britons* do.
The News with Haste to listning Nations tell,
How *Canada*, like ancient *Carthage*, fell.

Kind READER.

The Motions and various Appearances of the Planets were brought to Rule and Order, by viewing the Heavens with the greatest Precision and Accuracy; every one improving upon the Observation of his Predecessor, until all the Phenomena were compleatly gathered; and then applying Geometry and Numbers

[1] The Almanack for 1761 was issued Nov. 1, 1760, to prevent the "pirates" from deriving any advantage by reason of an earlier publication.

to investigate their Orbits, their Distances, the Laws of their Motion, their Natures, and their Causes: By these Means Astronomy has been brought to great Perfection: Nevertheless to bring some Points in this sublime Art to a yet greater Degree of Perfection the curious and learned Mathematicians of this Age expect a curious Phenomenon the sixth day of *June*, this present Year 1761: I mean the Transit of the Planet *Venus* over the Disk of the SUN. His Majesty has granted a Sum of Money to the Royal Society in *London* to send proper Persons to St. *Helena* and *Bencoolon*, and also to *Hudson's Bay;* The French King has sent one of the Royal Academy of Sciences to *Pondicherry*, in the *East Indies;* the Academy of *Petersburg* to *Siberia*, that this curious Appearance may be accurately observed from these different and distant Parts of the Earth at the same real Moment of Time.

With the other Things as usual in this Performance, I have continued and added to the Account of the Roads and Houses of Public Entertainment, and observed the Alterations that have been made (according to the Information of Travellers) since my last. I have also added the Table of the Value of Coins currant in the several Provinces: and to prevent these Things from growing stale and unentertaining, I have Wrote a word or two on those Subjects, that there may be the Appearance of Novelty, where almost the same Things are repeated.—There is added to this last Table, the Value of Grains of Gold and Silver in Old Tenor, from one Grain to a Pennyweight, very handy in this Province. I have likewise given a Page for a Table of the Difference of apparent and true Time, for every other Day in the Year.

The disarming the SMALL-POX of its Malignity and Danger is a Matter of great Importance. Some at this Day affirm they have found this great Secret: If what I have wrote on this Subject might stir up the Ingenious to make due Inquiry into this Affair, and refute or confirm the Pretensions of these Gentlemen, it will answer some good Purpose.

With the Assistance of the *Muses* I have attempted to decorate the Almanack this Year with Poetry of my *own* composing, except the Lines at the Top of the Eclipse-Page, which were sent me after the Copy was sent to the Press. NATH. AMES.

To thee, great GOD, thro' whose indulgent Care,
We view the Dawning of another Year,
Our annual Song, inflam'd with Love, shall rise,
Grateful as Incense, curling to the Skies.
Still, may thy guardian Providence protect,
Sweeten our Days, and all our Paths direct:
Inspir'd by firm *Religion's* sacred Pow'r,
May noble Acts illumine ev'ry Hour:
So when Life fades, to Heav'n our Souls shall wing,
Those blooming Regions of immortal *Spring*.

The Foreign *Vintage* rival'd by the *Gardens* of *America*: Or, A Receipt to make *Wine* as good as most that is imported, and much cheaper.

A proper Receipt to make Currant Wine.

To a Gallon of Currants, a Gallon of Water, mash them, and strain the Liquor from them, and to every Gallon of Liquor put two Pounds and three Quarters of good Brown Sugar: Put it in a tight Cask, and let it stand three or four Days, that it may Work, with the Bung out; then bung it up, and it will be fit to drink by Christmas.

A Divine ought to calculate his *Sermon*, and an Astronomer his *Almanack*, to the Meridian of the Place & People where they live.

Names, Characters, Explanation and Use of the Five Aspects.

ASPECT signifies the Situation of the Planets and Stars, in Respect of each other. Of these we commonly reckon *five* different Sorts, viz.:

☌ Conjunction, when they are both in the same degree.
☍ Opposition, when they are 180 Degrees distant.
□ Quartile, when they are 90 Degrees distant from each other.
△ Trine, is when they are distant 120 Degrees.
✳ Sextile, is when two Planets, or Stars, are 60 Deg. distant.

Names and Characters of the Signs, and Planets.

♈ Aries ♉ Taurus ♊ Gemini ♋ Cancer ♌ Leo ♍ Virgo

♎ Libra ♏ Scorpio ♐ Sagitarius ♑ Capricorn ♒ Aquarius ♓ Pisces.

☉ Sun ♄ Saturn ♃ Jupiter ♂ Mars ♀ Venus ☿ Mercury ● ☽ Moon ☊ Dragon's Head ☋ Dragon's Tail ⊖ Earth.

One *Star differeth from another Star in Glory.*—The most glorious is the Planet VENUS, and she is our Evening Star to the 6th of June, thence she reigns Queen of the Morning till the End of the Year 1761.

JANUARY.

SIGHT.

The Eye, surprizing Instrument of Sight!
Within whose Orb reflected Rays of Light
Transcribe the Image of external Things,
And Notice to the Mind immediate brings,
From the vast Range of distant Stars and Skies,
And various beauteous Landscapes as they rise.

FEBRUARY.

HEARING.

Nor less than GOD planted the curious Ear
Whose winding Porch collects the trembling Air,
Sonorous Cave! from Bends and Hollows come
The speaking Echoes on the sounding Drum,
Where living Cords impress the ready Mind,
And raise the Man above the brutal Kinds.

MARCH.

FEELING.

The Sense of Feeling on the Frontiers stands,
With Scouts and Guards on Finger's Ends and Hands;
Nervous Detachments, Legions on the skin
To warn of Dangers e're it comes within.
From the keen Nerve to the numb Heel the Touch
Nor thrills the Part too feebly nor too much.

APRIL.

SMELLING.

The Smell dispatches Couriers to the Mind
With such Advice as Sight has left behind,
The station'd Sweets, that hover round the Rose
Unseen, are yet detected by the Nose:
And yet for great Segacity of Smell
Some Beasts the Man for Keeness far excell:
An old experienc'd hunting Hound kept back,
Where Thousands step, will find his Master's Track.

MAY.

TASTE.

The Taste's commission'd to discuss the Food,
And make Report whether 'tis bad or good:
The Mouth to hold this Office is ordain'd,
That nothing there might pass but what has gain'd
A Passport with the greatest Scrutiny
Upon it's pleasing wholesome Quality.

JUNE.

SPEECH.

Knowledge which has from others Senses flown
The Use of Speech appropriates to my own;
This Art conveys the Secrets of the Breast,
This! favours Man so much above the Beast.
The Voice in Speech so artful strikes the Ear,
That we thereby the very Thoughts do hear.

JULY.

When the Ætherial Blue with Clouds is spread,
And dormcnt Lightnings hover over Head;
Soon as the Flash has launch'd the livid Flame,
It darts and burns along th' electric Train,
The dire Explosion leaves the light'ned Air,
To shine in cool Serenity and Fair.

AUGUST.

Th' aspiring Hills, from whose steep craggy Sides,
The gath'ring Mist in humid murmuring glides,
These Stores reserv'd the running Stream befriends,
Whose constant Flow the bub'ling Fountain spends.
Let Hills and Mists withhold their kind Supply,
Brooks fail and leave their o'ozy Channels dry.

SEPTEMBER.

Now Nature paints her Colours! Blue and Green,
On the high Arch and ample Carpet seen,
Make up the Ground of Nature's wond'rous Piece
Where perfect Pictures mingling intersperse;
The golden Stars on saphire Pavements glow
And ardent Hues adorn the Scene below,
Nor in too strong Exuberance of Light
Fatigue, but please, and chear the approving Sight.

OCTOBER.

The temperate Man enjoys the most Delight,
For Riot dulls and palls the Appetite,

Excess shuts out true Relish from the Soul,
And does the Pleasures ev'n of Taste controul;
Such keen Delights from Abstinence proceed,
That Temp'rance is true Luxury indeed.

NOVEMBER.

When Sol descends a down the Midnight Way,
The Atmosphere holds up the falling Day;
And so the Morn with Blushes paints the East
To entertain the rising princely Guest.
But for this kind Refraction of the Light
Sudden would flash the Day and rush the Night.

DECEMBER.

The Atmosphere SOL'S gentle Heat retains,
Broods on the Earth in gentle Dews and Rains;
'Tis this kind Vest that keeps our Planet warm,
Defends her numerous Progeny from Harm,
While Monntain Tops lie chill'd in Frost and Snow,
Where Flowers and Fruits adorn their Slopes below.

The Contented FARMER.

I eat, drink, and sleep, and do what I please,
The King in his Palace can only do these.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Their Light lessen'd, their Strength & Glory abated.
A Discovery of secret & cunning Devices.
By missing the Good expected, an Evil unthought of, is prevented.

FEBRUARY.

Blind Fortune from her Tree lets drop, Discord & Trouble on some, but Mirth, Wealth and Pleasure on others.

Nature operates vigorously in the Production of Cold or Wet.

We shall soon reap the Fruits of Peace: or new Incidents will embroil the War afresh.

Give me this Week for Elbow-room to guess in and I'll promise wet enough.

MARCH.

High Matters transacted with Fear & Care.

One hopes for Good but misses it.

APRIL.

News of Importance!

A righteous man (more excellent than his Neighbour) slandered because he cannot be corrupted.

MAY.

Some Men like the Planets stir up & influence smoaky thick air.

Behold a Man vexed and Fearful.

Husbandry is the Philosopher's Stone which turns Trees, Fruits, Earth, Iron & Water into Gold.

GENERAL ELECTION. Happy Privileges!

JUNE.

Nature's Apparatus being prepared, the Grand Electric Fire plays marvelously in the Night.

JULY.

Slander should think of Memory and Chalk.

Saturn sheds malignant Influence on Monks, Fryars and Jesuits.

How pleasant is the Draught of modern Punch this sultry Weather? It is reviving.

AUGUST.

Live temperate and defy the Physician.

The Consideration of Utopian Schemes are adjourned till Winter.

Hempen Cravats will come more and more into Fashion.

SEPTEMBER.

Now the Infirm grow more unhealthy, but the Alert perform many short Journeys with Pleasure about this Time.

The Farmer and Labourer have had a day; Attornies, Clerks and Scribes have a Time to come.

OCTOBER.

Old Men are in danger of dying, and old Buildings of falling.

The three Doctors, Diet, Quiet and Temperance are the best Physicians.

NOVEMBER.

Make due Preparation for an unwelcome Guest.

Some are influenc'd by the Dragon's Head and some by his Tail.

DECEMBER.

A Son of Mars from War does come
and War proclaims anew at Home.

May all your Pleasures last, and Pains end with this Year that's past.

Of different COINS.

The Germans, because of their Easterly Dwelling from the English, were called Esterlings, some of whom Dwelling in *England*, first of all stamp'd a pure Coin, which from them was called *Esterling* Money; and now leaving out the initial Letter *E*, it is called *Sterling* Money at this Day.—Queen *Elizabeth* called in all the base Coin of her Predecessors; since which Time nothing but Sterling Money passes; except for the Necessity of the Poor, Permission is given for coining Copper into English Farthings and Half Pence, which are not a Tender for Rent and Debt. The Pound, Shilling, and Pence, of different Nations differ in Value; thus, an English *Penny* is a Scottish *Shilling;* The *Hebrew* Talent in Silver is £375, in Gold £4500.

Artiabalipa King of *Peru* (being taken by the Spaniards who conquered his Country) pay'd for his Ranson *Ten Million Three Hundred and Twenty-Six Thousand Ducats* in Gold; nevertheless the Spaniards after they had got his Money, put him to Death. The Priests, after having described Heaven and Hell to him, told him they would pardon his Sins, and he should go to Heaven: He asked if the Spaniards went there? The Priest answered, Yes: Then, says the poor *Peruvian*, I will go to the other Place.

Of the SMALL-POX.

The SMALL-POX is an Eruption of Pustles on the Skin of a determinate shape & Nature, that in a certain Space of Time become purulent Abscesses, containing Puss of a Malignant Nature. A Person cannot be infected with this terrible Distemper by an Epidemic Constitution of the Air, or State of the Blood & Juices favouring the same, without the putrid Effluvia of the Variolus Pus of the diseased Person be received into the Blood and Juices of the Person that is infected,—And this Distemper so produced is capable of being propagated from Individual to Individual (a few rare Instances excepted) till the whole Race of Men throughout the World would have it, if they did not keep out of the Way of the Infection.

If I conjecture right, this subtil Virus or the Effluvia, from the Abscesses of the diseased Person, being received iuto the Blood and Juices of the Person infected, by some Fermentation

or Mechanic Operation, changes the Figure & Magnitude of a eertain Set of Salts in the Blood; which Salts, being thus altered, become like so many exotick Bodies, or to speak familiarly, like the Points of Thorns broke off in the Flesh, and thereupon become incompatible with a State of Rest, Ease & Health; and Nature takes the same Method for their Expulsion, *viz.* by raising as many *Phlegmons* as there are Bodies, or Clusters of Bodies, to be expelled. And from this Theory all the Phenomena of this Distemper may be solved.

As to the Cure.———

WHOEVER considers the Nature of *Mercury;* its wonderfull Effects & Operations on the Humane Body, it's Minuteness and Gravity, the Sphericity of its Particles, and their Power to break and divide the Corrosiveness and Pointedness of the Salts in the Blood, to render those Liquors of the Body innocent and harmless, that otherwise would be deadly and noxious.—I say who considers these Things must allow that *Mercury* is the best Medicine to prevent the Dangers arising from the *Small-Pox:* The Blood assisted by any considerable Quantity of *Mercury*, to that of the Blood unassisted, to remove an Obstruction, will be as 3000 to 1: This has been proved by Doct. *Cheyne*, in his new Theory of *Fevers:* But this *Mercury* must be apply'd for the cleansing the Constitution before the Disease attacks, otherwise it will no more avail than an Engine would to extinguish Fire in a Dwelling that was filled with combustible Matter; and if the Body be rightly prepared, I conceive it is not much Matter which Way the Distemper be received, whether by Inoculation, or the Natural Way. Many have lately practiced Inoculation with surprizing success; and by their Preparation of the Body have lightened the Distemper to almost nothing; some Practitioners from selfish Views make a great Secret of the Method, whereby they prepare their Patients; but their whole Dependence is on Calomel or some *Preparation* of *Mercury;* and no doubt it may be assisted by some other Medicines; but after all, the right Preparation of the Body for this Distemper caunot be performed by ignorant Quacks: For the free Use of *Mercury* in *such Hands*, would be as dangerous as the Small-Pox itself.

Cleansing of a House.

WHERE the Small-Pox has been in a House, to cleanse the same, so that the Person who moved out for fear of the Infection, may return in safety, Doct. *Hales* recommends this Method, *viz.* Let the Feather-Beds be lain hollow on Chairs turned down, and some of the Blankets being nailed before the Chimneys to prevent the Fumes escaping, and the rest of them being nailed unfolded against the Walls, and all the Drawers & Boxes set open; then four or more Pounds of Brimstone being laid on Wood-Ashes in an Iron Pot or Pots, according to the Size of the House, and plac'd on some Sand or Earth in the midst of the Floor below, the Brimstone to be fired by a hot Bullet or other large Piece of Iron laid on it.

N. B. All living Creatures, whose Lives are worth preserving, should be moved out of the House during this Operation, & the Sand or Earth should be well laid on the Floor to prevent the Danger of the Fire.

Notes on 1761.—A change comes o'er the spirit of the muse this season, and the author's feelings are correspondingly elevated. The verse on the title indicates that British *consols* have advanced, and even the rude cut of the face of generous Sol on the title page depicts that Monarch of the Day as looking pleasant, and agreeable. On the next page the poet pours out his swelling soul in evident rejoicing, at the rich harvest of glory redounding to AMHERST and the arms of *Britain.*

In his address to the Reader he mentions the extraordinary encouragement offered the Royal Society by the Crown, for the observation of the transit of Venus, and he quotes the French King as being equally liberal towards the Royal Academy of Sciences for a similar purpose.

By a note concerning the decoration of the Almanack with poetry of his *own* composing, we are led to infer that the Doctor may have borrowed some for a few years previous, or had it furnished by some sympathising friend.

Further astronomical information is afforded by the definition and description of the five planetary aspects, and encouragement is given to American vintage by the insertion of "a proper Receipt to make Currant Wine."

His advice to Divines and Astronomera is not devoid of *Ames*, and the monthly verses are exuberant on the subject of the *five senses* and what may be determined by the proper use of them.

The miscellany consists of a short description of coins current, their

values, and the origin of their titles, an anecdote of Artiabalipa (? Atahualpa) King of Peru, an appreciative and circumspect person. The closing essay is upon the very (at that time) momentous subject of Small-pox, with an opinion concerning the use of Mercury or Calomel as a cure for the disease.

The usual *olla podrida* of sayings and suggestions, goes to fill up the weather column which would otherwise be dry and indigestible for general readers.

In a note concerning the length of the English mile, a *Sabbath Day's Journey*, etc., he concludes with the observation. "The Traveller may Note, that in all Solitary Ways, where the Sight is constantly broken and interrupted, * * * the Miles seem much longer than in open Plain."

This will readily account for the custom some people have, (especially late at Night) of taking the *middle of the road* in preference to the *side-walk*, for their homeward march *en solitaire*.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1762.

By NATHANIEL AMES.

BOSTON: Printed & Sold by JOHN DRAPER, in Cornhill: RICHARD DRAPER in Newbury-Street; GREEN & RUSSELL and EDES & GILL in Queen-Street; and THOMAS & JOHN FLEET at the Heart and Crown in Cornhill.

Sold also by the BOOKSELLERS.

Now we the long expected Year behold
Which Astrologic Prophecies foretold,
And great Events since Time began conceal'd
Rush forth, and are to open View reveal'd
Th' Objector says, "What Things are come to pass
Does not each Scene continue as it was?"
No.————————————————————
The best of Kings has laid his Scepter down,
And GEORGE the Third adorns the British Crown;
New conquered Realms joins to his boundless Sway
And Savage Chiefs their willing Homage pay:
He reigns o'er Realms to former Kings unknown,
Whose vanquish'd Monarchs due Subjection own.

Ames 1762.

Urania descending from the forky Summit of *Parnassus* delivered me a Rod, sent by the whole Choir of Muses, to Chastize the Insolence of the *Vintners*, whom they never lov'd and with whom they are highly offended for a Peice in Rhime directed to Me in the Postscript of the *Boston* Weekly News Letter Thursday 25th *December* 1760, on the Receipt I published in my last Year's Almanack, to make Currant Wine.

Like Priests of *Baal* they crav'd the Muses Aid,
But Muses of the Vintners are afraid;
For they infum'd that wicked furious Crew,
Who *Orphæus*, and his tuneful Lyre o'erthrew;
So void of Thought, and uninspir'd, their Song
Was doggrel low, and grov'ling crept along:
Had not their Censure been unjust and bad,
They might and may with Poetry run mad.
Good Currant Wine is genuinely made
By that just Rule when cautiously obey'd,
For Men of Worth, of Wealth, of Curious Taste
To that Receipt subscribe *probatum est*
They did presume to charge me with a Rape,
But they commit Adult'ry with the Grape;
They do indeed as often as they brew
And Liquors make which Nature never knew;
They do the Off-spring of the Vine defame
To call their Wines by any genuine Name:
O! thou *Madeira!* pure as Morning Dew!
Thy Excellence the Gods stand witness to:
Thy Name enobles many a guileful Cheat,
Which can't thy Taste nor Flavour counterfeit.
I meddl'd not with Wine on Nature's Part
But only such as was contriv'd by Art;
Yet Vint'ners the Victory is thine,
Your Art (I own) by far exceedeth mine,
For you can make your *Cyder* into *Wine*.

JANUARY.

America kind Heav'ns peculiar Care,
Vast heaps of Nature's Stores are treasur'd here:
Here the kind Earth produces yearly Grain,
Soften'd by Waters and descending Rain:

In Time thy Towers will vie with *Europe's* Pride,
And scepter'd Heads will gladly here reside.

FEBRUARY.

The *British* Conquests reach to *India's* Land,
Whose num'rous States an hundred Kings command:
There the Mogul a spacious Empire sways,
Around his golden Seat the dazzling Blaze
Of Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, strike the Eye,
The richest Throne beneath the copious Sky.

MARCH.

Vast are the Treasures *Indian* Climes may boast,
But Pagan Ignorance o'erspreads the Coast;
To Idol-Gods or living Brutes they bow,
Their King's the greatest Deity they know.
Ye Christians as their plenteous Wealth you share,
With your blest Faith enrich the Natives there.

APRIL.

In *India's* Woods the Parrot builds her Nest,
With Plumage of the gayest Tinctures drest:
Sweet docile Bird whose imitating Tongue,
In Words distinct repeats its mimic Song;
Discourses [1] too with Reason thro' the whole,
And shows the Wisdom of its little Soul.

MAY.

Commerce! We do thy num'rous Blessings own,
Thou bring'st the Fruit of other Nations Home:
The Taste of hot *Arabia's* Spice we know,
Nor feel the scorching Sun that makes it grow:
Without the Worm in *Persian* Silks we shine,
And without Planting, drink of every Vine.

JUNE.

See in whose Blood the chilling Ague reigns,
His Eyes grow languid and declare his Pains:
The ruddy Lips that once engag'd the Sight,
Now trembling quivers in a ghastly White:
The Joints are now unstrung, the Fabrick shakes,
Nature the Dissolution fears and quakes.

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[1] *See Mr.* Lock *on Hum. Underst., Vol.* I. p. 285.

JULY.

The Man who burns with Fevers on his Bed,
How his dry'd Eye-Balls sink into his Head:
The Torture racks his Bones, contracts his Skin,
Expressive of the glowing Flames within;
In vain he Drops of cool Relief receives,
His Tongue close to his clammy Palate cleaves.

AUGUST.

After the Dog-Days Heat, a cooling Breeze,
Of Evening Air closely contracts the Pores,
And locks transpiring Exhalations in:
Hence Dysenterys, and Drought, and scorching Fires,
And killing Pains the tender BOWELS rack,
The Seat of Nature's dreadful War within.

SEPTEMBER.

When itching Humours tickle thro' the Veins,
And Nature of the uneasy Guests complains,
When the foul Leprosy breaks thro' the Skin,
And the white Scurf without declares the Plague within,
When too the Lungs almost forgot to breathe,
And quick and short, painful and panting heave.

OCTOBER.

How the Live-Silver pristine Health restores,
Subtly pervades and cleanses all the Pores,
Drives from the sweetn'd Blood the laten Ill,
And bids the Lungs to rise, and fall at will,
Happy Catholicon! at first designed
In all Capacities to serve Mankind.

NOVEMBER.

When impious War the guilty World alarms,
And jarring Nations meet in hostile Arms,
O'er the dire Plains their threatning Ranks display,
To try the Fortune of a doubtful Day,
With mingling Dead the Plains are cover'd o'er,
And thundring Cannons shake the sounding Shore.

DECEMBER.

If the blest Olive waves with Signs of Peace
Through all the Host tumultuous Clamours cease,

Th' exulting Croud are dazzl'd with Surprize,
And on the pleasing Omen fix their Eyes;
The gladd'ning News Fame's hasty Pinions bear,
And Shouts of Joy salute it from afar.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

To live & die is all we have to do.

FEBRUARY.

The Obedience of the Canadians must be suspected, because subjected by Force.

'Tis as cruel to spare all, as to spare none.

MARCH.

Let the Cæsars of the Ides of this March beware, for Disputes now begun, to great Heighth & Length may run.

Hæc est Magna diuque exspectata Conjunctio Saturni et Jovis. This loving Aspect of the Sun & Venus portends new Plantations: carried on for the public Good.

Fortunate Marriages, and many Children on the Stocks to build Societies withal.

APRIL.

Now Phœbe's sickly Face bound up in Clouds, and circled round with Light, portends a Storm.

Whether it is not better to marry a quiet Fool than a witty Scold.

Some unusual Phenomenon.

Important Advice from Home.

When the Dolphins dance a Storm approacheth.

MAY.

Much Altercation, and some bloody Noses.

Many unlucky and violent Accidents at this time.

All Men are by Nature equal,
But differ greatly in the sequel.

The Public Good Men oft pretend,
While private Interest is their End.

JUNE.

In cool Retreats we skulking strive to shun
The torrid Rays of June's meridian Sun.

The Infirm shou'd now make Use of their Leathern Conveniences.

JULY.

The Ladies need their Fans.

Women are sooner angry than Men, the Sick than the Healthy, the Old than the Young.

Be careful how and what you drink.

It is decreed above
That soon or late we all must love.

AUGUST.

At this Time there is a Vote of the House in the starry Parliament for Rain.

The Muscovian Weed rightly apply'd is the most effectual Cure for the Itch of Stealing.

SEPTEMBER.

They who run aground at the full Tide of a Silver Currency, will stick in the Mud at the Tide of Ebb.

Strange that we should feel the War most when it is past.

This Month is a proper Season to recruit the unhealthy by taking Dr. Horse, and riding long Journeys, tho' moderately.

OCTOBER.

Let the Poor be content with their present Lot, for when they come to make Brick without Straw, their Case will be yet worse.

NOVEMBER.

Now fortify your Cellars against the Approach of Winter.

A Crisis is just at Hand when nothing but Industry and Frugality can save us.

DECEMBER.

The harmless Country Folk themselves amuse,
Drink Cyder, smoak Tobacco, & read the News.

An Increase of Law-suits amongst the rural sort, and after the Meat is gone they will pick the Bones of each other.

Alas! how many Wise are gone, how few remain behind!

DEATH levels all, the Wicked and the Just;
Man's but a Flower, and his End is Dust.

A PAGE FOR THE LADIES.

The Idea of Love & the Ladies are so connected, that when I dedicate the following Lines to the Fair Sex, I may be allowed to make use of the Word *Love:* Therefore I promise them that the Subject which I treat of in the following Pages shall be the

Object of their Love: Then as first and most beloved, I shall give a few Hints concerning that Shrub or Bush manufactured in the *East Indies*, the Decoction of whose Leaf makes that Liquor which so delights, & sometimes almost intoxicates, called *Tea*. And first of its negative Virtues; If the Gentlemen enliven their social Hours with the generous Bowl, furnished from the *West Indies* with the inebriating Spirit, and pleasant Acid mixed with the cool Fountain, why should not the Ladies chear their friendly Visits with the harmless Decoction of an Indian Leaf? Naturalists observe, that amongst Herbs, Worm-wood and Hore-hound will not grow together; no more will the Habit of drinking Tea and spiritous Liquors freely subsist in the same Person. It is rare to find an Instance of a Person that is far gone in the Habit of drinking Drams or spirituous Liquors, but what abhors the Thoughts of Tea: On the other Hand, they who use Milk, but more especially Tea for Breakfast, are more easily preserved from the Custom and Habit of drinking Spirituous Liquors, which murders Soul, Body, Estate and Reputation. They who upon the Use of *Tea* cry out, It hurts my Nerves! away with it! Alas, they should go further back for the Cause: These nervous Symptoms are caused by some Male-Regimen of their own, or from a weak State by Nature: they are afflicted for their own, or their Parents Mis-Conduct: Tea only raises the Ambush of a latent Distemper, but would by and by break forth spontaneously upon them: if Tea hurts them, it is only the Criterion of weak disordered Nerves. They who tremble at only drinking a Dish of Tea, should rather tremble to think they are so obnoxious to nervous Disorders: Tea in their Case serves only as a Glass which truly represents the state of that curious Frame that join Soul and Body together, the Nerves; from which Source the most dispiriting and ill-feeling Disorders of Body and Mind, do arise.

But positively: TEA is a Friend to the Muses, it brightens the Intellects and clears the Understanding. High strong Food casts an impervious Mist upon the Mind, and greatly beclouds its Faculties: But Tea keeps the Body light and easy, whilst it very sensibly satisfies Hunger: *Tea* in this Light is considered only as Part of our Food: its medicinal Virtues more eminently reside in the *Thea Veridis*, or *Green Tea:* But take in the whole

Idea of Tea, and consider it both in its alimentary and medicinal Qualities, and more with Justice and Truth may be said in its Praise than of any other Plant or Shrub that grows out of the Earth.———

There may be some considerable political Objections against the Utility of so great a Consumption of a foreign Commodity: but as I meddle not with Politicks, so I shall not pretend to answer this Objection. The Tea Pot, like the Widow's Cruise of Oil, receives only hot Water, and emits a pure alimentary Liquor, and continues to do so after several Repetitions.

2. The second Thing I would offer to the Ladies Consideration as what claims their Regard and Love next to Tea, is their tender Offspring.

It is an Error in Judgment on the Part of the Mother who only for the Preservation of her Beauty, and fine Shape of Body, would put out her Infant to Nurse, since suddenly to dry up a full Breast of new Milk in a healthy Woman, does such Violence to Nature as greatly exposes the Mother to such Diseases as may marr her Beauty and Shape both. On the part of the Child, whose Flesh is the same with the Mothers, nourished with the same Blood, and Nature had provided a Store from the same Fountain for its future Nourishment and Growth: I say, for the Infant to be deprived of that Aliment that was congenial to its Nature, and put to the Breast of a Nurse, who differs in Constitution from the Child's, as much as one Species differs from another—happy! thrice happy for many a poor Infant, in such cases, if its Nurse had been a Goat, and not a Woman! The former feeds on the tender Bruse, and drinks only at the cool Fountain, but the latter sometimes feeds foul, and drinks deeply of that Liquor which can, and often does kill the Infant at second Hand, from the Breast of the Nurse, of which unhappy Instances, many Examples might be produced. Almost all Infants Diseases arise by fault in the alimentary Tube, from Disorders in the Milk, whether of the Nurse or Mother: Hence the Nurses to Persons of Quality are under the strictest Regimen by the Direction of the most eminent and learned Physicians.

It certainly is, in some Measure, our own Fault, that so great a Part of the Human Race perish in a state of Infancy. Our indulgent Creator has done his Part with infinite Perfection.

"His Eyes did see our Substance yet being unperfect: and in his Book all our Members were written, which in Continuance were fashioned, when we were made in Secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest Parts of the Earth." Nature provided wonderfully for our Preservation in her soft and easy Lap, but when so delicate a Machine as the Body of an Infant is (whose very Bones were lately a fluid Mass) I say, when such a delicate Thing from the Lap and Care of Nature, comes to be jounced on the hard Knees, or handled with the rough Fingers of a cruel Nurse, or ignorant Mother: it is a Wonder that there are no more crooked Limbs, dislocated Joints, and Cripples from Infancy, than there are. Naturalists observe that the Hen is the fondest of her young ones of any Animal: but how many of the tender Brood perish in a cool Morning for want of the Mother's indulgent Care: So some Mothers, though they love their Infants, hardly discover common Sense in their Treatment of them. Many Infants are sick, and many die with the unsuitable Aliment they receive by the Hand, or at second Hand, from the Breast. I would, according to my Talent give special Cautions and Directions in an Affair of so much Importance as this seems to be: but it would swell these Pages to a Volume: I hope some qualifyed Person in Charity to the helpless & suffering Part of ourselves, will accomplish a Work which would be so useful. But that there may be some special Matter alledged in this Charge against the Ladies Conduct towards their Infants, I shall repeat the Words of Doctor *Hales* as follows: "When the Bodies of tender Infants (says he) are close confined in Swathing, neither their Breast nor Belly can rise so freely as they ought to do, when the Child draws its Breath: and consequently not only its Breathing, but Digestion also, are thereby greatly incommoded, for the Digestion is much promoted by the Kneedings of the Middriff on the Stomach, which are no less than twelve hundred in an Hour: and in proportion as these numerous Kneedings are abated by Swathing, so will the Digestion be accordingly retarded and incommoded."—"Further," says he, "Ignorant Nurses taking the Soft Part of the Scull for a great Defect in Nature, are apt often to attempt to close the Mould of the Head, as they call it, that is to press together by Stroking and Bandage, those Parts of the Scull which are bony, expecting thereby to unite those

distant bony Parts, not knowing that the intermediate soft Parts will turn to Bone: little thinking what Injury they do the Infant thereby &c. causing Fits and Head Aches during Life &c."

Notes on 1762.—The astronomer-poet of Dedham hails the advent of the year, in which great happenings were to come to pass by prediction of the Astrologers in the year 1760; and to the skeptical, the author urges the advent of peace, and the accession of George the Third, as the ample realization of the star-gazers' prognostications.

The great advantage of possessing an *organ* even if only an annual publication, is made practical in the case of Dr. Ames. Some envious person, with whom *Protection* was a delusion and a snare, and *home production* but deceit, has taken the physician to task for his "Currant Wine" suggestion made in the Almanack for 1761. But the presumptuous censor has met a foe in the Doctor most worthy to defend the premises, and the verses in reply—most assuredly from the Doctor's *own* pen—are refreshingly satirical, and considerably adverse to the sentiments expressed at this present day by the average *inn-keeper*.

The monthly verses are in the Muse's happiest vein. Love of America; Honor to the Parent Land, the advancement of the Empire of the Anglo-Saxon and the extension of the Commercial intercourse of the Colonies. From these general topics he gravitates toward his profession; Agues, Fevers, Dysenteries, Leprosy, are described with facile pen, and then the remedy—the live Silver—(Mercury) is poetically brought forth as the panacea *par excellence*. *Happy Catholicon!* as the disciple of Hippocrates exclaims, recalling to our memory the medical practice of the period celebrated in the ditty of the itinerant peddler, with violin accompaniment.

"If Mr. A. or B. is sick,
"Go call the Doctor, and be quick!
"The Doctor comes with right good will,
"And ne'er forgets his Calomel."

War with sounding alarms, marches with bloody banners over the plains, (in November) and a tableau of Peace precedes the falling of the curtain, at the close of the first month of dreary Winter.

The Essay is entitled a "Page for the Ladies": In a happy style the Doctor extols the "cup that cheers but not inebriates," and expands his protean mind in adulation of the herb and its wholesome properties—lauding it as a "friend to the Muses"—stimulating to the Intellect and clarifying to the Understanding. It would not be like the Doctor if he could not make himself agreeable in more ways, so he ends his allocution and the almanack, on the care of Children and the habits of Nurses,—A discourse exhibiting the noble qualities of his nature as a teacher, and

well worthy of resurrection in this age of Day Nurseries and Children's Hospitals. The characteristic humor of the inn-keeper shines in the weather observations, and the tenor of his remarks political, betokens the premonitory symptoms of the trouble soon to antagonize the children against the parent.

"Old Tenor" has now assumed such a bulk as a circulating medium, that it almost requires a "weigher and gauger" to determine its correlative value with flax, tow, hemp and other bulky materials on which its primary issue was based; not to mention gold or silver which was of rare occurrence.

In the almanack this year is a table showing its current value on a gold and silver basis from which we may note that £500 "Old Tenor" is £66, 13s., 4d. in "lawful money." Or in the ratio of *one to seven and one-half.*

We further find that *Spanish silver* is sold in *London* at five shillings five pence per ounce.

At *Philadelphia* eight shillings six pence their currency per ounce.

At *New York* eight shillings per ounce by law, though often sold for 9s. to 9s. 3d. in the market.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1763.

By Nathaniel Ames.

BOSTON: Printed & Sold by *J. Draper*, in Cornhill, *R. Draper*, in Newbury-street: *Green & Russell*, and *Edes & Gill*, in Queen-street; and *T. & J. Fleet* at the Heart and Crown in Cornhill. Sold also by the Booksellers.

Price Half a Dollar *per Dozen*, & Six Coppers *single*.

PLENTY three Years our crowded Graneries fill'd
'Ere SOL'S fierce Beams the blighted Pastures kill'd.
When Drought for Rains suppress the *Nilus* flow
In *Egypt's* Plains no Fruit nor Herbage grow:
When seven full Streams had seven large Harvests crown'd
Then seven long Years with Famine curst the Ground:
If Nature sure this Contrast still maintains,
One Year of Drought and Scarcity remains.

READER.

What I have said concerning the Continuance of the Drought and Scarcity this Year, in the Title Page Verse, is a Conclusion drawn from Premises that are not universally certain, therefore the Conclusion, viz. that this Year 1763 will be a dry and scarce Year is not certain.—He who has fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass, knows, and he only knows with absolute Certainty, what will come to pass: The Book of Fate is hid from all created Beings:—Creatures know future Events only by Way of Argumentation and Deduction: and indeed in some Instances there is such a Connection between the Premises and Conclusion that the Event is known with great Certainty; but in general we know nothing of the Connection of Things, we cannot see the Links of that great Chain which binds with certainty all the Events of the wide extended Universe: Indeed the Devil does not know so much of future Events as many expect an Almanack Maker should foretell, although it must be owned that they are willing to allow him the Help of the Devil for his Information.

I have been often requested to explain some Things relating to the Moon's rising and setting.——Astronomers begin their Day at 12 o'Clock at Noon: I have told you that in September it will be New Moon the 7th day at 11 in the Forenoon, but if I had spoken in the astronomical Language I should have said New Moon September the 6th day at 23 Hours past Noon; but in the Almanack I conform to the common and vulgar Method of Computation, that is, beginning the Day at Midnight, and continuing it till the Midnight following; and the first Moment of Time after Midnight belongs to the Morning of the next Day: Now for Example, How are you informed of the Moon's rising upon the 2d Day of May, when if you look into the Almanack you find no figure, but the Word Morn to stand against the 2d Day of May? Why, the Moon does not rise at all that Day or within that 24 Hours, which according to this Method makes the 2d Day; for on the 1st Day of May the Moon rises at 11 Hours 26 Min. at Night, from which Time to the Moon's next rising is 24 Hours 43 Min. which carries the next rising to 9 Min. in the Morning of the 3d Day; so that the 2d Day is a Blank on which the Word Morn. stands, which denotes that the following days until the Change the Moon rises

in the Morning preceding or going before the Day; You are not left uninformed of the Moon's rising at any Time, for instead of calling it 9 Min. after Midnight the 2d Day it is properly 0 hours 9 Min. in the Morning of the 3d day, for since the Day begins at Midnight the preceding day ended at Midnight, the Division is at that Point of Time, and the Darkness of the Night from the Day-Light's ending till Midnight belonged to the 2d day, and from Midnight till the Dawn of the Morning, to the 3d Day. From whence it is easy to conclude that on any Night when the Moon rises after Midnight the Time of her rising must be sought for in the Almanack on the Morning of the next succeeding Day.—And if there shonld be any still that cannot understand this Mystery, nor the explination I have given of it, I shall conclude they were born in the Dark of the Moon, and I would advise them not to trouble their Heads about any Thing that is in the Almanack.

NATH. AMES.

In the last Page but two there is an Account of the Advantage of Preserving FLAX SEED, those who bring it to Market may depend upon having Silver or Gold therefor of those Gentlemen in *Boston* who advertise to purchase.

☞ It happens every Year that some Tavern Keepers in one or other of the Governments give up their Licence, and others are substituted in their Room: It is therefore requested for the Benefit of Travellers as well as their own, that such new Licenced Persons would send a Letter Free of Charge to the Author living at DEDHAM, that it may be inserted in the following Years.—They must be particular in expressing the Number of Miles they are from the stages before & after them.

JANUARY.

Whilst *Capricorn's* cold Tropic bears command,
The naked Trees in frozen Armour stand,
Bound fast with Ice the Waves no longer roar,
But with stiff Arms embrace the silent Shore;
The mighty Hills lie cover'd deep in Snow.
And all the cold Allies of *Boreas* blow.

FEBRUARY.

For *Spain* an evil Planetary Hour,
When *She* in League combin'd with Gallic Pow'r,
And *Britain's* Friendship spurn'd with base Design,
But she too late her Folly sees in vain:
Th' HAVANNAH lost, her Navy there destroy'd!
British Thunder with British Skill employ'd,
Yield Arguments that work on Foes the most,
The Bombs determine who shall pay the Cost.

MARCH.

If we could chuse the Time, and chuse aright,
'Tis best to die our Honour at the Height:
When we have done our Ancestors no Shame,
But serv'd our Friends, and well secur'd our Fame,
Then should we wish our happy Life to close,
And leave no more for Fortune to dispose.

APRIL.

From Southern Climes the chearful *Sun* returns,
And the late frozen *North* now gently warms;
His subtle Penetration op'rates so,
He does but look on Flowers and Plants, they grow:
His loving Beams sweetly salute the Spring,
And dart their Virtue into every Thing.

MAY.

When *Sol* descends, what Golden Streaks arise,
And Tracks of Glory paint the Western Skies:
This is the Time when witty Poets tell
That *Phœbus* into *Thetis'* Bosom fell:
She blush'd at first, and then put out the Light,
And drew the modest Curtains of the Night.

JUNE.

Friend! ask not Bodies doom'd to die,
  To what Abode they go?
Since Knowledge is but Sorrows Spy,
  'Tis better not to know;
To live uprightly then is sure the best
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.

JULY.

The *Sun* is the *Lyon* mounted high,
The Ground below is parch'd, the Air is dry,
And Bankrupt Clouds their promis'd Rain deny;
The Flowers droop and fade (their Beauty fled)
And close their sickly Eyes, and hang their Head,
And rivel'd up with Heat, lay dying in their Bed.

AUGUST.

All Men at first were form'd and cas'd in one,
And Nature hands the long Succession down;
'Tis she unfolds the faint and dawning Strife
Of Infant Atoms kindling into Life,
Guides ductile Matter, the new Road it takes,
And slender Trains of twisting Fibres makes;

SEPTEMBER.

And makes the viscous seek the closer Tone,
And by Degrees to harden into Bone;
Whilst the more loose flow from the vital Urn,
And in full Tides of purple Streams return:
Thus the dim Spark of Entity began,
To work its little Being into *Man*.

OCTOBER.

Whilst *Phœbus* holds the Ballance in his Hand,
The Days and Nights in Equilibrio stand;
It grows towards the Evening of the Year,
And Summer Birds and Swallows disappear;
The Autumn is with various Bounties crown'd,
And Fruits and Nuts and Berries paint the Ground,
And lavish Nature laughs and strews her Stores around.

NOVEMBER.

As o'er their Prey rapacious Wolves engage,
Man dies on *Man*, and all is Blood and Rage;
With copious Slaughter all the Fields are red,
And heap'd with growing Mountains of the Dead;
Fierce *Discord* storms, *Apollo* loud exclaims,
Fame calls, *Mars* thunders, and the Field's in Flames.

DECEMBER.

The temperate Man nor ever over feeds
His cramm'd Desires with more than Nature needs;
For Nature wisely stints our Appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight;
Which Minds unmix'd with Cares and Fears obtain,
A Soul serene, a Body void of Pain.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

A bold Speech upon a good Cause.

Now Coughs and Rhumes, and broken Shins grow worse.

FEBRUARY.

Ten to one but it snows or rains about this time.

MARCH.

Where the Sword has strowed the Dead, the Plowshare makes the better Speed.

APRIL.

The Scalping Knife is now used to prune French Vines.

The Beaux and Ladies are now as gay,
As if it was the Month of May.

Preparation for a great and important Affair.

MAY.

Some take a Liberty to speak ill of the Absent.

Why so elate,
Before you know your Country's fate?

The Man is dead to the World who is separated from Money.

JUNE.

An envious Man is wounded at the Advancement of a bold, plain, and faithful Counsellor.

The hearty Thanks from hungry Goals
Are sent to those whose noble souls
Regale themselves in flowing Bowls.

JULY.

Every Man carries a fool in his sleeve, with some he appears bold, with some he only pops out now and then, but the wise keep him hid.

SEPTEMBER.

Virtue is praised more than followed.

To some Men their Country is their shame; and some are the Shame of their Country.

OCTOBER.

Wine has drowned more Men than the Sea.

NOVEMBER.

Now expect more Bankrupts than Miracles.

DECEMBER.

A prodigal soon spends what a covetous father was a long time getting.

Time brings all things to an end.

A Brief CHRONOLOGY of Remarkable Events, relating chiefly to the present WAR.

SINCE first the Sparks of this dire War begun, In this new World, which into Europe run.	1749.
Since the perfidious *French* in hostile Ranks The *English* drove from smooth *Ohio's* Banks.	1751.
Since *Washington* enter'd the List of Fame, And by a Journey to Lake *Erie* came.	*October* 1753.
Since he defeats a *French* detached Band, Under the brave *Junonville's* Command.	*May* 24, 1754.
Since *Contrecoeur* took hold of *English* Claim, His Fortress builds and calls it Fort *DuQuesne*.	*June* 13, 1754.
Since *Beau-se-jour* yielded to *British* Fame, And *Cumberland* adorns its present Name.—	*June* 20, 1754.
Since Fortune turn'd to *Washington* adverse, Who makes good Terms with a superior Force.	*July* 3, 1754.
Since *Braddock* slain and all his Soldiers fail, In a defeat near fam'd *Monongahale*.—	*July* 9, 1755.
Since *Dieskau* dar'd brave *Johnson* to attack, Is taken, and his Soldiers driven back.	*Sept.* 8, 1755.
Since *England's* sprightly Trumpet from afar, Sounded to *France* the Signal of her War.—	*May* 18, 1756.

Since *Byng* for not engaging was so curst, That to be a Coward since no *Briton* durst.	*May* 20, 1756.
Since conscious *France* puff'd up with fell disdain, Sent back to us the voice of War again.	*June* 9, 1756.
Since Fort *St. Phillip*, in Minorca taken, Being of her Country's Succours quite forsaken.	*June* 27, 1756.
Since the *French* Forces do besiege and take *Oswego* Fort upon *Ontario* Lake.—	*Aug.* 14, 1756.
Since the great Soul of Victory, *Prussia's* King, To *Saxony* does Martial Terror bring.—	*Aug.* 29, 1756.
Since his strong Arm in Battle does annoy, Count *Brown* and all his blasted Schemes destroy.	*Dec.* 1, 1756.
Since He too bold and rash advances made, Got check'd by *Daun* & rais'd the Siege of *Prague*.	*June* 21, 1757.
At *Hanover* since *England's* noblest Duke, By *French 'Etrees* receiv'd a sad Rebuke.	*July* 1757.
France by *Montcalm* does *William Henry*[1] take, And Savages the sacred Truces brake.—	*Aug.* 9, 1757.
The *British* Force from *Rochefort* do return, One small Fort only do reduce and burn.	*Oct.* 7, 1757.
Brave *Forrest* fights the *French* with Force uneven With four Ships only fully beats their seven.	*Oct.* 21, 1757.
Confus'd, dispers'd the *French* & *Austrian* Train, From *Prussia* fly in bloody *Rosbach* Plain.—	*Nov.* 5, 1757.
Fresh Laurels now the *Prussian* Monarch Crowns, Beats *Daun* at *Lissa*, and his Hosts confounds.	*Dec.* 5, 1757.
This warlike King a glorious Progress makes, Fame calls aloud and *Breslau* he retakes.	*Dec.* 21, 1757.
Osborn at Sea in fearful Pomp does ride, With *Foudroyant* and *Orphee* by his side.	*Feb.* 28, 1758.
The *English* Conquests reach the *Africk* Shore, Where *Senegal* surrenders up her Store.	*May* 1, 1758.
Since at St. *Maloes*, *Marlborough* did prevail, And of their Shipping burnt an Hundred Sail.	*June* 3, 1758.
Prince *Clermont* at *Crevelt* by *Ferdinand*, Was fairly beat with all his Warlike band.	*June* 23, 1758.
Since noble *Howe* lay prostrate on the Ground, And the Whole Armies Soul fled thro' his Wound,	*July* 5, 1758.
Since at *Ticonderogue* in Battalions array, Our Soldiers Lives were vainly thrown away.	*July* 8, 1758.
Cape Breton's Isle taken the second Time, For which our Men with Godlike Honor shine.	*July* 26, 1758.

[1] Fort William Henry on Lake George.

The *Gallick* Coast by us again annoy'd,
And *Cherburg* taken, and its Pier destroy'd. } *Aug.* 8, 1758.

SinceFortune*Bradstreet's* tiresomeMarch did own,
Who *Frontenack* reduc'd to *England's* Crown. } *Aug.* 27, 1758.

The *Prussians* now the *Russians* quite defeat,
At *Zorndorff*, why? the *Prussians* always beat. } *Sept.* 25, 1758.

Since *Daun* surpriz'd the *Prussian* Camp by Night,
Slew Marshal *Keith*, a wondrous Man in Fight. } *Oct.* 14, 1758.

His Life to Fate *Marlborough* at *Munster* gives,
But *Marlborough* of immortal Fame yet lives. } *Oct.* 20, 1758.

Since General *Forbes* the Fort *Du Quesne* obtains,
A Key to all the rich *Ohio's* Plains.— } *Nov.* 24, 1758.

Of *Goree* too the *British* Conquests boast,
A noble Isle on Golden *Guiney's* Coast. } *Dec.* 29, 1758.

On General *Barrington* the Heavens smile,
Who conquers *Guadaloupe*, a spacious Isle. } *May* 2, 1759.

Since bursting Bombs torment the bellowing Air,
At *Havre de Grace*, and fright the Poltroons there. } *July* 5, 1759.

Niagara Fort the first of Victory's here,
By *Johnson* won in this auspicious Year. } *July* 25, 1759.

No *Frenchman* yet can *Amherst's* Fame withstand,
Ticonderoga yields at his Command. } *July* 28, 1759.

To take *Crown Point* an arduous Work begun
Long since, at last was in a Moment done.— } *Aug.* 4, 1759.

A Battle fought on height of *Abram's* Plain,
Where great *Montcalm* & greater *Wolfe* were slain. } *Sept.* 13, 1759.

Fame stood amaz'd at our victorious Troops,
When proud *Quebec* unto their Capture stoops. } *Sept.* 17, 1759.

To Plunder *Ireland*, *Thurott* was employ'd,
Who meeting Captain *Elliot* is destroy'd. } *Feb.* 28, 1760.

The *French* discourag'd from before *Quebeck*,
Raise their long Siege and hastily flee back. } *May* 16, 1760.

Hail Victory! behold *Montreal's* fall,
Who can do more, *Amherst* has conquer'd all. } *Sept.* 8, 1760.

SinceDeath's dark shade eclips'd K.*George's* Light,
Whose setting Sun shin'd gloriously bright. } *Oct.* 25, 1760.

Elizabeth the great Czarina dies,
And *Peter* third to *Russia's* Throne does rise. } *Dec.* 25, 1761.

Spain unprovok'd (to their Eternal Shame)
A War with us unjustly do proclaim.— } *Jan.* 18, 1762.

But *George* the third his Grandsire's steps pursues,
And *Martinico's* Peopl'd Isle subdues.— } *Feb.* 12, 1762.

Since *Peter's* Queen his Subjects Treason own,
Slips him aside & Mounts her Husband's Throne. } *June* 28, 1762.

France does but ask and take our *Newfoundland*, } *June* 27, 1762.
None there oppose or do the Foe withstand.—
Britains strike home a glorious Conquest make, } *Aug.* 12, 1762.
They do the rich and great *Havannah* take.
Another *Amherst Newfoundland* regain'd, } *Sept.* 18, 1762.
Sent home the *French* confound'd and asham'd.

Of Raising FLAX.

Experience has, I doubt not, convinced the Farmers in this Province, how advantageous the raising of Flax is; and this Branch might still be more beneficial, if proper Care was taken to save all the Seed. By the best Accounts there has only yet been exported from 1000 to 1200 Casks, of about 7 Bushels each, in a Season. While at *New-York* there is from 8 to 9000 Casks annually ship'd off: And at *Philadelphia* from 10 to 12000, which makes a considerable Remittance. Now if we suppose, that out of 45,000 Families, said to be in the Province, that only 25,000 of them saves one with the other but one Bushel of Seed, this would make 3500 Casks. The Farmers will always find Sale for it, and be paid in ready Money; and have still this further Satisfaction that so much as they save of this Article, the same Value of Silver and Gold they prevent from being exported; and the many Disadvantages arising from sending away Money, is so plain to every one, that we are likely very soon to feel the bad Effects of it.

Of the Settlement and Increase of *New England*.

As Providence has smiled upon the *British* Arms this War, we have Reason to hope, that upon a Peace *Canada* will be ceded to the *English*; if that should be the Case *America* will reap the happy Fruits of a bloody War. A vast extent of Territory will be added to the *British* Empire in *America*; and as long as *Canada* is held by the *English*, we shall have Peace with the Savages; so that that War which at first seemed like to break up our new Settlements will in the Conclusion greatly promote and increase the Settlement and Peopling of *America*.—A vast Tract of excellent Land lies between No. IV and *Crown-Point*.

I am informed of above Twenty Townships granted in these Parts which will soon be peopled. The Hon. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Esq., in his Observations concerning the increase of Mankind, &c. says, "People increase in Proportion to the Number "of Marriages, and that is greater in Proportion to the Ease and "Convenience of supporting a Family. When Families can be "easily supported, more Persons marry, and earlier in Life." And in another Place he says, "Land being plenty in *America*, "and so cheap as that a Labouring Man that understands Hus-"bandry can in a short Time save Money enough to purchase a "Piece of New Land sufficient for a Plantation, whereon he may "subsist a Family." But now behold! the Farmer may have Land for nothing; Land that will produce all the Necessaries of Life without Money and without Price.—Land enough for himself and all his Sons, be they never so many, only for taking up and accepting of the same. Not single Townships now offer themselves to the lucky Persons that shall obtain Grants to the Exclusion of the rest, but here is Land enough for all: Townships to be collected into new Governments and Colonies, extent of Territory large enough for a Kingdom!

The ingenious Mr. STYLES [1] has published a curious Table, which he has given me leave to transcribe, *viz.*

A Table of Increase upon half a Million Inhabitants in the four *New-England* Governments for the present Period of doubling. By inspecting which may be seen the Number of Inhabitants in *New-England* for each Year.

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[1] Possibly Rev. Dr. Ezra Stiles is the person referred to. He was a man of varied accomplishments, and was President of Yale College from 1778 to his decease May 12, 1795, aged 68 years. He was an "inveterate chronicler" and intimate with all the doings of the period in which he lived. In his diary under date Feb. 13, 1779, he wrote "General Ethan Allen of Vermont died and went to Hell this day." He was an astronomer and geographer, and inclined to the opinion that the *Carthaginians* advertised their arrival in America by the very curious but unsatisfactory announcement on Dighton rock. He pursued the "lost tribes of Israel," and it must have been with much satisfaction that he finally found them (in his opinion) in the intelligent and sociable American Indians.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin once gave him a thermometer, and this started him off in the meteorological line. Of such data he kept notes for over thirty years, and the results fill six quarto volumes.

A. D.	A. D.	A. D.	A. D.
1760—500,000	1767—607,090	1774—737,135	1781—895,025
1761—514,050	1768—624,170	1775—757,857	1782—920,185
1762—528,510	1769—641,710	1776—779,165	1783—946,060
1763—543,370	1770—659,760	1777—801,070	1784—972,655
1764—558,650	1771—678,305	1778—823,590	1785-1,000,000
1765—574,350	1772—697,370	1779—846,745	1810-2,000,000
1766—590,500	1773—716,971	1780—870,550	1835-4,000,000

This Table A. D. 1760, supposes the Inhabitants of the four *New-England* Governments to be half a Million, or 500,000 and the period of doublihg to be 25 Years, so that in 1785 they will amount to 1,000,000. But when we consider the thirteen *British* Governments upon this Continent, from *Nova Scotia* to *Georgia*, the vast extent of disputed Claim secured by this Conquest, as well as the great Country of *Canada* it self; I say, when we consider these Things and look forward, all Computation is lost: We may rather apply what the Almighty said to *Abraham*, concerning the Settlement of *Canaan* by his Posterity,[2] "Lift "up now thine Eyes, and look from the Place where thou art, "Northward, and Southward, and Eastward, and Westward; "for all the Land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to "thy Seed forever; and I will make thy Seed as the Dust of the "Earth, so that if a man can Number the Dust of the Earth, "then shall thy Seed also be numbered."

We hold our lands under no other Lord but He who gave the Land of *Canaan* to *Abraham*: 'Twas He who directed our Planters in their Navigation over the *Atlantic* above 140 Years ago, which was then a difficult Voyage; and when they had arrived at an inhospitable Shore, and waste Wilderness in the dead of Winter, without one Accommodation of Life, with nothing but the Heavens to skreen them from the Cold, what but Almighty Power did preserve them? And when they were all Friendless, Strangers, and but few in Number, and inevitably engaged in a War with the Natives, infinite Goodness prevented their utter extirpation; and the same Hand has visibly conducted them through every Stage of their increase; and in our

[2] Gen. xiii. 14, 15.

Memories are many recent Instances of the Interposition of Providence; witness the Destruction of *Duke d'Anville* and his Fleet, A. D. 1747, and the signal Successes of this War. Great Things are to come to pass in *America*, which every Year gradnally unfolds and opens more and more to our View.

N. AMES.

Notes on 1763.—Predicating his prognostication on the experience of previous years, and arguing that Nature again is liable to repeat the Egyptian disaster of Pharaoh's times; the author, this year poetically maintains—on the title page—the dire possibility of a "year of drought and scarcity." Pursuing this subject in his annual *Salutatory*, he enlarges thereon, and also upon future events hidden in the "Book of Fate;" very pleasantly relating the supposed connection between the "father of Evil," and the Almanack-maker; as well as the implied lack of capacity of those who were "born in the Dark of the Moon." The monthly verses are varied with Natural Astrology, and War; with notes on the proper time to die, and some speculations as to the propriety of enquiry as to where departing Souls are destined.

A poetic Chronology of Remarkable Events is ingeniously constructed; some advice in relation to the advisability of raising flax, and in conclusion an article forecasting the Increase of New England and its advantages to the Settler. Incorporated with this is a tabular estimate of the increase in population to 1835, and a valedictory by the Doctor, making a declaration of title, by which the Colonists hold their lands in America.

Fertilizers, Scalping Knives, Beaux, Ladies, Money, Flowing Bowls, Fools, Virtue, Shame and Bankrupts, with appropriate *notes*, are all mingled in a delightful jumble, as only the landlord can.

In the later issues of the Almanack is given annually a list of the various post roads throughout the country, and the most acceptable houses of entertainment situated thereon, for the information of the traveller. This made the almanack very desirable as a pocket time card; hence the desire of the Doctor for a proper return of the "licensed victuallers," that his publication might be "corrected (in this particular) up to the time of going to press."

THE ALMANACK FOR 1764.

By Nathaniel Ames.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by *R. & S. Draper*, in Newbury street; *Edes & Gill*, and *Green & Russell*, in Queen-street; and *T. & J. Fleet*, at the Heart and Crown in Cornhill. Sold also by the Booksellers.

Price: 3*s.* 4*d.* per Dozen, and 7 Coppers single.

Old *Nick*'s a Fool, and so bewitch'd to Sin,
That he has overshot himself again:
To set the Devil-driven Savages on us,
They'll work our Weal, tho' he but aim'd to curse.
They'll make a Train of nodding Virtues rise:
And be a School to keep a People wise;
And noble Heroes form and exercise.
AMERICA! thy Int'rest understood,
There are blest Omens of thy future Good:
What though the Lancit the vital Fluid spills,
It keeps the Body free from greater Ills.

Kind Readers:

Your general Acceptance of my Performances, has encouraged me to present you with another ALMANACK for the Year 1764.—Those Sentences in the great Column of the Weather, which have the Letters of the Alphabet included in the Parenthesis against them, are astrological Notes upon some of the Mutual Aspects: the Aspects are noted in the same Manner which they refer to. Those Ages which produced Men of greater Health, Strength of Body and Length of Life, also produced Men of greater Genius and Abilities of Mind: Astrology was formerly professed and practised by Men of the greatest Capacity, Learning, Honor and Prudence, Men that were conversant with the Person of Princes and great Men. The Astrologers often hit upon Things very surprizing; for the Story is not fabulous of *Spurina*, how he cautioned *Julius Cæsar* to beware of the Ides *March*, the Time upon which *Cæsar* was slain in the

Senate House. Nature to prevent a Chasm in the human Mind fills the vast Void in the Understanding of the Ignorant with Pride; what we do not know we despise: There are many curious Things lost that will be republished to future Generations. Look back a few Years and see with what Contempt, and as impious we treated those among the Ancients, who instituted certain Bodies to be used in Defence against the Effects of Thunder and Lightning; they groped after the Shadow of Truth: but we knew nothing of the matter; we despised the little they knew, because we had no idea of the Thing at all; But since such surprising Discoveries have been made in *Electricity* by our Countryman yea by our *Bostonian* the Hon. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Esq: 'tis allowed that certain Bodies are able to defend against the Effects of Thunder and Lightning, and that very Doctrine so lately despised, is now admired, and the worthy Author of those new Discoveries justly had in the greatest honor by all the polite and enlightened Nations of Europe — Enroll'd amongst the first Discoverers of curious Things when the full Harvest of his fame is ripe, may the American Bards upon the GLASSYCHORD[1] chant forth his honor for Generations to come. ASTROLOGY has a Philosophical Foundation: the cælestial Powers that can and do agitate and move the the whole Ocean, have also Force and Ability to change and alter the Fluids and Solids of the humane Body; and that which can alter and change the Fluids and Solids of the Body, must also greatly affect and influence the Mind; and that which can and does affect the Mind, has a great Share and Influence in the Actions of Men.

Some Degree of Superstition, mixed with and over-balanced by the Light and Influence of Religion, leads Men on to a greater Degree of Goodness; so in Astrology, the Superstition of which in Politicks, with good Sense and Learning, and the Use of all lawful Means, may lead Men on to Greatness. A Gentleman long since residing in *Boston*, invited me into his Company as an *Astrologician*, his Sentiment was, that there was Truth in the Art and Science of *Astrology*, altho' it ever was lash'd and despised by the great and learned Men of this Age; he shew me

[1] A Musical Instrument of Glass invented by Mr. FRANKLIN.

his Prediction concerning his Friend and Kinsman an Officer in the Navy, which was, that he would acquire great Reputation in the Navy, and be a great Man in the Nation, he went Midshipman with him, and after signal Victories at Sea he wrote me a Letter to put me in Mind of his Predictions; and true it was this Officer went on from conquering to conquer, to the Glory of the *British* Flag: and besides becoming an Admiral of *England*, he gained a Seat in Parliament, and a Rank among the Nobility, was beloved by Mankind, his Death which (too soon if we might judge) happened after such signal Services to the Nation, was justly deplored from the Prince to the Peasant.

This Friend to Astrology, and to the Deceased (who long before the Event, made his Predictions) has been a worthy Follower of his Friend's great Example; has adventur'd much and done great Things in Battle in the late Wars, and now rides an Admiral in the British Navy, with special Betrustments from his Prince, at this Day: In full Faith of Astrology, by this noble Scale of Ascent, he has become a great Man by doing great Things, and been the Instrument, among others, this War, of gaining great Good and Honor to his Country.

Instead of Verses over each Monthly Page, I have given you some Hints concerning the Sanctorian Doctrine of Perspiration, a Discharge from our Bodies, tho' insensibly made, that is greater than all the sensible Evacuations put together, since Health in all Persons every Moment depends upon a right Discharge of this Matter, it is but reasonable that every Person should know something about it.

Besides what is usual in the Almanack this Year, I have fill'd a Page for the Gentlemen, and another for the Husbandman, which I have endeavour'd to furnish with Things rather useful than curious.

Dedham, Sept. 1, 1763. N. AMES.

N. B. The several Stages on the Roads in the latter Part of the Almanack, have been altered agreeable to the Letters which have been received in Consequence of the Advertisement last Year: It is still requested when there are any further Alterations of Stages, they may be communicated to the Author free of Charges, they being so beneficial to Travellers.

THE DOCTRINE OF PERSPIRATION.

Let the Body be weighed at night, after, and in the Morning, before, sensible Evacuations, the Quantity wasted that Night by insensible Perspiration will be determined; if eight Pounds in one Day are taken in by Meats and Drink, five Pounds will be discharged insensibly by Perspiration. The different Constitutions, Sexes, Ages, Countries, Seasons, Distempers, and all other Non-naturals, make a great Variation in different Persons, or the same Person at different Times, of the Quantity of the Matter insensibly perspired; but he need not trouble himself about what he perspires, that can eat, sleep, and ascend a Precipice, as well as ever. Insensible Perspiration and Sweat are two very different Things, the more a Person sweats the less he perspires; free Perspiration makes the Body light and chearful, but Sweat faint and dispirited. Perspiration passes off without Injury, but Sweat robs the Body of its Nourishment. He who has thro' any Error lessened Perspiration says he has catch'd Cold; and if the Inconveniencies from thence arising are not removed in three Days by the Force of Nature, let Celsus come, who by proper Evacuations may prevent an acute Fever, or other fatal Consequences that would punish the Neglect of such Means. Persons do not perspire so well in a strange Bed, because Objects that are not frequent, presenting themselves, prevents that perfect Blank in the Mind and Relaxation which are necessary to produce quiet Sleep and due Perspiration. Tossing and Dreams are Evidences of bad Perspiration. To sleep a Nap at Noon, after Dinner, may serve good Purposes of Health to some weak People, but it is a Practice that ought to be cautiously come into, especially by those who incline to grow fat; for by deferring Sleep 'till the following Night, using gentle Exercise, the perspirable Matter will be better fitted to pass off thro' the Pores. There is great Danger in this sultry Season, of taking Cold in the Night, by sleeping uncover'd, with Doors and Windows open; the Heat rarifies the Blood and Juices, which exhale in Plenty thro' the Pores; when sudden Cold turns back the transpiring Steams, surprizing Evils ensue. Those Persons who have sizy Blood, should be careful to avoid Cucumbers and cold Fruit, most kinds of Fish, and all Aliments that increase Viscidity of the Juices, which, with many other Causes at this Season, will join in causing obstructed Perspiration, Dysenteries, and putrid malignant Fevers. From the Autumnal Equinox to the Winter Solstice weakly People are in great Danger, for where the Cold increases, and the Firmness of the Fibres does not proportionably increase, the Perspiration will be lessened to a Degree incompatible with a State of Health. It is an ill Custom to drink out of Proportion to the solid Food we eat. When more Liquor is taken in than is sufficient with the Saliva to dilute the Aliment, it wears the secretory Organs faster, hastens Old Age, and brings Death the sooner. Robust Persons discharge their Food for the most Part by Perspiration; those not so strong by Urine, and the Weak

chiefly by indigested Chyle, and this is the Reason the weakest Persons are the most laxative, and discharge much more by Stool in Proportion to the other Evacuations, than those that are strong. The Word of God and the Voice of Nature concur in affirming the Truth of this Proposition, i. e. They who do not work must not eat; for plentiful Meats will be injurious to Persons who use but little Exercise; but they who work hard can digest the hardest Aliments.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

☍ ♄ ♂ Mischief plan'd by the Savages, and a factious Disposition among ourselves.

□ ♂ ☿ Partnerships in Trade dissolved.

✳ ♄ ♀ Prudes and Coquets would marry, but where are there humble Servants?

FEBRUARY.

□ ♃ ♀ Small Differences amongst true Friends thro' Misunderstanding, portends rash Actions. Hurries and Disasters through Unguardedness.

△ ♂ ♀ Some Love Affairs end honorable & happy.

MARCH.

Sudden and inflamatory Distempers, attack here and there.

☍ ♃ ♀ Very expensive Differences, accompanied with the Height of Ingratitude on one Side, and Blame on the other.

☌ ♄ ♀ Now let the Ladies that have got to Bed safely lie patiently longer than usual, if they love their own Lives.

APRIL.

☌ ♃ ♀ The Great and the Good join in Council for the Benefit of Mankind.

☍ ♂ ♀ Difference amongst Lovers, but they make it up again, again, and again.

MAY.

☌ ☉ ♄ An old Politician gets into Power, whilst Temerity and Discord attend, and like Chaos of old by Decision more imbroil the fray.

Increasing Heat and blooming Trees,
Delight Mankind as well as Bees.

The Symptoms of the present Day,
Denote the Crop of Flax and Hay.

JUNE.

☌ ☉ ♂ All is violent Fires, Faggots, Falls and Fevers.

☌ ☉ ♃ These planets shed their kind Influences into the hearts of Princes and Governors, which drop in acts of love and kindness upon the people.

JULY.

✳ ♀ ☿ Much talk and nothing said.

☌ ♃ ☿ The loquacious more talkative than ever, and fine Harangues preparing.

COMMENCEMENT AT CAMBRIDGE.

Much Money sunk,
Much Liquor drunk.

AUGUST.

△ ♂ ☿ Now Mercury pours oil on the tongue of the Orator.

□ ♄ ☿ Bungling thieves set up their trade, to the scandal of their brethren.

△ ♂ ♀ Now lovers are gratify'd, but the belly-ach proves dangerous.

SEPTEMBER.

□ ♃ ☿ The fancies of Poets and Painters enlivened and brightened.

Let those who ride for their health at this season avoid the evening air.

King George III crown'd Sept. 22, 1761.

A fine traveling month.

OCTOBER.

✳ ♄ ♃ denotes Peace and harmony amongst states.

May the Indians which have broke league have no peace till the Murderers of Capt. Campbell[1] at Detroit are delivered up.

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[1] *Donald Campbell*, more frequently called in the books *Major* than *Captain*, was killed at the siege of Detroit in 1763.

When this frontier post was besieged by Pontiac in May, 1763, Major Campbell and Lieut. McDougall were sent to the camp of the Indian chief at his suggestion, for a conference. While they were thus detained a skirmish took place in which a popular chief was slain. McDougall had escaped before this time, but Campbell, on account of his age and imperfect sight, had been unwilling to make the attempt. Enraged at the death of a chief, and further aggravated by the very foolish exhibition of his scalp at the fort, a relative of the chief had his revenge in the massacre of poor Campbell.

He was seized, bound to a tree, and shot to death with arrows; his heart was torn out, boiled and eaten, and a pouch made of the skin of his arm. The brutal assassin fled, fearing the vengeance of Pontiac, and it is but just to the memory of this celebrated Indian chief to say that he was indignant and used every possible exertion to apprehend the murderer.

NOVEMBER.

☍ ☉ ♄ The human frame violently attacked by distempers from putrefaction of the blood and juices.

☍ ♄ ☿ The stammerers speech is more confounded, his health and senses attacked.

□ ♄ ♂ At such times the savages seem to be devil-driven to mischief.

DECEMBER.

Winter, like death, seizes on men whether prepar'd or not.

Pain'd stomachs, more than griev'd consciences, now bring bad husbands to repentance.

Some curious invention conceived at this time, to be put in execution anon.

Another sextile of the superiours which promises peace and tranquility to ✳ ♄ ♃ the world.

A Page for the GENTLEMEN.

The *Minister* the *Merchant*, and *Physician*,
The *Lawyer*, and the deep-schem'd *Politician*,
Meet round the friendly Board, crown'd with the Bowl,
Which drowns their Cares, and recreates each Soul;
To smoke prepar'd the lighted Taper shines,
—Hold! e're you burn this Leaf first read these Lines.
The Object of your looser Hours esteem,
Tobacco, *Snuff*, and *Puuch* shall be my Theme.

First, of TOBACCO, a Native of *America*, called *Tobacco* by the Spaniards from *Tobago*, an Island in the *West Indies*, where it grows in Plenty; the Indians called it *Petum*. Strange that a Plant which by its venemous qualities at first affects the Senses in so disagreeable manner, should be in such Vogue and Esteem by mankind.

Poison that cures, a Vapour that affords,
Content more solid than the Smiles of Lords,
Rest to the Weary, to the Hungry Food,
The last kind Refuge of the Wise and Good,
Inspir'd by thee, dull Cits adjust the Scale
Of *Europe's* Peace, when other Statesmen fail;
By thee protected, and thy sister Beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the Bailiff near.

The medicinal Virtues of *Tobacco* are many, but it should not be used wantonly; for though it is good in cold watry Constitutions, in hot cholerick Habits it is the reverse. The incomparable Dr. BOERHAVE, in one of his Notes remarks, that when the Saliva is lavishly spit away, we then remove one of the strongest Causes of Hunger and Digestion;—the Chyle prepar'd without this Fluid is not of so good a condition, and the Blood itself is worse for being depriv'd of this diluteing Liquor. I must needs be of Opinion, says he, that the smoaking of Tobacco is pernicious to lean and hypochondriac Persons, by destroying their Apetite, and weakening their Digestion: Smoaking and chewing Tobacco creates Thirst, which to allay occasions plentiful Drinking, which drowns the Stomach, weakens its Tone, and is often the Cause of an universal ill Habit of Body.

Secondly of SNUFF. It is reported of the great Duke of *Marlborough*, that in the Time of Action, when he dilated his great Soul over the whole Field of Battle, he usually appeared all besmeared with Snuff. The very Trifles of great Men, which are concomitant with their great Actions, receive a Dignity from the great Example and high Character of the Persons from whom they proceed; so now, because Mr. P. and my Lord B. take *Snuff*, Mr. W. and all the Journeymen and Apprentices in *London*, nothwithstanding they are in another *Box*, take *Snuff* also, but besides its being fashionable to take Snuff, there is some real Advantage in it; the Snuff, and the fine Box which contains it, serve the *Beau* instead of *Ideas;* when the Jest goes round, and the Laugh is put upon him, instead of a smart Repartee, he gravely pulls out his Box, and says—

I am a Gentleman—and that's enough,
Laugh if you please, I'll take a Pinch of Snuff.

But some Ladies have taken *Snuff* at the Gentlemen, for using it to Excess, because it makes them appear slovenly; and Men of Sense affirm, that the excessive Use of it produces Apoplexies, and Disorders arising from Obstructions of the Animal Spirits. Thirdly,

Of mighty PUNCH, allow'd by Fate,
To Drown the *Pilot* of the State;
Maudle the *Gown-Man's* holy Looks;
And make the *Lawyer* burn his Books;

Forgetful of his Patient's Ills.
Physicks the *Doctor* without Pills;
Yet Punch for Aid is still implor'd,
And by its Votaries ador'd.
Nectarian Dew, pure and divine,
Belov'd by many more than Wine,
Thou shar'st due Honours with the Vine;
When Wine inflames, Punch does but cheer,
Nor fuddles like the muddy Beer;
But like the Fountain runs off clear.

The *Punch Drinkers* of this Day may certainly boast of an Æra, wherein that Liquor is made more suitable to the Nature and Constitution of Man, than the Punch which was made in the Days of Yore. That you may know what *Punch* was an Hundred Years ago, I shall give you a Receipt verbatim from Doctor *Salmon*, to make a Bowl of Punch, *viz.*

"Fair Water two Quarts, pure Limejuice a Pint, treble "refined Sugar, 3 Quarters of a pound, or better, mix and per- "fectly dissolve the Sugar, then add of choice Brandy 3 Pints, "stirring them well together, and grating in one Nutmeg."

But to make a modern Bowl of Punch a la mode, to the above Quantity of Water, 6 Lisbon Lemons, not quite so much Sugar, one sixth part of the Spirits, and the Nutmeg to be omitted.

To the lost Wretch, who ceaseless craves the Bowl,
Th' inebriating Draught such Pleasure gives,
That Reason and Religion both in vain,
Their pure and heavenly Prohibitions urge.

Yet modern *Punch* bids fair to cheat the Drunkard into Temperance; for he may sooner hurt his Belly than his Brains by such Liquor.—The Acid of the Fruit, and Alkali of the Spirits being mixed, neutralize the contrary Salts of each Ingredient, tho' the Acid is predominant; and the plentiful use of this Liquor is hurtful to such as have weak Bile, and are subject to Diseases arising from Acidity, as flatulent Cholics, Dysenteries and the like.

An Introduction to AGRICULTURE.

If we may judge by Analogy, and the progressive Increase of the Inhabitants of this Continent, the Kingdoms of the Earth,

and the Glory of the World will be transplanted into AMERICA: But the Study and Practice of Agriculture must go Hand in Hand with our Increase; for all the Policy and Learning in the World will not enable us to become a rich, flourishing and happy People, without the Knowledge and Practice of Agriculture. The vast and noble Scenes of Nature infinitely excel the pitiful Shifts of Policy. The Lands here are taken from a State of Nature, and we improve them by the Strength of Nature: when one Piece of Land is worn out, we throw it by: But the Art of Husbandry teaches us how to make these Lands continue fertile, and produce Crops by Management and Manure, and how to adapt the Manure to its proper Soil. I have Room only to give you a Description of one Species of *Manure*, of great Utility in Husbandry, but little understood in *America;* I mean *Marle*. It lies under the Surface of the Earth, it is often flung up in Ditches, boggy Lands and clayey Soils, marshy Levels often cover it, and sandy Land is not destitute of it, but then it lies deeper. It's Description in the *New System of Agriculture* (a Book so called) is in the following Words: "The Colour of Marle is either red, brown, yellow, blue, grey, or mixed: It is to be known by its pure and uncompounded Nature; there are many Marks to distinguish it by, such as its breaking into little square Bits, its falling easily to Pieces by the Force of a Blow, or upon being exposed to the Sun and Frost, its feeling fat and oily, shining when it is dry.—But the most unerring Way to distinguish and know it from any other Substance, is, to break a Piece as large as a Nutmeg, and when it is quite dry, drop it to the Bottom of a Glass of clear Water; where, if it be right, it will dissolve and crumble as it were into Dust in a very little Time, shooting up Sparkles to the Surface of the Water."—This I have mentioned that my Countrymen may be upon the Look out, in order to make Discoveries of this important Article of Manure. Another Year perhaps I may give you some further Hints upon this Subject.——I should conclude, but that many People think the Earth produces Grass spontaneously; a great Mistake this, for the Seeds of Grass are strangely scatter'd into all Places, by Birds and Beasts, Winds and Water, and after this Manner was the famous Fowl-Meadow-Grass brought into a spacious Meadow upon *Neponset* River iu *Dedham*, called *Fowl Meadow*, by the

wild Fowl that frequent the Place; the Grass took its Name from the Place where it made its first Appearance about 50 Years ago; the Seed is now manufactured and carried into many Parts of the Country; it produces great Crops on the hard Land, Banks of Rivers and Brooks, and Meadows that can be flooded and drained.——*Clover* is also a Species of Grass that's well known to produce great Crops of an excellent Kind. *Flanders* produces the Seed in the greatest Perfection; Doctor *Gardiner* of *Boston* has imported the red and white Clover Seed from thence; and 'tis to be noted that Garden and Grass Seeds thrive best when transplanted from a foreign Soil.——This is also evident by the Quantities of Flax-Seed, which every Year is transported from this Continent to *Ireland*.——The Merchants in *Boston* give Cash for Flax Seed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Some Years ago the Art of Paper-Making was set up in this Province, tho' for want of Persons that understood the Business, it failed; but lately one Mr. *Clark*, has carried it on at the Mills in *Milton*, to as great Perfection as at *Pennsylvania*: and all the Discouragement the Manufacture at present meets with, is the want of RAGS.—If the Heads of Families would therefore order their Children and Servants to collect and save the Rags that are often thrown away, they would not only receive a valuable consideration therefor, but promote a Manufacture, whereby the Exportation of some Thousands of Pounds a Year would be saved to this Province.

Cash for RAGS of Linen, coarse & fine, old Sail Cloth, Cotton or Checks, will be given by Mr. *Boice*, near the South Battery in *Boston*, or at the Paper-Mills in *Milton*.[1]

Notes on 1764.—Trouble with the Indians attributed to "Old Nick," constitutes the thread of the title page verse; a short lecture on Astrology is directed to the "Kind Readers," and is laudatory, not only of the

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[1] The first paper mill in New England was set up with the aid of the Massachusetts legislature, by Daniel Henchman, a bookseller of Boston, in 1730.

Philosophical foundation of the Science, but of the glorious discoveries in Electricity made by the Hon. Bostonian, *Benjamin Franklin, Esq.*

The doctor announces for the captions of each Monthly Page, instead of Verses, some hints on the "*Sanctorian Doctrine of Perspiration*," and the advice therein is quaint and interesting not only to the latter day physician, but to his patient.

An advertisement to encourage the *Art of Paper-Making* in the colony appears this year, and is the first trade announcement to appear in *Ames' Almanack.*

A practical "Introduction to Agriculture" closes the essays in this year's pamphlet.

The predictions in the weather column, as noted in the preliminary discourse on the subject, are deduced from Astrological observations and aspects, and probably more to illustrate the Science than to forecast the future.

A Voice from the Tavern speaks in the latter pages this year, under the caption of "A Page for the Gentlemen," and conveys the Innkeeper-Physician's sentiments on Tobacco, Snuff and Punch.

If there ever was anything in *Ames Almanack.* which more than another caused my heart to go out to that enterprising New England Astronomer-Physician, it was the knowledge of the fact that he was an inn-keeper, who fully appreciated the importance of his calling, and hesitated not to own the "sorry trade," yet withal, to caution the guest against the *serpent that lurked within the bowl.*

An *Ames'* "*Almanack for 1764*" was the first of his publications which came into my hands. I treasured it highly, reading and re-reading its "Page for the Gentlemen," until, on one occasion I introduced a portion of its poetry in some after dinner remarks, to a party of gentlemen who were trying to persuade themselves that they were having a "real jolly time," at a *banquet, without any wine.* It was really the saddest occasion that I ever attended. Think of it! No wine: yet every one at that table seated himself for the purpose of enjoying "a feast of reason and a flow of soul;"—and behold, their countenances gave one the idea that each was contemplating "funeral baked meats."

A banquet without wine! My! What would the marriage feast at Cana have amounted to if the cistern water had not been tampered with, and converted to a "stimulator of the conscience and arouser of the mental faculties;" of so much advantage at such gatherings, in producing the social and home-like feeling always to be desired.

What repute could Noah[1] have gained beyond his *forty days experience* as a navigator? I ask if his name and fame would have been treasured so long and well, had he not experimented with the grape, and its effects, handing down to us the tradition, in connection therewith.

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[1] The honored founder of the "Royal Ark Mariners," known to a select few as the "Swivel-tailed Marines."

"The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The potent Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute."

I went to Dedham a few years ago.—I had read so much about the quaint old town, that I had mentally erected, and soon came to believe that I should find there the veritable old *Tavern* in which the Almanacks were written; where "Physick" was dispensed, where the jovial, hearty, grand old landlord had "welcomed the coming, sped the parting guest."

A hostelry, where the mail coach on His Majesty's service had regularly stopped, where the horses were changed, and passengers either alighted for a stay, or to step in for a "drop of something comforting." Exchanging pleasant greetings the while with the host, and granting a smile for a "curtsey," to the plumpest and cheeriest of barmaids.

But, alas! I didn't find it—nor even a substitute for it. But I did find an *Historical Society*, and as genial and enthusiastic a gathering of antiquarian Students as one could ever desire to meet.

No wine needed in that company to make the conversation "go." It *went* of its own accord, and when I departed, I felt that I had been "admitted a freeman of Dedham," if not created an absolute New Englander.

I saw the spot where the old tavern stood, but "modern evidences" only existed to identify its location, with the exception of the "Fisher Ames Elm" the mute witness of its latter days.

The Priestess of this ruin'd shrine,
Unable to survive the stroke,
Presents no more the ruddy wine,
Her glasses gone, her china broke.

The friendly Host, whose social hand
Accosted strangers at the door,
Has left at length his wonted stand,
And greets the weary guest no more.

Old creeping time, that brings decay,
Might yet have spar'd these mouldering walls
Alike beneath whose potent sway
A *temple* or a *tavern* falls.

IMPROVEMENT was the ruffian blast
Whose vandal breath rent wall and door
And all the roof to ruin cast,
The roof that shelter'd us before.

Your wrath appeas'd, I pray be kind
If Mopsus should the dome renew;
That we again may quaff his wine,
Again collect our jovial crew.

Philip Freneau—slightly altered to fit the case.

On the 11th day of July, 1764, Dr. Nathaniel Ames died, aged 56 years. He had performed nearly, if not quite all the calculations for the Almanack for the year 1765, which was completed by his son, Nathaniel Ames, Jr., and from whose hands this, as well as the subsequent almanacks were issued.

At a person's decease there are those who would not be satisfied to be informed in answer to an enquiry, that the decedent left *all he possessed*, but would desire the details of the estate.

While the returns of the appraisers have been placed in my hands, setting forth the items of the Doctor's possessions in wigs, pots, steers, negroes, pills, potions, medicines, tubs, horses, carts, etc., etc., I have gathered the same into the grand totals of:

Real Estate, - -	£1561, 4s, 7d.
Personal Estate, - -	£ 407, 9s, 6¼d.
	£1968, 14s, 1¼d.

From an account rendered by Richard Draper, (administrator of his father, John Draper) against Dr. Ames' estate, we find the value of the "copy of an almanack" for a number of years:

For the almanacks from 1751–1757 he received £10:13:4 for each issue. For 1758 he received £12, and for 1759 £13:6:8; making a total of £100 for nine years.

The following letter written to Dr. Nathaniel Ames, Jr., will show how the almanack business was transacted, and the desirability of such publications:—

BOSTON, August 25, 1764.

SR.

You did not call the last time you were in Town, to inform me whether you would accept of the offer I then made for the Copy of the Almanack for 1765—upon which I think I am not under obligations now to stand to that offer. If you have any further Proposals to make it must be speedy—a Gentleman has made us an offer of a Copy, which will no doubt be acceptable, for a very small Consideration, and shall send him an Answer this Day or on Monday, and if he can finish it next Week, shall immediately put into the Press, as the Booksellers will have one *Lowe's*[1] out for sale, before the Printers can have a Chance of publishing your's, if we agree for the Copy your Father left.——

I here enclose you the account between your Father & mine, which was never settled, and by which you will see there is a Ballance due to J. Draper £6 10s 4½d—lawful money. And the offer I now make is that

[1] Nathaniel Low published an Almanack at Boston from 1762 until early in the present century.

you will deliver me the Copy by the 1st Day of September, I will allow you the £ 100 Old Tenor & the Ballance of the Account, as above, which will be in the whole £ 20 lawful money—a sum larger than ever was given (by more than a third Part) or than ever expected by your Father, till I took it in Hand in the Year 1760–1.

I am Sir your humble Servant

RICHARD DRAPER.

The *Administrators* settled on the terms proposed. (Ed.)

THE ALMANACK FOR 1765

By NATHANIEL AMES.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by *R.* and *S. Draper*, in Newbury street; *Edes* and *Gill* and *Green* and *Russell*, in Queen street; and *T.* & *J. Fleet* at the Heart and Crown in Cornhill. Sold also by the Booksellers.

Price: 3*s.* 4*d.* per Dozen, and 7 Coppers single.

As thro' the Zodiack moves the changing Year,
The varying Stars go down and disappear;
The vernal Bloom the Summer Suns destroy,
And barren Winter blasts th' Autumnal Joy:
So change the Human Race, around the Ball,
And gliding Generations rise and fall.
AMES who in annual Labours long approv'd,
The Page consulted and the Man belov'd,
Rapt thro' th' Etherial Space th' exalted Soul,
Sees Stars and Planets far beneath him roll:
But while from Earth the Parent Mind is flown,
The grateful Publick bless the rising Son.

READER.

By a most heavy distressing Stroke of Providence, and seeing it was the Will of Heaven, I must not repine, being bereaved of the Author of Part of these Calculations, *viz.* the Ephemeris of the Planets and Places, and the Rising and Setting of the Sun and Moon, for the fortieth Almanack he ever published; I, his

Son, am thus forced, as it were, to make my unexpected, premature Appearance in Public; I was induced to finish this Almanack rather to please some intimate Friends, who were urgent to have it continued by the same Name than by the Prospect of the Reward, which is indeed *very small*, or by any Fondness for commencing Author. I have been very anxious to have it become as useful as possible to those whose Oracle is an Almanack, such as are destitute of any other periodical Performance, as Magazines, or the like, or even News Papers: The Piece on Agriculture I imagin'd might be as useful as any Thing, seeing such Instructions can be convey'd thro' no other Channel so conveniently as this to those Persons who practice that Art; and any Observations or Improvements in that, or any Art or Manufacture, that would be really useful to the Community, will be very acceptable from any Gentlemen that please to favour me with 'em against another Year; for it is now become absolutely necessary that we begin to cultivate every Art and Manufacture that will help us to make Remittances to our Mother Country, for the vast Quantities of Broad Cloths, and a Multitude of other less necessary Articles, for which this Country is now in debt: And also to enable us to bear up under the heavy Duties that have been laid on us since the Conclusion of the War, when one great Source of our Affluence was cut off that supported so many idle Persons both in the Army and at Home, in so great Ease, that finding they must get a Living some how or other, and having but poor Stomachs to return to the Stall or Plough, from whence they came; some of them commence *Quacks*, and call themselves Doctors, having seen a Man that saw another Man cured of a very foul Gunshot by hot Oil of Turpentine, and heard their Grandmother say that Carduus Tea will vomit, and Fifingers are very cooling; or perhaps having exercis'd their Skill on passive Beasts, at length have the Audacity to practice their Butchery on the human Race; and upon the slightest occasions, or oftener none at all, absent themselves from public Worship to be thought Men of Business: thus without one qualification necessary for a Physician they become famous Water Gruel Doctors.

There is another Herd of these Drones as troublesome to the Gentlemen of the Bar, as the other is despicable in the Eye of a

regular bred Physician, which are called *Pettyfoggers*; this is a Race made up, for the most part, of the Dregs of Misfortune and Misconduct, join'd with a Deal of low Wit, and such a Sip of Learning as just intoxicates the Brain, as *Pope* has it, who having suffered a Course of Law repeatedly, in Actions of Debt, Trespass, and perhaps criminal Actions too, at last get the Form of a Declaration pretty perfectly by Heart, run off to some different Part of the Continent, fill up Writs in the most trifling Causes, exciting Quarrels, thereby becoming downright Barrators, the very Pest of Society; and perhaps if they have a good Stock of Dissimulation they may get a certain Commission that commands my Silence.

"Titles are Marks of honest Men, and wise,
"The Fool or Knave that wears a Title, lies.

These are two Evils which it seems strange to my Shortsightedness, the Legislature of *New England* has not found a remedy, for, seeing these Animals might be employed for the Good of the Common Wealth in subduing our stubborn Soil, or in some other handy Work.

There is a third Species of these Clogs on our growing Wealth, as worthless as either of the former, who under the specious Pretence of Religion, and an alarming Conscience, walk to and fro, up and down the Earth, sowing Sedition among Churches, raising Disputes about holy Trifles, destroying that universal Charity that ought to warm the Breast of every Christian towards every Class of Men that adore one Being of infinite Wisdom and Power, whether they call him JEHOVAH or *Jupiter*, whether they worship him prostrate and kneeling, or standing and setting; whether they light up Wax Tapers at Noon Day to celebrate him, or are contented with the grand Luminary which he has placed in this "azure Vault," whether they who are appointed to tell us we must love Him, be cloath'd in a white Robe, a black Gown, or black Coat; whether the Colour of their Skin happens to be white, olive or sable; whether they speak our own, or an unknown Language; whether they wear an embroidered Coat and laced Hat, or a plain grey, woollen Coat and flopp'd Hat. Not only these Conditions unequal indeed to Men of narrow Minds perfectly equal in the Eye of the great Creator, but all the little foolish Differences of

Opinion, are made the signals of Hatred and Persecution, by these lay Pretenders, to serve that Being, who is so independent of every Thing created, that even the highest Angel can do him no Service, much less such diminutive Atoms as Men, otherwise than by serving one another. Thus Reader, you have not my Opinion alone, but that of every Man of Sense, viz: That every one ought to act in his own Sphere, that the Mechanics ought to diligently pursue their respective Occupations, nor trouble their Heads any further with Law, Physic or Divinity, than immediately concerns their own Wealth, Health, or Salvation; nor until some such Regulations take Place, shall we ever be a flourishing people.

The Eclipse on the 21st of *March*, as calculated and projected from the Tables of the latest Author on that Subject and who is very much commended by the Reviewers, will be invisible in *Boston;* but as done by the greatest Mathematician in *America*, from the Tables of the then greatest Astronomer in *Europe*, it will be a small Eclipse, a little before the Time I have said; but every one knows on whose calculations we ought most to depend. It is hoped that Gentlemen of Curiosity, especially such as are favoured with a clear Horrison and Telescopes will make critical Observations. The Title Page Verse is the Favour of a worthy Friend. Reader, adieu!

N. AMES.

JANUARY. Hail sacred Wisdom, in whose blest Abode,
Unravell'd Nature clearly speaks the God;
Where Virtue's Sons shall full Protection find,
Where Vice or Dullness ne'er disturb the Mind,
Where Love and Joy eternally reside,
Nor Fame and Affluence swell the Mind with Pride.

FEBRUARY. O Grant me Pow'r, by thy instructive Rays,
To Thee and Virtue, tune some worthy Lays;
Exalt my Youth with true Poetic Fire.
To grace the Works of my departed Sire!
With Tho'ts like *Milton; Pope's* smooth moral Song;
The *Dean's* deep Wit; or Lord of Satyr, *Young;*
The soft Distress of *Shenstone's* rural Theme;
Cervante's Mirth; or *Hammond's* tender Scene.

MARCH. From these Examples could I catch the Flame,
To please the *Sage*, and shun the Critic's Blame;
Or better still; our Vices to expose;
Convince the Mind what joy from Virtue flows;
On Fancy's Wings then upwards would I soar,
And bless the Muse for Strains with me she bore.

APRIL. "O! What a vain, an empty Thing is Man,
Blown by each Tempest of uncertain Fate!
Mov'd by no certain Rule, or settled Plan,
And still unhappy in his happiest State.
A mere Machine, by ev'ry Passion led;
By Vice undone, by Virtue nourished."

MAY. 'As from a late Debauch, the Drunkard reels,
(True human Nature, undisguis'd by Art)
Nor in his Breast a Beam of Reason feels,
To move his Actions, or to mend his Heart.
So are Mankind uncapable of Thought,
'Till Reason guides, and Wisdom Sense has brought.'

JUNE. "Upon this World, this Pageantry of Show,
This gaudy, glaring, chequer'd Masquerade,
Each wishes something, Wisdom can't bestow,
And seeking Greatness, is of Want afraid.
To Thee! sage Goddess, for my self I call;
I ask no Greatness and I fear no fall."

JULY. Life is a Jest; tho' most mistake in this,
'Till Death draws nigh, they deem it real Bliss;
The Wise and Good the Pangs of Death shall know
Tho' Virtue, always mitigates its Woe.
The Atom, *Monarch*, or like Atom, *Slave*,
Shall both be swallow'd in th' insatiate Grave.

AUGUST. "Did Fortune, what to few she'll give,
Allow me make my Choice to live;
I would not seek an envy'd Seat,
Or daily Visits of the Great;
Nor yet would my Ambition fall,
To meagre want's deserted Hall."

SEPTEMBER. "For Use, not Shew, my House should stand
Amid a spot of fertile Land;

A Lake below; around a Wood;
Here rise a Rock—there rush a Flood
A Mountain would in Prospect rise,
And bear the grey Mist to the Skies."

OCTOBER. "When in some dark Retreat I sit,
Be near a Friend, a Man of Wit,
Of Heart sincere, and Converse free,
The Lover of Mankind and me,
Who, should the World tumultuous roar,
Could calmly see the Storm ashore."

NOVEMBER. How Happy's He! whose guiltless Mind,
Is to his native Fields confin'd;
Bless'd with his State, and craves no more
Than Heav'n allow'd his Sires before;
No Care by Day disturbs his Breast,
At Night he steeps his Brows in Rest.

DECEMBER. If Life you want, undash'd with Woe,
Serene enjoy the instant Now;
If Fortune smiles, enjoy the Ray,
And smile her very Gloom away;
Let Tempests sweep and Billows roar,
The Storm of Life shall soon be o'er.

If any good House of Entertainment is omitted, or any inserted that do not keep Tavern; also if there are any Errors in the Distances of the Stages, it is desired that those who live at or near the Places where the Mistakes are, would send a letter to *Richard* & *Samuel Draper*, Printers in *Boston*, free of Charge, and they shall be rectified.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

Don't expect any Thing uncommon in the Weather this Year.

It is better to wear a homespun Coat, than lose our LIBERTY.

A Man of Sense can Artifice disdain; as Men of Wealth may venture to dress plain.

Those who can keep House now without hurting their business, are best off.

It's time to think of raising Hemp & Flax, if we've a Mind to save a Tax.

News from afar, of distant War, Many Schemes prove abortive.

Any Winds that come now you may denominate March Winds.

Some literary Performances usher'd into Light and soon disappear.

New England Luxury cannot be supported unless more of her Commodies are exported.

Fools and Prodigals, as well as the Wise & Industrious are necessary to build a flourishing State.

Are Provisions dear? Whose Fault is that as long as your Ground is untill'd and Hands unemploy'd.

Fine Times for those who would make their Fortunes in new Settlements.

A Suit of Green delights the Eye, which Nature puts on gradually.

Some brave Spirits glow with patriotic Ardor.

Many are governed by Interest, but more by Whim.

Strange Fate of human Things.

How Nature every Day new Wonders bring.

This Conjunction of ♀ ☿ (Venus & Mercury) promises much Fruit of licentious Love next Winter.

Now let the curious with Pleasure view the liquid Flame dart down the electric Rod!

Ladies be gay and richly attir'd, if from no other Motive you can be admir'd.

When *Adam* dalve and *Eve* span, who was then the Gentleman?

In vain we fly from Care, the Monster in our Breasts we bear.

Your Glasses, at present, prognosticate best concerning the Weather, seeing the Stars refuse.

The Farmer only independent lives, he asks but what indulgent Nature gives.

Eolus with his Company of Winds rush from their Confinement beardown all before them producing some Rain.

Anniversary of the AUTHOR'S Death (July 11, 1764.)

Many *Crapulæ*[1] to Day, give the Head-ach to the Gay.

The most egregious Folly that I can see, is a Man living in Luxury.

---

[1] A Complaint once common among the "Sons of Malta."

Nothing more certain than Death, or more uncertain than the Time.

With loads of Fruit the Trees do bend; but soon they're pluck'd by ev'ry Hand.

Vomitings and Purgings attack here and there.

Why are Quacks and Rhum alike? because they both kill with Impunity.

A Man may be too good a Poet as well as too good a Fiddler.

The Farmer, if he minds his own Business, only, has the best Title to Happiness of any Man.

Signs of foul Weather, which if ever so foul is better than the Gamester and Drunkard deserve. The Sight of one Drunkard is better than twenty Sermons would be without it, to prevent Drunkeness.

Thunder, the grand Artillery of Heaven! heard afar.

Perhaps the Sextons will see more prosperous Times than for some Years past.

No rain without a sprinkling.

Cease to speak ill of others least you hear of your own Misdeeds.

A very good Time to recruit a crazy, wasting Carcase, by gentle Exercise on Horseback.

Weather being pretty pleasant, if not too cold.

Where a Vot'ry of *Venus* has pitched his Tent, there he must abide tho' his Int'rest be spent.

A mighty Emulation among the Great! but for what? who shall acquire the best Estate.

Behold the Change in Nature's Face; this, Ladies, too, will be your Case!

Less Silk & Lace, more Wool and Flax, must be in vogue with the Mobility, before we may expect better Times.

A Plenty of Poultry you now may behold, with fine winter Butter, as yellow as Gold!

To let your Income exceed your Expences is as sure a Way to grow rich, as to trust your Farm with Hirelings is to grow poor.

Inactivity fouls the Soul as well as Body,

Something threatens our Liberty!

If we are bless'd with a great Store, the Name of GOD let us adore.

Now Ladies take care of what China you've got, lest winter's Frost render it as though it were not.

Which is most ridiculous, a Hottentot adorn'd with the Entrails of Beasts, or a modern Saint deform'd with his Sunday's Phiz?

Wherever over-sanctity you see, be sure take care of hidden villainy.

Reader prepare, thy Fate to share, with those whose Station is past Probation.

An ELEGY

On the Death of the late Dr. AMES.

On troubl'd Seas when Life's full Sails are swell'd
By Blasts of Passion, ne'er by Reason quell'd,
The fleeting Forms that in Life's Vision dance,
The futile Pleasures of this Scene enhance:
But Death approaches! when calm Reason rules,
And real Scenes rush dismal on our Souls.
  Ye Youth who now with cold Indiff'rence view,
A worthy Parent, perhaps scorn him too.
Oh! yet, while Fate delays th' impending Woe,
Be rouz'd to Thought! anticipate the Blow.
Lest, unexpected, in funereal Gloom,
With me you bend o'er some untimely Tomb,
Or your sad Frame with inward Grief you wear,
And almost think Heav'n's sacred Doom severe.
  Oh! stop ye Dreams!—ye dear Illusions stay!—
Methinks I see the re-inspired Clay!
Lo! pleasing Smiles his guileless Heart declare,
Behold him healing with successful Care.
Kind——as the Turtle to her unfledg'd Young,
Indulgent——oft when I requested wrong.
Still let me listen while his words impart
Instructions mild, that captivate the Heart,
And all the Soul, each Tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy Sway.
Adorn'd by Thee, bright Virtue! Age is young,
And Musick warbles on the faultering Tongue,
Thy Ray creative chears the clouded Brow,
Touches the faded Cheek with rosy Glow,
Illumes the joyless Aspect, and supplies
A lively Lustre to the languid Eyes;
Each Look, each Accent, while it awes, invites,
And Age with every youthful Charm delights.
  But here, alas! the pleasing Vision's flown,
I see him struggling! hear his dying Groan!
Behold his Visage with dire Spasms wrung!
The fainter Sounds just 'scape his parched Tongue,
His flutt'ring Pulse—now stops—now beats—now done!
His Soul now leaps!—returns—and now quite gone!
  Oh cruel Death! of ev'ry Rule forlorn,
Or thou might'st spare the Oak to take the Thorn;
Why miss thy erring Darts the worthless Drones,
Does Heav'n no more protect its virtuous Sons?—

Pardon my vain Grief! Reason takes the Reins,
His Soul is freed! while we endure the Pains,
'Scap'd the dark Dungeon, does the Slave complain,
Nor bless the Hand that broke the galling Chain?
Say, pines not Virtue for the ling'ring Morn,
Doom'd in this Midnight Waste to stray forlorn?
Oh! happy Stroke that breaks the bonds of Clay,
Darts thro' the bursting Gloom the Blaze of Day,
And wings the Soul with boundless Flight to soar,
Where Dangers threat, and Fears alarm no more.
Ye Sluices of my Eyes, suppress your Tears,
His ravish'd Soul now roves among the Stars.

The "Rules for Husbandry" are omitted, not being of much interest.

Notes on 1765.—As it was observed that there was a sensible change in the essays and humor of the almanack after the decease of the *first* Nathaniel Ames in 1736,—who, though he did not *appear* as the author, undoubtedly exerted his influence upon the publication—so in the present instance, there will be noted a still greater change between the present astronomer and *his* father; due undoubtedly to the change in the affairs of government, and the customs and habits of the people.

The title-page verse is admitted to have been written by a "mutual friend," for a proper modesty on the part of either Nathaniel, would not have led them to have indited the two last lines thereof, witty as it really is.

The address of the Author to the reader having premised with an announcement of the decease of his father, shows that he has largely inherited his father's tastes and his sentiments (though more positively,) and can handle the pen of satire equally well. The burden of his discourse is the urgency of cultivating and the encouragement of home productions, the discouragement of titled drones, pretentious medical quacks, legal pettifoggers, and seditious Clergymen.

Thorough-paced democracy characterizes every line, as opposed to the encroachments of the opponent Aristocracy now apparently growing up in the Colonies.

The monthly verses are the production of Nathaniel Jr., and bear all the family traits of genius and education.

The monthly squibs give a fair exhibit of the "Spirit of the Times," and which can best be appreciated by a careful perusal of the interlined notes, showing the general direction of the political storm now brewing.

The elder Doctor, whom we have now followed for forty years through his astronomical career, his wit, and pleasantries, his humor, sense and

nonsense, has fulfilled his mortal destiny and been gathered to his fathers. With his own plain-spoken works before us, no fulsome eulogy is demanded at the hands of the mere collator of his labors, and we shall simply transcribe one of the many testimonials which were indited to his memory by appreciative contemporaries.

Ellsworth, 1765, a Connecticut Almanack-Maker on the Death of Doctor AMES.

My muse with sable colours spread,
To hear that Doctor Ames is dead.
His great seraphic genius fled.
Mourn, mourn, sons of *Urania*, mourn,
For he will never more return:
To hover 'round the starry brood,
For he's pass'd thro' the ecliptic road.
To world's unknown, he's took his flight,
The Grave's receiv'd him from our sight:
Fame sits aloft and spreads her wing,
While we in mournful strains may sing.

Any change in tone from the usual manner of the Almanack, or its sentiments, could not fail of being noted by those who had for forty years been conversant with the AMES publications; hence it is not to be wondered that we should find among the correspondence of the present author, a letter of a neighboring critic which is subjoined, and which explains itself.

ROXBURY 8 April 1765

SIR,

Tho' a stranger to you, yet I take the freedom to give my simple sentiments of your address to the Reader publish'd in your Almanack. I mean what you say of "a third species of these Clogs" &c. which as It seams strange to my short sightedness, you did not upon a review, suppress. As I conclude you have adopted the sentiment, shall not charge you with borrowing it from the famous *M. Voltaire*. Excuse me Sir, if I tell you, that you have given sufficient evidence, that reveal'd religion is with you, a Chimera. Nor will your calling them, you explode, "Lay pretenders," avail you, as you had before given a droll catalogue of the various sects which unhappily divide the Christian world. Supposing them all equaly right, or (if you please) equaly wrong; Indeed the heathen Idolitors seam to obtain your charity.

If in fact such are your sentiments, you may Laugh at an attempt to set you right. If otherwise 'tis doubtless a pity you gave the publick reason to think you an Enemy to the religion of your country, for, this is not my oppinion alone, but that of many men of better sense.

The universal Esteam which the country had for your deceas'd father wou'd have vastly indear'd you to the publick, had you trod in his steps —but your early wide departure from his known principles, is an unhappy flourish at your first "commencing Author."

If you receive this in the friendly manner, in which it is wrote, you will not resent the attempt.

Am Sir yr &c W. K:

THE ALMANACK FOR 1766.

By NATHANIEL AMES.

BOSTON:

Printed and sold by W. M'ALPINE and J. FLEEMING, in Marlborough street.

Price, 2 *s.* 8 *d. per* Dozen. Six Coppers single.

We, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n will move
With strength of Mind and tread th' Abyss above;
And penetrate, with an interior light,
Those upper Depths, which Nature hid from sight,
Pleas'd we will be to walk along the Sphere
Of shining Stars, and travel with the Year;
To leave this heavy Earth and scale the height
Of *Atlas*, Who supports the heav'nly Weight;
To look from upper Light, and thence survey
Mistaken Mortals wand'ring from the way.

GENEROUS READER.

It was not without great diffidence of my own ability to fill the place of my deceased father, who was 40 years conversant with the public in this way, and whom even envy owns to have gain'd their generous and impartial approbation; a grateful sense of which, inspiring me with the most refreshing hopes of their

future encouragement and protection, join'd with a reflection on the sublimity of the employment for leisure hours, that I was sollicited to offer these first fruits of my labours, under my own patronage, to your candid view. And as long as I can gain the smiles of public favour, which is a great incitement to a noble exertion, I purpose to make my appearance before you annually, notwithstanding what some obscure persons would insinuate to the contrary; who, at the expence of truth and reputation, persue their sordid interests with such a monopolizing disposition, as astonishes all impartial judges: for they have not only made use of my name to impose upon the public, by prefixing it to their counterfeit Almanacks, but have even advertised that I was not about to publish an Almanack for this year, which the public knows to be false.[1] I would advise such as would buy my Almanack to be cautious lest they be imposed upon. Thus much I think necessary to inform the public with regard to this intended imposition. Besides what is usual in this Almanack you have the rising, setting, or southing of the seven stars, several times in each month. I shall always endeavour to publish what I think will be most useful to the bulk of my readers, let individuals make what application they please; and next consider their innocent diversion: yet I hope I shall never be so bigotted to my own opinion as not to lay open to the conviction of any error, when it is offered in a candid manner, by arguments drawn from cool reason, void of passion and prejudice. Here I should conclude, did I not share in the general distress of my countrymen, and think it out of character, not to condole with them in their present distressed circumstances, who not only groan, but almost sink beneath a load of debt; our merchants continually breaking; no money to be had, even for the most valuable articles; and all threatened with ruin, without the lenity and assistance of our superiours; yet so far from this,

[1] In 1765, in evident anticipation of the discontinuance of the publication after the decease of the old Doctor, "*a late Student at Harvard College*," issued a "*Nathaniel Ames* almanack" for 1766, which is remarkable for the following note in connection with the price of the book, and the "*Stamp Act*." "*Price before the Stamp Act takes Place, Half-a-Dollar per Dozen, and six Coppers Single. After the Act takes place, more than double the Price.*"

that we are shocked with a new demand, which, it is thought by many, all the current specie among us is not able to satisfy; and after that is gone, then go houses and lands, then liberties! and all the land that we can then get, will be only in vassalage to some haughty Lord, which Heaven avert! But this is only a conjecture of what might be should we prove very tame and easy at putting on the yoke. Now, on the other hand, let us consider, the Government must be kept up; and that they who sit at helm, know the exigencies of state much better than we who are at a distance; and that we have the happiness to be under as good a King as ever reign'd, and a very wise government; that they know we possess a true British spirit; and that when they come to know our true circumstances, they will certainly redress our evils, for as we are a member of the whole body of the state, our interests are mutual, and we cannot think of independency. But, above all things, let us rely on the goodness of that power which protected our forefathers, who sought shelter in this howling wilderness among the savage beasts from more savage men; that they might quietly worship HIM, who has hitherto, and as long as we do our duty, will continue to defend us from foreign and domestic enemies, and STAMP with eternal infamy and disgrace, those who would oppress or tyrannize over us. And now, reader, relying on further acquaintance, wishing all happiness to British America and confusion to its foes, I subscribe my self your humble Servant,

NATH. AMES.

All Persons who incline to encourage the Paper Manufacture are requested to save their old Cotton and Linen Rags &c, for which they may have a good Price at the Paper Mill at Milton.

JANUARY. Columbian Genius hear our prayer:
O! let us all with lustre rise
Beneath thy tutelary care:
Retain our dear bought liberties;
Let not the voice of Native freedom sound
Alone in realms which Albion's shores surround.

FEBRUARY. "As each society may justly claim
A task adapted to each sex and frame;
Much it imports in active life to know,
What to ourselves, to others, what we owe;
What offices from what relations rise;
And what our state, and what our frame implies:
By these in one consistent plan we rise;
Sense makes us active, action make us wise."

MARCH. "Lovely beauty, breathing spring,
Waving soft thy balmy wing;
Fairest glory of the year!
On our longing plains appear.
Sweet inspirer of my song!
On a sun-beam glide along!"

APRIL. "See the lovely Nymph appears,
And a crown of roses wears.
Now the Husbandmen prepare
To improve the coming year;
Flinging free the gen'rous grain,
Hoping pleasure, bearing pain."

MAY. "We'll write him down a slave, who, humbly, proud,
With presents, begs preferments from the croud;
That early suppliant who salutes the tribes,
And sets the mob to scramble for his bribes.
Let awful virtue, patriot warmth inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire."

JUNE. "Be thou content with that degree of fate,
That's first thy lot, and first thy destin'd state;
Be wise, and wholly on thy God rely.
This world's vain pleasures, and its pride defy;
Whilst cank'ring cares does mortal life surround,
In Heav'n alone true happiness is found.

JULY. "What is in death, that men should fear to die?
Or, What is life, but care and misery?
The world's chief glories are unworth our stay;
Their distant beauties, when approach'd, decay:
Like lovers dreams, which paint the yielding fair,
We grasp a shade, and fill our arms with air.

AUGUST. "Observe a man thro' ev'ry scene of life,
Blest in estate, in children, and a wife,
And something you will ev'ry hour find,
To spoil his pleasures and distract his mind.
The greedy miser makes his sole employ,
To heap up riches others may enjoy."

SEPTEMBER. "'Tis wealth to have tranquility of mind,
In that consists the bliss of human kind:
Content——thou great, thou universal good,
So seldom known, so little understood;
In thee the peasant, seeking only health,
Learns to contemn the sordid misers wealth."

OCTOBER. "Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each, is to be richer than the rest;
And yet, no doubts the poor man's draught controul,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl!
They fear the deadly drug, whose gems divine,
Enchase their cups, and sparkle in their wine."

NOVEMBER. "The fearful passenger who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of his large estate,
Shakes at the moon-shine shadow of a rush,
And sees a robber rise from ev'ry bush.
The beggar sings, e'en when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace."

DECEMBER "Tho' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd with care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair:
When prest by dangers, and beset with foes,
The Gods their timely succor interpose;
And when our virtue sinks o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeseen expedients send relief."

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

The driving Snow with wind & sleet resemble much th' affairs of State.

Wealth is a wave, honor a bait of death, catching at which we are catch'd.

Love is a credulous thing.

Trust not him who hath deceived you, nor him that pretendeth great things, for both are liars.

He that speaks truth, yet aims to deceive, is a liar.
A fop is but a piece of a man.

How is the world deceived by show!
Alas! how different to pretend and know.

Liberty carried to excess becomes the worst kind of tyranny.
Reconciliation of grand parties.

The approach of Spring plainly perceiv'd by the old and infirm.
As now the snow and ice are soften'd, so are the hearts of some ladies.
Plainness of manners is the surest sign of honesty.
Poverty is the fruit of idleness.

The sole end of government is the happiness of the people, &c.
We should not measure men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.
Want prompts the wit, and first gave birth to arts.
One good turn deserves another.

To know ourselves rightly will be a good means to cure us of the itch of being flattered.

The pleasant fields young girls entice
And make them hear their sparks advice.

Many rail at the times, but few strive to make them better.

A man of sense never tells a long story.
Some great affair on the carpet, but as yet remains a profound secret, except to some politicians.

Great preparations to very small profit.
How highly shall we esteem the man that wears the manufactures of his own country, in opposition to the ill taste of the age?
No man is to blame for his opinion; for we believe what we must, not what we will.
An excellent Orator and sage Politician received into favor, and caressed by his Prince.

By a prospect of some interest, differences amongst rivals come near being settled, but alas! Venus overcomes Plutus and spoils all.
They are thought to have read much who speak of it often, but 'tis only a sign they don't digest what they read.

Whilst some are fighting about riches,
Others strive who shall wear the breeches.

Range where you please thro' water, earth and air,
God is in everything and everywhere.

A very good season for traveling, both for the Epicure and Valetudinarian.

Acquaintance are common as chaff, but friends are rarely to be found.

Pride, ill nature and folly, are the three great sources of ill manners.

Gravity passes with many for wisdom, but 'tis often dullness, sometimes Affectation, at best disagreeable, but talkativeness is always the effect of folly.

If each blade would mind his trade,
Each lass and lad in homespun clad,
Then we might cramp the growth of STAMP.

Keen north wester Old maids doth pester.

When we hear the disagreeable chains of slavery rattle, it is time to think of avoiding them.

Liberty is more precious than all gifts.

An idle man is the d—l's playfellow.

Good sense is the foundation of good manners.

There will be four Eclipses this Year.

The first of the SUN, *February* 9th, at 7 h. 13 m. 23 s. Morning, invisible in North America; but in South America, and at the Cape of Good Hope, the Sun will be two thirds eclipsed.

Second of the MOON, *February* 24th, at 3 h. 6 m. Afternoon, invisible.

Third of the SUN, *August* 5th, visible.

	h.	m.	
Beginning, -	11	40	Forenoon.
Middle -	1	14	Afternoon.
End - -	2	47	Afternoon.
Duration -	3	7	
Digits eclipsed	8	48	

* * * * * * * *

This latter eclipse, after traversing the voids of space from the creation, at last began to touch upon the unknown parts near the south pole, about 88 years after the conquest. In the

year 1546, the 17th of June, it began to touch New-England: And in 1622, it first touched the southern parts of Old-England, the 30th of April, about 2 in the Afternoon; It's central appearance rising in the American south sea, traversing Peru and the Amazon country, thro' the Atlantic ocean into Africa, and setting in Æthiopia near the Red Sea. In 1676, on the first of June, it was almost central to us at Sun rise; and at Sun setting in the gulf of Cochinchina: In 1694 visible in the afternoon: In 1748, July 25th, it was nearly central at Newfoundland, just after Sun rise. The next period is the present eclipse. Again, in 1820 Sept. 7th, this eclipse will return very large at London. It will be visible again in 1838, at London, Sept. 18th; It will also be visible here, a small quantity eclipsed: but it wears off every period to the northward; and about the year 2090, it wholly leaves the earth, and there will be no more return of it, till after a period of 10,000 years.

The first eclipse of this year came on at the North pole several thousand years ago; and, some thousand years hence, will leave the earth at the South pole; and thus it is ascertained, that an eclipse finishes one grand revolution in 11683 years; so that those eclipses which began at the creation, have but little more than half finished their periods. By an extensive knowledge in this doctrine of eclipses, Astronomers are enabled to fix the date of any thing recorded in ancient history very exactly, where an eclipse is recorded about the same time: thus the vulgar year of Christ's birth is found to be erroneous; and what we now write or call the year of our Lord 1766, is not more than 1762, as is demonstrated by the observation of an eclipse recorded by Josephus, which cannot change, tho' the calculations from our present tables do not exactly agree with very ancient observations, which, according to the opinion of all modern Astronomers, is owing to the Moon's finishing her periods now in less time than formerly, and that she is continually approaching nearer and nearer the Earth, as do the rest of the planets to the Sun, their projectile force not being quite sufficient to balance the power of attraction; whence in time the present system of the world must come to an end of itself, without any interposition of its Grand Constructor, just as a clock left to itself will inevitably run down.

Fourth eclipse of the MOON, *August* 20th, visible.

	h.	m.	
Beginning -	1	0	Morning.
Middle - -	2	16	
End - -	3	32	
Duration -	2	32	
Digits eclipsed -	6	13	

The ancients believed, that all visible eclipses were portentuous of some dire event; and several treatises were written, to shew against what regions the malevolent effects of any particular eclipse was aimed: and these writers affirm, that the effects of an eclipse of the Sun, lasted as many years as the eclipse lasted hours; and that of the Moon, as many months. But as futile as these notions may appear now-a-days, they were once of no small advantage to Christopher Columbus, who, in the year 1493, was driven to the island of Jamaica, where he was in the greatest distress for want of provisions, and was moreover refused any assistance from the inhabitants, on which he threatened them with a plague, and that in token of it there should be an eclipse; which falling on the day he had foretold, so terrified the barbarians, that they strove who should be the first in bringing him all sorts of provisions, throwing them at his feet, and imploring his forgiveness.

All persons who are desirous to have any alteratton made in this Almanack concerning the Stages on the Post-roads, or anything else, are desired to write to the Author, not to the former Printer as he advertised in last year's Almanack.

Notes on 1766.—The present Author follows the conventional custom, and the title page verse is of the devotional order, both in the religious and astronomical view.

The address to the Generous Reader calls the public attention to the liability of their being imposed upon by the sale of spurious copies of the time honored weather book, and indirectly alludes to the "*late student at Harvard College*," as one of the pirates who endeavor to profit by the reputation achieved by another. The condition of affairs political and

social; the recent attempt of the Crown to enforce odious burdens of taxation; — particularly the obnoxious Stamp Act — together with the myriad of almost daily occurrences leading up to the great event of the century, should afford an abundance of material to make a very interesting pamphlet, even if it appeared but annually.

The tone of our Author is moderate—and while the gravity of the situation is wholly apparent to him, (the condition of affairs in all classes of society being almost, if not quite, desperate,) yet with all the loyalty of a good subject (which, under the circumstances is remarkable) he counsels mildness, with every reliance upon the wisdom of the home government, and the honest intentions of "as good a King as ever reigned." He further urges that "*we cannot think of independency*," although "*we should not prove very tame and easy at putting on the yoke.*"

The allusion to the Deity, and the accentuation of the word STAMP, in the latter paragraphs, are quite *Ames* characteristics.

The spirit of *Philopatria* is observed in the opening stanzas of the monthly poem; then follows the typical "spring poetry" of the epoch; now we gather some "awful virtue and patriot warmth" as summer approaches; passing on to a mid-summer idyl on Life and Death—then contentment is described, closing the year with a versified disquisition on the *blessings of poverty.*

The essay is a description of the great Solar Eclipse, happening this year on August 5. The article in question is very readable, and embraces a history of the occurrence, with its various periods of appearance at different points of observance on the Earth, and its prospective recurrence for the future.

Some not generally known facts in connection with eclipses are noted: one, that the present year 1766, should not be more than 1762; and further, the end of all things is predicted to occur without the "interposition of the Grand Constructor just as a clock left to itself will inevitably run down."

The "squibs" in the "pot pourri" column are much like father's: Politics, Love, Wealth, Women, Wisdom, Saws, Satire, Sadness, Religion, Pretence, Flattery, Hard Times, Harder Money, Home Productions, Opinion, Gravity, Stamps, Slavery, Idleness, and Good Sense—all, as Prof. Tyler says, "mingled in delightful juxtaposition"—and thus ends the fateful year.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1767.

By NATHANIEL AMES.

BOSTON:

Printed and sold by WILLIAM M'ALPINE in Marlborough street.
Price, *2s. 8d per* Dozen, Six Coppers single.

'Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind;
And who stands safest, tell me? Is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity?
Or blest with little, whose preventing care,
In peace provides fit arms against a war?
Content with little I can piddle here,
On turneps, beef and mutton, round the year:
I'll marry Honesty, tho' Fortune lour,
Rather than follow such a blind dull———.'

READER,

I most heartily congratulate thee on the happy prospect of the publick affairs of this Country, so different from what it was last Fall, as nearly to exceed the most sanguine expectation, and which, however unwilling, some few may be to own it, was produced by the exertion of that noble spirit of *Freedom*, which every thinking honest Man that has never been galled with the *chain of slavery* is possessed of—a spirit which GOD grant no tyrant may ever be able to extinguish amongst us: to the first exciters of which we are so superlatively indebted on so many accounts, as would far exceed the limits of my page to express. I only hope that you will always show your sense of the obligation by rewarding them and their posterity, so long as they shall hold their integrity, with all the most important posts of honour and profit that you are capable of bestowing; and that whenever a *Virginian* shall visit this part of the *Land of Freedom*, you

will be no niggard of *Hospitality*. Having these matters so far settled according to our wishes, let us turn our thoughts on the arts of peace.———Oh! ye husbandmen, too happy would ye be, did ye know your own advantages; did ye turn your minds to the cultivation of ingenious arts, that soften the manners and prevent our being brutish; did ye neglect the vain amusements and idle tattle of the town, and rather strive to know the life and manners of young prince *Heraclius* of *Georgia*, than whether neighbour *Such-a-one* married a month too late to be honest. What fine opportunities have ye to improve yourselves by study above tradesmen and mechanicks, whilst your fruits and herbage are growing? At the intervals of cultivating your fields, ye might be enriching your minds with useful knowledge—by perusing the *Roman* history ye might learn how gradually a rough and ignorant people, by cultivating the study and practice of useful arts and manufactures, did emerge from obscurity to a state of grandeur and affluence inconceivable; so great that their relicks are at this day the wonder of the world—how at last they became indolent and luxurious, and therefore vitious and ignorant, which made them a prey to tyranny; and tyranny always ends in the extinction of a nation, as is evident to those that take notice of what passes in the great world, that is, read history. Ignorance among the common people is the very basis and foundation of tyranny and oppression. With what absolute and despotick sway did that grand tyrant and impostor the Pope of *Rome* rule the consciences and purses of mighty sovereigns and most of the people of *Europe*, *Britons* among the rest, so long as he kept them in ignorance, making them pray in *Latin* like a parcel of parrots, nor suffering the common people to keep Bibles in a language they understood.——But happy for the world he is dwindling away, many nations have thrown off his saddle, and are not quite so much priest-ridden. Let us then, my countrymen, study not only religion but politicks and the nature of civil government: become politicians every one of us; take upon us to examine every thing, and think for ourselves; striving to prevent the execution of that detestable maxim of *European* policy amongst us, *viz:* That the common people, who are three quarters of the world, must be kept in ignorance, that they may be slaves to the other quarter who live in

magnificence; and for this end I should recommend to you, first, the study of Geography, that is the situation, extent, government, commodities, &c. of all countries upon earth. *Salmon's* or *Gordon's* Geography are as good as any that are published; and in *Salmon's* Gazeteer you have in few words an history of any country in alphabetical order, that you may turn to in a moment. An *English* dictionary will be a vast help to you. The knowledge of geography will fit you for reading history: it is proper to begin with the history of your own nation; *Rapin's*, *Echard's* or *Hume's* histories of *England* are most approved of.——Yet let not these amusements intrude upon the more important occupations of life: our bodies must be fed and clothed, but that is not all; we must do more; we must raise something to sell for exportation, if we would increase in wealth. We are not tenants but *lords* of the soil, and may live as genteel tho' not in such splendour, as lords, by increasing trade and commerce, which are as necessary to a state as wings to a bird; encouraging all kinds of tradesmen and artificers among us, diligence and industry in every one, keeping all sorts of lawful business constantly going on, every wheel in the grand system continually moving, despising foreign luxury and effeminacy, banishing from among us immorality and idleness. He that will not work, neither shall he eat.

Besides this general œconomy, there are many schemes that would turn out to the immediate advantage of individuals, many of which nothing but necessity, the mother of invention must discover in time to come, when the country is too thick inhabited for all to get a living by the present methods of farming. Of how little value and trifling of late did we esteem the Ashes that we make in our houses, till some publick spirited gentleman set on foot the scheme of making Pot-Ash, which is now become a fine staple commodity; for which *Great-Britain* used to send vast sums of money to *Russia*, *Norway*, and other woody countries that now centers here.

But after all, our farms ought to be the chief object of our attention; for they are capable of so great and profitable improvements, that I shall not here attempt to describe them, but heartily recommend to the perusal of every farmer in the country Mr. *Eliot's* essays on field husbandry, as it is or may be

ordered in New-England, and dare promise them it will not be a mispence of time.——Before I quit this subject, I shall briefly hint to you another way in which I think you may be of great service to the publick, by introducing a manufacture which would be as clear a saving to the country as that of Pot-ash, and interfere very little with other business, which is the raising raw silk. I will communicate to you the method as delivered to me by sundry persons and by my next neighbour, who raises considerable quantities of silk every year. In the first place, you must provide a sufficient number of mulberry-trees, which grow as fast as peach-trees, for altho' the silk worms will live on other leaves, yet they will produce silk from no other food but mulberry-leaves; having procured a parcel of silk-worms' eggs you may hatch them when you please by exposing them to the air on shelves, or rather to the warm sun-shine, you must mind and not hatch them out before the leaves have come forth in great plenty, for they eat more than one would imagine, and so greedily that you may hear them chew: they must be carefully tended every day with fresh leaves, and their shelves cleaned from filth, till they have done eating, which will be in about a fortnight from the time they begin, and then they go to spining, which lasts about a week longer; at the end of which they must be killed in a warm oven or warm water, or they will eat thro' their silk and spoil it; but those that you intend for breeders must be suffered to eat thro' their balls and turn into butterflies, to lay eggs for the next year, which must be kept in drawers close from the air. As to the manufacture of the silk, I may possibly say something about it before your mulberry-trees are grown; and, in the mean time, am, with the profoundest respect, &c.

NAT. AMES.

JANUARY.

The spleeny matron on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and megrim at her head;
Two handmaids wait her nod, alike in place,
But diff'ring far, in figure and in face.
Here stands Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd.

FEBRUARY. With store of prayers for mornings, nights and noons
Her hand is fill'd—her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mein,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride.
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown for sickness——and for show.

MARCH. Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another:
But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries, Arm! whose very look's an oath,
The Captain's honest, sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body's buff.

APRIL. But thou, ignoble wretch, who first essay'd
To charm, by sordid arts, the venal maid,
Taught her young breast, on hopes of gain to rove,
Neglecting innocence and faithful love,
Eternal curses blast thy hated name,
Thou bane of life, of humanity the shame.

MAY. The fatal effects of Luxury are these;
We drink our poison, and we eat *disease*.
Not so, O Temperance! when rul'd by thee;
The brute's obedient, and the man is free,
To learn how great the virtue and the art,
To live on little with a cheerful heart.

JUNE. Hear what says Rusticus, not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules;
" Go work, hunt, exercise, but shun the glass,
" Then scorn a homely dinner if you please."
Soft are the slumbers, balmy is the rest,
The veins not boiling from the midnight feast.

JULY. 'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance! we owe
All pleasures, which from health and strength can flow,
Vigour of body——purity of mind,
Unclouded reason——sentiments refin'd,
Unmix'd, untainted joys——without remorse,
Th' intemp'rate Sensualist's never-failing curse.

AUGUST. On morning wings how active springs the mind,
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues,
How coming to the Poet every muse,
How fresh and clear the streams of wisdom flow,
How soon they cease when we intemp'rate grow!

SEPTEMBER. How pale, each worshipful and rever'nd guest
Rise from a clergy, or a city feast!
What life in all that ample body, say,
What heav'nly particle inspires the clay,
The soul subsides, and sensually inclines,
To seem but mortal, e'en in sound divines.

OCTOBER. D——, with more than harpy throat endu'd,
Cries "Send me gods a whole hog barbecu'd,
"With south winds blasted 'till a stench exhale,
"Rank as the ripeness of a rabit's tail."
By what criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?

NOVEMBER. 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother,
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid—tho' not splendid, clean,
In cheerful mood when with you friends shall dine,
Good humour's better than the richest wine.

DECEMBER. When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
Sculk to your garret, at the hour of seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n;
Then buy a rope, that future times may tell,
Thou hast at least bestow'd one peny well.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

Strife among sensual lovers for want of preliminary articles.
The wrinkled scold embitters cold,
And adds a curse to an empty purse.
Want of decency is want of sense.
He that stays in the valley will never get over the hill.
Want of care does more hurt than want of skill.

A wise man's soul couches at the root of his tongue, but a fool's is ever dancing on the tip.

Vice rules where gold reigns.

Far from court, far from care.

Good deeds live, all things else die.

Almanack says spring, but Jack Frost says winter.

Mercury has been very busy among the planets and will produce some thing very astonishing among old women and politicians.

March 18. STAMP ACT repealed.

Let's drink to PITT, the English pearl;
May he shine yet, tho' made an Earl.

Ill will speaks good of no one.

Cool words scald not the tongue.

To prove a friend, experiences teaches,
One deed is worth a thousand speeches.

Every bean has its black.

Truth may be blam'd but will ne'er be sham'd.

A lye stands upon one leg, truth upon two.

Pride will have a fall.

Where virtue fails, a bribe prevails.

Let not your tongue cut your throat.

Thunder and lightning purge the air, as a fever does the human body.

The world loves to be imposed on by extravagancies, and always will as long as three-quarters of it are fools.

None is truly great that is not truly good.

Haughty words breed strife.

He that now neglects his hoe, must in winter suck his paw.

Poverty is to be laughed at when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's calling: for it fills our streets with robbers, money-makers, quacks, and pettifoggers.

A bean with freedom is better than a sugar plumb in prison.

The gods of war and eloquence, combine to fill the gaps of sense.

Virtue is the beauty of the soul.

A fine growing season ——— for horns.

Wilful waste makes woful want.

Let your tongue avoid rash speaking: they that speak without care suffer without pity.

To defend the christian religion is one thing, and to knock a man on the head for being of a different religion is another.

Content is a jewel of the highest esteem, not to be bought with money, but gained by virtue.

Silence is the safest course for a man to take that mistrusts his own judgment.

He is not good who does not wish to mend.

A plodding old knave gains publick esteem but soon is unmasked.

Better suffer a great evil than do a small one.

Trade and Commerce make any place happy and rich.

If you can't bite, never show your teeth.

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

Possession is riches; trade and commerce enable us to possess any thing.

That place is richest and most happy where there are fewest useless men.

Give to them that want.

Immodest words admit of no defence.

Powder Plot most forgot.

Sharpers in their black uniforms lead the people by the nose with the bridle of ignorance.

In eastern climes its rugged times—the Indian yet dissembles.

A Wit's a feather, a Chief's a rod.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

To be genteel is not to be reserved or haughty, but to make your company as easy and agreeable as possible—'tis the overflowing of universal love: an affected speech or behaviour may be politeness.

Conversation is the chief blessing in this life—with friends.

With Christmas cheer let's banish care.

Our bad lives mend quite to the end.

A brief Account of the supreme executive Courts that are held in England.

The *King's Bench* is next to the Parliament, the highest court in *England* at common law; in which are handled the pleas of the crown, all things that concern the loss of life or member of any subject, treason, breach of peace, oppression, &c. In this court are four judges: the first is called *Lord Chief Justice* of the *King's-bench;* his power is very great.

The *High Court of Chancery* is designed to mitigate the rigour of the other courts, and is called the *Court of Equity*. This court has but one judge, *viz. Lord Keeper of the Great Seal;* his sentence is definitive without a jury of 12 men.

The *Court of Common Pleas*, wherein the usual and common pleas between subjects are debated.

The *Court of Exchequer*. In this court are tried all causes relating to the King's treasury or revenue, &c.

Notes on 1767.—The verses on the title sheet, upon close examination, abundantly exhibit the very desperate condition of either the times, or the Muse. But yet the annual address seems to give a different aspect to affairs, which betokens a general improvement in relations both political and social.

The author's manner of encouraging the people to an active appreciation of the advantages for improvement which are within their reach, is peculiar and practical, and the homily entire is replete with wisdom and discretion. He inveighs against the prevalence of ignorance in the lower classes, and points out the way to a more intimate acquaintance with, and knowledge of, religion, politics, and the nature of civil government, so absolutely essential to prevent the establishment of the European policy of aristocracy in the Colonies.

He then dilates upon the necessity of economy, and the encouragement of agriculture and home productions; (so long a popular text with the author's father,) particularly enlarging upon the *silk-culture* then deemed to be an advantageous industry for introduction into the Colonies.

The poetic captions of each monthly page are in the direction of topics

of a social nature—addressed generally to both sexes—luxury decried and temperance extolled in the very fullness of sturdy Anglo-Saxon.

The miscellany is not very plentiful this year. A short account of the titles and provinces of the English Courts; and an advertisement by the printer, "that he purchased the *genuine* copy of the Almanack from DR. AMES, and hopes they (the Publick) will not be imposed upon by buying *spurious*, *pirated* and incorrect editions of the same."

The weather column is brim-full of wit and humor; terse sayings, and timely allusions to men and manners. Pitt is honored, the repeal of the *Stamp-Act* noticed, the results of poverty alluded to, the advantages of freedom recalled to the public notice, the clergy treated to a mild form of castigation, and the "Powder plot most forgot."

THE ALMANACK FOR 1768.

By NATHANIEL AMES.

BOSTON:

Printed and Sold by the Printers and Booksellers,
at 2s 8d per Dozen, and Five Coppers single.

Ador'd Artificer! What Skill divine!
What Wonders in the wide Creation shine!
Fair look the Stars, and fair the Morning Ray,
When first the Fields their painted Scenes display.
Order and Majesty adorn the whole.
Beauty and Life, and thou th' inspiring Soul:
Whatever Grace, or Harmony's express'd
On all thy Works the God is there confess'd:
But, oh! from all thy Works how small a Part,
To human Minds is known of what thou art?
Fancy gives o'er its Flight in search of Thee,
Our Tho'ts are lost in thy Immensity.

READER.

Custom and Fashion, which the World blindly follows, right or wrong, must be followed by Almanack-makers, as well as others; otherwise, perhaps, I should have saved myself the

Trouble of writing, and you of reading a formal Preface, and filled this Page with a Table of Interest, or something that might assist you in your Business. Bnt to prevent your going to sleep over it, I shall season it with some humorous Extracts from Dr. *Smollet's* Travels concerning the Absurdity of the Customs and Fashions of different Nations. "At Paris, says he, 'tis the Fashion to eat mortified flesh: a Native of Legiboli will not taste his Fish 'till it is quite putrified: The civilized Inhabitants of Kamschatka get drunk with the Urine of their Guests whom they have already intoxicated: The Nova-Zemblans and Laplanders feast and make merry on Lamp Oil: The Greenlanders eat in the same Dish with their Dogs: The Caffres at the Cape of Good Hope p—ss upon those whom they delight to honor, and feast upon Sheep's Guts as the greatest Dainty that can be presented: A true-bred Frenchman dips his Fingers imbrowned with Snuff into his Plate filled with Ragout, and between every three Mouthfuls takes a fresh Pinch with the most graceful Gesticulations, then he displays his Handkerchief, which may be termed the Flag of Abomination, and in the Use of both scatters his Favors on all that have the Happiness to sit near him; it must be owned however that a Frenchman will not drink out of a Tankard, in which perhaps a dozen Mouths have slabbered, as is the Custom among the English, but each has his own Goblet, which stands before him on the Table, if there is so little Cleanliness among these People, much less shall we find Delicacy, which is the Cleanliness of the Mind; can Custom exempt from the Imputation of gross Indecency; a French Lady who shifts herself in Presence of a male Visitant, and suffers herself to be handed to——by her Admirer, or him who stands at the Door all the while she's within, and entertains her with the smart small Talk of the Town which he has at his Finger's ends." Now Reader, let us look into our own Country, and see if we ourselves have no such absurd, unclean, indelicate customs. I think I could mention several; but seeing that they do little other Damage than offend the Senses of those who come within the Sphere of their Action, I shall wave them, and only just touch upon the bewitching Power of the Fashion of the times. How absurd is it for Parents who by their own Care and Industry have heaped up an Estate to educate their Children, as if they thought they never could

spend it, by teaching or suffering them to place their chief Ambition in Dress, and Scenes of Dissipation, whereby they contract an hearty Aversion for Business, and the thriving Sound of the Spinning Wheel and Loom, and spread the Infection of despising honest Industry and modest Merit, in home-made Dress, as if in this consisted Gentility, which has little to do with externals; for a Gentleman is the same in all Circumstances, in Silk & Sackcloth; and we often see an ill-bred Villain dressed very fashionably. How much more honor'd and esteemed by every true Patriot and Friend to his Country, is the Man, who, cloath'd in the Manufacture of his own House, comes to the City on his lofty Steed, loaded with the Fat of the Land, in Sacks as white as Snow, true Emblem of Neatness and Delicacy! he looks independent, and need not fear the Frowns of the prosperous Villain. I say, how esteemed and much more useful to Society is such a one, than the empty idle Fop, who laughs at his laudible Curiosity.—But methinks I hear one say, there is still a great Absurdity unnotic'd, which is, that an Almanack-maker should set up for a Reformer; I submit to the Censure, and return to my Province, by saying, there are but four Days in the Year on which a true Clock or Watch will be right with the Sun, but are sometimes a Quarter of an Hour too fast or slow if they go even. From the 24th December to 15th of April, the Clock will be too fast; from 15th April, to 16th June, Clock will be too slow; from 16th June to 31st August, Clock will be too fast; and from thence to the 24th December, Clock will be too slow: And you may tell whether your Clock or Watch goes exact, by observing through a small Hole in a Window Shutter, what Time any Star disappears behind a Steeple or Chimney; and if, on the next Night, the same Star disappears 3 Minutes 56 Seconds sooner by the Clock or Watch, it is exact.

N. AMES.

JANUARY.

Whether amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my sense
Of an all wise, all powerful Providence:
Sole Lord of nature's universal frame,
Thro' endless years unchangeably the same.

FEBRUARY. When the gay Sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure cloaths the smiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show.
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.

MARCH. But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauties lost;
No distant landskips draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.

APRIL. Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness cloaths the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand:
Millions of stars in heav'ns wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes.

MAY. Her solid Globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays;
Whether those stars that twinkling Lustre send,
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend;
Man may conjecture, and new Schemes declare,
Yet all his systems but conjectures are.

JUNE. But this we know, that heav'ns eternal King,
Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his *Word* bid num'rous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-pow'rful *Word* shall hear.
His single *fiat* guide th' amazing whole
And teach the new-born planets where to roll.

JULY. When to the Western Main the Sun descends,
To other Lands a rising Day he lends,
The spreading Dawn another Shepherd spies,
The wakeful Flocks from their warm Folds arise,
Refresh'd, the Peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the Plow correct the Fallow soil.

AUGUST. While we in Sleep's embraces waste the night,
The Climes oppos'd, enjoy Meridian light;
And when those Lands the busie Sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy Morning wakes;
In Lazy Sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither Clime laments his absent ray.

SEPTEMBER. So when the soul is from the body flown,
No more shall nights alternate reign be known:
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty, streams of glory flow;
Then may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty transient sublunary joy.

OCTOBER. For what is life? with ills encompass'd round
Amidst our hopes, fate strikes the sudden wound,
To-day the statesman of new honors dreams,
To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes,
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confind?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind.

NOVEMBER. Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken and thy bloom decay,
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.

DECEMBER. Who then would wish to stretch this *scanty* span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?
The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream;
She longs to wake and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

You won't forget 'tis Winter these stormy days. Good slaying.
A full cellar, neat house, warm wife, at this time are blessings of life.
Plots & schemes now laid will be very like to take place.
There will hardly be a thaw this month, unless now!

Southern blasts almost break the heart of winter.

Domestic polity now comes on.

Warm and sloppy weather some time about the end of this month.

Pleasant travelling at a small distance from the ground, especially if the fashion, is wings, tho' they that have try'd, had their neck broke by strings.

Sincerity does not so much good in the world, as its appearance does mischief.

Sincerity as it is the plainest, so it is the best rule for conduct of life.

The deceitful are full of fear and anxiety.

Bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, So it is the best cover to Artifice.

Swiming is now a fine excercise for the weak, lazy and corpulent.

It is not in the power of a weak Man to be sincere.

Some learn how to live. Some how to get a living.

Now Fans and Umbrellas afford the ladies an airy satisfaction.

Nothing is so great an inlet to Misery and Vice as not to know how to employ our leasure Hours.

They who know no Pleasure above sensual, can hardly be idle and innocent.

If the Sun shine on the 24th of *August*, that is a good sign.

Take care of early Frost, cold fruit, and hot Rum.

He that lets his tongue run before his wit cuts other mens meat and his own Fingers.

Exercise will warm you better than Rum or fire.

A moderate Man has a great advantage over one that is passionate.

A man should enlarge the sphere of his innocent pleasures, so much, that he may safely leave Business, and not fall into Vice.

In the seventh day of the Moon Abel was slain.

Excellent weather to lodge together.

☞ Save your MONEY, and you save your COUNTRY! ☜

At a legal and full Meeting of the Freeholders of the Town of *Boston*, on the 28th of *October*, 1767, the following Votes were passed unanimously.

WHEREAS the excessive use of foreign Superfluities is the chief cause of the present distressed State of this town, as it is thereby drained of its Money: which Misfortune is likely to be increased by means of the late additional Burthens and Impositions on the Trade of the Province, which threaten the Country with Poverty and Ruin:

Therefore, *Voted*, That this Town will take all prudent and legal Measures to encourage the Produce and Manufactures of this Province, and to lessen the Use of Superfluities, and particularly the following enumerated Articles imported from Abroad, *viz:* Loaf Sugar, Cordage, Anchors, Coaches, Chaises and Carriages of all Sorts, Horse Furniture, Men and Womens Hatts, Mens and Womens Apparel ready made, Household Furniture, Gloves, Mens and Womens Shoes, Sole Leather, Sheathing and Deck Nails, Gold and Silver and Thread Lace of all Sorts, Gold and Silver Buttons, Wrought Plate of all Sorts, Diamond, Stone and Paste Ware, Snuff, Mustard, Clocks and Watches, Silversmiths and Jewellers Ware, Broad Cloths that cost above 10*s.* per Yard, Muffs, Furrs and Tippets, and all Sorts of Millenary Ware, Starch, Womens and Childrens Stays, Fire Engines, China Ware, Silk and Cotton Velvets, Gauze, Pewterers hollow Ware, Linseed Oyl, Glue, Lawns, Cambricks, Silks of all kinds for Garments, Malt Liquors and Cheese.—— And that a Subscription for this End be and hereby is recommended to the several Inhabitants and Householders of the Town.

And whereas it is the Opinion of this Town, that divers new Manufactures may be set up in *America*, to its great Advantage, and some others carried to a greater Extent, particularly those of Glass and Paper:

Therefore, *Voted*, That this Town will by all prudent Ways and Means encourage the Use and Consumption of Glass and Paper, made in any of the British American Colonies; and more especially in this Province. The Form of the Subscription voted unanimously by the Town, is as follows:

Whereas this Province labours under a heavy Debt, incurred in the Course of the late War; and the Inhabitants by this Means must be for Time subject to very burthensome Taxes:—And as our Trade has for some Years been on the decline, and is now particularly under great Embarrassments, and burthened with heavy Impositions, our Medium very scarce, and the Balance of Trade greatly against this Country:

WE therefore the Subscribers, being sensible that it is absolutely necessary, in Order to extricate us out of these embarrassed and distressed Circumstances, to promote Industry, Oeconomy and Manufactures, among ourselves, and by this Means prevent the unnecessary Importation of European Commodities, the excessive Use of which threatens the Country with Poverty and Ruin.—Do promise and engage, to and with each other, that we will encourage the Use and Consumption of all Articles manufactured in any of the British American Colonies, and more especially in this Province; and that we will not, from and after the 31st of *December* next ensuing, purchase any of the following Articles imported from Abroad, viz: *Loaf Sugar*, and all the other Articles enumerated above.——

And we further agree strictly to adhere to the late Regulation respecting Funerals,[1] and will not use any Gloves but what are Manufactured here, nor procure any new Garments upon such an Occasion but what shall be absolutely necessary.

Friends and Country-Men! Our Fathers came into this Wilderness, encouraged by the Word of a King that they should enjoy their Civil & Religious Liberties! They lived upon boil'd Corn and Clams, and laboured hard to clear and cultivate the Country they purchased of the Natives, and defended the same at the Expence of their own Blood and Treasure: We have often aided the Crown with Men and Money; and by the Conquest of Cape-Briton, gave Peace to Europe: Our Taxes, till very lately, have been granted by our own Representatives for the Support of Government; and we have given Old England

[1] The Practice of the Town relative to Funerals, by which a Saving has been made of £100,000 is to give Gloves only to Bearers and Ministers: to make Use of no other Mourning for the nearest Relations, than a Weed in the Hat for *Men*, and a black Bonnet, Gloves, Ribbons and Handkerchief for *Women*.

Millions of Money in the way of Trade: Our growing Extravagancies have run us amazingly into Debt; and the Moneys that should go in Payment, are now to be taken from us, *without our Consent*, to Support, independent of the People, and in greater Affluence, the Officers of the Crown; as also to maintain & keep up a large body of Regular Troops in America. Duties, unknown to our Fathers, to be paid here upon Sugar, Molasses, Wine, Rum, Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Paper of all kind, Painters Colours, Window and other Glass, &c., will carry off all our Silver and Gold, without other Taxes, which are talk'd of upon Salt & Land, to the Ruin of Trade, and in the end of the whole Province, unless prevented by the Virtue of the People. Boston, has set a noble Example for the Encouragement of Frugality and our own Manufactures, by the Agreement *unanimously* come into; and may it be followed by all the other Towns: Nay, let them go further, by agreeing not to sip that *poisonous Herb*, called Bohea Tea, as also not to purchase any sort of Woolen Goods made abroad, for 12 or 18 Months to come, but to wear their old patch'd Cloaths till our own Manufacture can be bought, as many in New-York, Connecticut and Philadelphia, are now doing.—If this Saving is not made, Interest must rise, Mortgages cannot be cleared, Lands will fall, or be possess'd by *Foreigners*, ; Families impoverished, and our Goals filled with unhappy Objects—If these wise Measures should be come into, a whole Province will be saved from Slavery, and this dreadful Ruin, and we shall soon become a FREE, RICH and HAPPY PEOPLE !—That the Things which belong to our political Peace, may not be hid from the Eyes of Americans, as it seems to be from the Eyes of Britons, is the hearty Wish of———

A NEW-ENGLAND MAN.

All Persons who incline to encourage, the Paper Manufacture, are requested to save their old Cotton and Linen Rags, &c. for which they may have a good price at the Paper Mill at Milton.

Notes on 1768.—If variety is, (or was,) the Spice of Life, no one can pick up an *Ames Almanack* without being convinced that both father and son were thoroughly seasoned with this most agreeable zest. Their

works, humble though they be, give assurance of acute observation, a thorough familiarity with the general literature of the day, and a knowledge of what was for the general good of the greatest number.

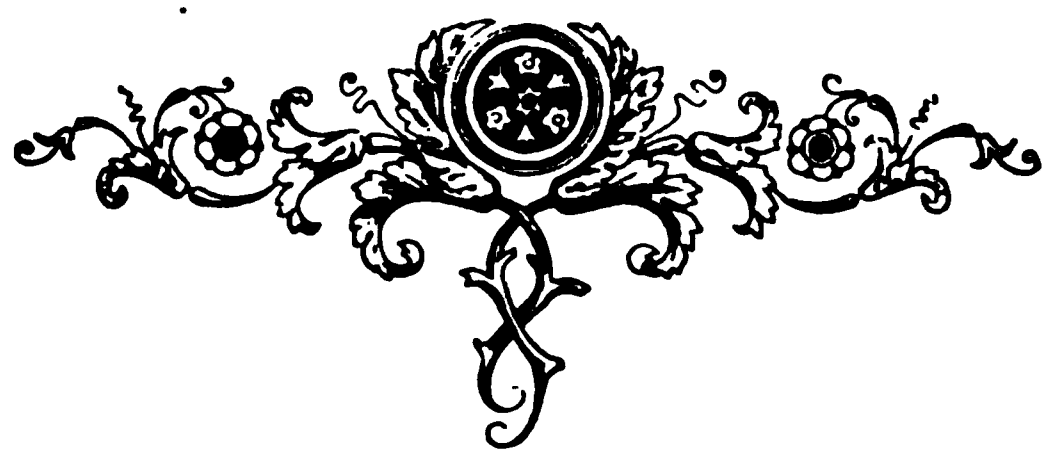
The almanack for the present year is no exception to the usual production. The character of a devout Christian gentleman is embodied in the stanzas of the title page, as well as the ardent admiration of the astronomer for the handiwork of the Grand Architect of the Universe.

The desire of the author to lighten the way of the weary traveler on this terrestrial ball, is made apparent in the address to the Reader, in which he introduces *Doctor Smollett* and his humorous ideas, to set forth the follies of Fashion, and warn the Colonists against the errors of extravagance. From this he returns to the consideration of the life of the independent Farmer, and closes his short lecture with some practical instructions for the regulation of Clocks and Watches.

A "Hymn to Nature" embellishes each page in the almanack, and in sentiment differs not from the *Ames* theory, as has been expressed in similar manner, for these forty and more years.

If any person doubts the Spirit of the Colonists, which brought about the great change which led to the independence of the Colonies, they have only to read the "Preamble and Resolutions, voted at the Freeholders Meeting at Boston, Oct. 28, 1767," and the very earnest and sensible address of "*A New England Man*" and consider whether the then example, may not be a precept to be adapted for our own times.

The domestic nature of the author can be judged from the casual remarks in their proper place in the "remarks column."



THE ALMANACK FOR 1769.

By Nathaniel Ames.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by WILLIAM M'ALPINE, in *Marlborough street.*

How blest the Man with Powers superior born,
Whose Mind the Muses with each Grace adorn,
For distant Flights to wing th' excursive Soul
Or glance with Lightning's speed from Pole to Pole
Whether thro' Nature's devious Path he strays,
Pursues the Planet's Course, the Comet's Blaze.—
Or less advent'rous quits the aerial height
To fix on mortal Woes, a mortal Sight;—
Divest the Heart of each dark Veil it wears,
Expose its Hopes, its Conflicts, and its Cares;
By bold Examples fire the youthful blood,
Appal the Guilty, or confirm the Good!
Submit each dang'rous Wish to Reason's Laws,
And arm our Passions in our Virtue's Cause.

Note.—The article "On the Manufacture of SILK" is omitted as not being of sufficient interest to republish. However "a Gentleman whom Posterity will bless, has deposited 100 Dollars in the Hands of the Select Men of Boston," to be divided in premiums among those of Massachusett's Bay, "who in the Year 1771 shall have raised the greatest Number of Mulberry Trees."

JANUARY. When our Forefathers firm maintain'd the cause
Of true Religion, Liberty and Laws,
Disdaining down the golden Stream to glide,
But bravely stem'd Corruptions rapid Tide,
Shall we, by Indolence, supinely doom
To Sweat and Toil the Nations yet to come?

FEBRUARY. What! shall a Tyrant trample on the Laws,
And stop the Source whence all his Pow'rs he draws!
His Country's Rights to foreign Foes betray,
Lavish her Wealth, yet stipulate for Pay!

To shameful Falsehoods venal Slaves subborn,
And dare to laugh the virtuous Man to scorn!
Deride Religion, Justice, Honour, Fame,
And hardly know of Honesty the Name!

MARCH. Lives there a Wretch whose base degen'rate Soul,
Can crouch beneath a Tyrant's stern Controul?
Cringe to his Nod, ignobly kiss the Hand,
In galling Chains that binds his native Land?
Purchas'd by Gold or aw'd by slavish Fear,
Abandon all his Ancestors held dear!

APRIL. Tamely behold that Fruit of glorious Toil,
The People's Charter made the Ruffians Spoil?
In Luxury's Lap, lie screen'd from Cares and Pains,
And only toil to forge the subjects Chains?
Hear, unconcern'd, his injur'd Country groan,
Nor stretch an Arm to hurl them from the Town?

MAY. In Peace, shall War, her horrid Front up rear,
And martial Vices draw the virtuous Tear,
Shall stern Oppression stalk along the Land,
Nor royal Pity our just Cry command?
Can we to Reason make a just Pretence,
No pow'rful Aid invok'd for our Defence?

JUNE. Hear then, just Heav'n, our most fervent Prayer,
New-England's Weal be thy peculiar Care!
Defend her Laws, her Worship chaste and pure!
And guard her Rights while Heav'n and Earth endure
O! let not ever, fell tyrannic Sway,
His blood-stain'd Standard on her Shores display.

JULY. When scepter'd Tyrants mount the trophid Car,
And scatter Havock from the Wheels of War;
Curst by Mankind, they lance the Lightning's Flame,
And sink in Virtue, as they rise in Fame.
Far nobler he, who sheaths the murd'rous Blade,
And clothes his Mountains with the Olive's Shade.

AUGUST. Whose patriot Wisdom civil Life refines,
Whose Radiance warms and blesses as it shines,
Such Britain's Prince, whose placid Beam displays
The milder Glories of unsullied Praise:
'Tis his to break Oppression's galling Chain,
And fix o'er India Freedom's gentler Reign.

SEPTEMBER. See! Where on Canada's untutor'd Youth
Already beam the Rays of Heav'n born Truth!
See! plume crown'd Chiefs each social Blessing taste,
And rising Towers adorn th' illumin'd Waste;
See! cultur'd Meads their golden Fruits display,
Where rang'd the hunter Savage as his Prey!

OCTOBER. No more the Sachem views Kiwasa's Form,
Frown in the Cloud, or mutter in the Storm,
Religion's beams the darksome Mists dispel,
Where Ign'rance broods in Superstition's Cell,
Ev'n there shall Science spread her hallow'd Store,
And Art's fair Empire grace Ontario's Shore.

NOVEMBER. Some future LOCKE with Reason's keenest Ray,
Pierce the rich Font of intellectu'l Day,
The subtil Ties of Complex Thought unbind,
And fix each Movement of the varying Mind.
Some second NEWTON trace Creation's Laws,
Through each Dependance to the sov'reign Cause.

DECEMBER. Some MILTON plan his bold impassion'd Theme,
Stretch'd in the Banks of Oxallana's Stream,
Another SHAKESPEAR shall Ohio claim,
And boast its Floods allied to Avon's Fame.
There too shall Sculpture warm the featur'd Stone,
And Canvas glow with Beauties not its own.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

What but Devotion makes Bramins keep Instruments to torment themselves?

What but entrancing Opium makes the Turks give up their Manhood and Freedom to Bashaws and their Janissaries.

What but Madness or Folly makes Americans do either?

True Religion is true Reason.

A chearful mind and thankful Heart is the most grateful offering to Heaven.

Unity is a better Guard than military.

A Horse laugh is as far from Chearfulness as Sowerness is from Sorrow or Religion.

Patience though a slow Remedy is sure.

Marry thy Sons when thou wilt, thy Daughters when thou canst.

The Learned are only a Family scattered among all Nations.

Who would sell his Birth Right for a Mess of Soup, or risque his Constitution for a Sip of Tea.

Let us keep Master of our own Consciences and Purses, and no Matter what Prince we are under.

Learning is the Spoil of other Mens Labours.

Gay Nature's renewing all Things.

Dictate to Obey.

In each Creature you may see
The Effect of Love's Decree.

The Spectator warns the Ladies to be very circumspect this Month.

Men of Wars Press Gangs appear in Boston, 1768, to the Scandal of the Sons of Freedom.

I would sooner pistol a Man for robbing me of Liberty, than for robbing me of my Purse.

Necessity is the Shadow of an Excuse for the last, but the first has none at all.

Morality is the Life of Religion.

Some true Catholics & a few Politicians may be found in all Nations.

There may one Day be a Uniformity in Politics and Religion through the World.

By your Eye a Mistress chuse,
By your Ear a Wife.
That grown plain you may refuse;
This must last for Life.

By constant Eating none grow strong,
Or constant reading wise.
Sometimes cull Wisdom from the Throng,
Get Strength by Exercise.

To know a Man's true Character take him at Home; not as he appears in Publick.

Never intreat thy Servant to stay with thee, or trust him thy Secrets, for that will make him thy Master.

Think of Ease but Work on, for Hope is all our Joy below.

When thou buyest, suspect Ornaments and Commendations.

It is not absurd to exclaim against foreign Luxuries, and at the same time make those who live by introducing them, the Leaders of our Fashions.

Before you speak Evil of Dignities upon hear say, consider whether if you was in Place, you would not be liable to Mistakes, or to be belied.

Lend Money to thy Enemy—thou wilt gain him to thy Friend and thou wilt lose him.

We all set out on the Journey of Life on equal Footing. Why should Fellow Travellers fight, rob, or enslave each other? But Accounts will be balanced at the End.

An Indian Story.

From the treacherous Behaviour of those who are called the politest Nation of Europe, we may see how little the refinements in the arts of civil Life have contributed to enforce the Principles of Justice and Humanity. Monsieur du-*Pratz*, in his history of *Louisiana* relates that a Quarrel having arisen between the *French* and the *Natchez*, one of the principal Nations on the Banks of the *Missisippi* River, a War of course ensued, which having lasted only four Days, was ended at the request of the Frenchmen, and peace regularly and formally concluded. Notwithstanding this in a short time after the French fell upon them unawares in the Night and when they thought themselves in perfect security, making great slaughter among them, and obliging them to give one of their oldest Chiefs to procure a peace. The discourse which our Author had with one of them soon after this Affair will give the Reader a very favorable opinion of the Native good Sense of these unhappy People, and shew the Cruelty of treating them in so base and treacherous a Manner.—"I, says he, one Day stopped the Stung Serpent, who was passing along without taking Notice of any one; he was Brother to the Great Sun and chief of the Warriors of the Natchez. I accordingly called to him, and said, we were once Friends, are we no longer so? he answered, No-co, that is I cannot tell. I replied, you used to come to my House, at present you pass by; have you forgot the way or is my House disagreeable to you; as for me my Heart is always the same, both towards you, and towards all my friends. I am not capable of changing, why then

are you changed? He took sometime to answer, and seemed embarrassed by what I had said to him: he never went to the Fort, but when sent for by the Commandant, who put me upon sounding him in order, to discover whether his People still retained any grudge. He at length broke silence, and told me he was ashamed to have been so long without seeing me, but I imagined, said he, that you were displeased at our Nation, because among all the French in the War, you were the only one that fell upon us. You are in the wrong said I to think so, M. *Bienville* being our War Chief we are bound to obey him, in like manner as you, tho' a Sun, are obliged to kill or cause to be killed whomsoever your Brother the Great Sun orders to be put to Death. Many other Frenchmen besides me sought an Opportunity to attack your Countrymen in obedience to the Orders of our War Chief, and some were killed by yours. He then said, I did not approve as you know, the War our People made upon the French, to avenge the Death of their Relation, seeing I made them carry the Pipe of Peace to the French; this you well know, as you first smoaked in the Pipe yourself. Have the French two Hearts, a good one to-day and to-morrow a bad one? As for my Brother and me, we have but one Heart and word, tell me then if thou art, as thou sayest, my true Friend, what thou thinkest of all this, and shut thy Mouth to every thing else; we know not what to think of the French, who, after having begun the War, granted a Peace, and offered it of themselves; and then at the time we were quiet, believing ourselves to be at Peace, People come to kill us without saying a word.——Why, continued he, with an Air of Displeasure, did the French come into our Country? we did not go to seek them, they asked Land of us because their Country was too little for all the Men that were in it; we told them they might take Land where they pleased, there was land enough for them and for us; that it was good the same Sun should enlighten us both, and that we should walk as Friends in the same Path; and that we would give them of our provisions, assist them to build and to labour in the Fields; we have done so. Is not this true? What Occasion then had we for Frenchmen? Before they came did not we live better than we do, seeing we deprive ourselves of a Part of our Corn, our Game and Fish to give a Part to them? In what respect then had we

Occasion for them? Was it for their Guns? The Bows and Arrows which we used were sufficient to make us live well. Was it for their white, blue and red Blankets? We can do well enough with Buffalo Skins, which are warmer; our Women wrought Feather Blankets for the Winter and Mulberry Mantles for the Summer, which indeed, were not so beautiful, but our Women were more laborious and less vain than they are now. In fine, before the Arrival of the French, we lived like Men who can be satisfied with what they have; whereas, at this Day we are like Slaves who are not suffered to do as they please." A People who could think and reason in this manner were too obnoxious to Frenchmen and French Governors; the latter, therefore, took every opportunity to oppress them, which provoked them nobly to resolve on, and partly execute a Scheme for a general Massacre of their insolent and tyrannical Oppressors. At a Council held on that important Occasion, one of their Chiefs spoke as follows: "We have a long Time been sensible that the neighbourhood of the French is a greater prejudice than benefit to us; we who are old Men see this, the young see it not. The wares of the French yield pleasure to the Youth; but in effect, to what Purpose is all this, but to debauch the young women, and taint the Blood of the Nation and make them vain and idle? The Young Men are in the same case; the married must work themselves to Death to maintain their Families, and please their Children. Before the French came among us we were Men, content with what we had, and that was sufficient; we walked with boldness every Road, because we were then our own Masters; but now we go groping afraid of meeting them; we walk like Slaves, which we shall soon be, since the French already treat us as if we were such; when they are sufficiently strong they will no longer dissemble, for the lest Fault of our young People they will tie them to a Post and whip them as they do their black Slaves; have they not already done so to one of our young Men, and is not Death preferable to Slavery.—Here he paused a while and after taking Breath thus proceeded.—What wait we for, shall we suffer the French to multiply till we are no longer able to oppose their Efforts? what will other Nations say of us who pass for the most ingenious of all the Red Men? They will then say we have less Understanding than other people: Why then

wait we any longer? Let us set ourselves at Liberty, and shew we are really Men who can be satisfied with what we have."—The Chief then proceeded to lay down the particulars of his design; a Plot formed with the Art, and carried on with all the Precaution which would have done Honour to a Roman or Grecian Story; but which, like many other great Designs, miscarried by the fatal Influence of a Woman, who found Means to penetrate the Secret and then betrayed it. Whereupon the French massacred the bigger Part, and at length extirpated every Soul of this sensible Nation.

Notes on 1769.—The Almanack this year encourages by a well written article, the culture of Silk, Silkworms and Mulberry trees, which industry seems to have been seriously considered by the economists of the later Colonial period. A history of the growth of the enterprise in other countries is included, and also a poetic description of "*Worm life*"[1] and the proper method of caring for the Worms, Cocoons, etc.

Patriotism shines in every line of the poem, and indicates the "rising" about to occupy the attention of New England's sons; and the possibility

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[1] "The whole Nation into Tribes divide,
And give them different Mansions to reside;
This more than once, as often as you view,
Their rooms too narrow for the growing Crew:
Nor cease dividing and removing still,
'Till every Shelf and every Lodge you fill;
Mean while, neglect not with immediate food
To cherish and support the new-born brood;
With their first Breath they'll draw their Pastures in,
At once they Hunger and their Lives begin.
When for one Night thro' wretched lust of Gain,
Laid up in Stores the gather'd Leaves remain,
Their wholesome use is by corruption cross'd,
Their Taste ungrateful, and their Flavor lost.
—Take thou Care with moderate Hand to strow,
And only thrice each Day their Food bestow;
—Should you stint their Forage, or refuse
The wonted comfort of their daily dues,
A dire Disease invades the starving Worms,
And meagre leanness all the Flock deforms;
With Wine perfum'd besprinkle and expel
From the purg'd Mansions each offensive smell."—*Vida.*

perhaps, of its creating some little interest on the other side of the Atlantic. The future grandeur of the republic is pictured, and the advent of new *Lockes*, *Newtons*, *Milton*, and a *Shakspeare*, prophesied as not unlikely happenings in the new Western land.

An Indian tale is recited at length as illustrative of the Punic faith of some European nations, and is to be taken as a lesson for the times.

Wit and Humor, Morality and Religion, in homeopathic doses are prescribed in their proper places. A parallel between Bramins, Turks and Americans is illustrated. The "Tea" question is briefly hinted at, the arrival of the "Press Gang" mentioned, and many a wise remark well worthy of repetition, even at this day.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1770.

By Nathaniel Ames.

BOSTON:

Printed and Sold by the Printers and Booksellers, at
2*s.* 8d. per Dozen, and Six Coppers single.

To all inferior Animals 'tis given
T' enjoy the State allotted them by Heaven.
No vain Researches e'er disturb their Rest,
No Fears of dark Futurity molest.
Man, only Man solicitous to know
The Springs whence Nature's Operations flow,
Plods thro' a dreary Waste with Toil and Pain,
And Reasons, hopes and thinks, and lives in vain.
For sable Death still hovering o'er his Head
Cuts short his Progress with his vital Thread.
Wherefore since Nature errs not do we find
These Seeds of Science in the human Mind
If no congeneal Fruits are predesign'd !
For what avails to Man his Power to roam
Thro' Ages past and Ages yet to come,
T' explore new Worlds o'er all the æthereal Way,
Chain'd to a Spot, and living but a Day?

The making of Paper at Milton has been a great Saving to the Province; It is earnestly desired that People would save their Cotton and Linnen Rags, for which they will receive a good Price from the Paper maker. A small Paper Bag hung up in a room, to put in every piece would prevent their being swept into the Fire or out of Doors.

JANUARY. Because we are unable to conceive
How unembody'd Souls can act and live,
The Vulgar give them Forms and Limbs and Faces,
And Habitations in peculiar Places.
Hence Reasoners more refin'd, but not more wise,
Their whole Existence fabulous surmise.

FEBRUARY. Come say they let's feast let *Chloe* sing,
And soft *Neæra* touch the trembling string,
Enjoy the present Hour, nor seek to know
What Good or Ill To-morrow may bestow;
But these Delights soon pall upon the Taste,
Let's try then if more serious cannot lest,
Wealth let us heap on Wealth, or Fame pursue,
Let Power and Glory be our Points in view.

MARCH. Each weak Attempt the same sad Lesson brings,
Alas! What Vanity in human Things.
What Means then shall we try! where hope to find
A friendly Harbour for the restless Mind,
Who still, you see, impatient, to obtain
Knowledge immense (to Nature's Law ordain.)

APRIL. Hear then my Argument—confess we must
A GOD there is, supremely wise and just;
If so however Things affect our Sight,
As sings our Bard, *Whatever is is right*,
But is it right what here so oft appears
That Vice should triumph Virtue sink in Tears?

MAY. The Inference then that closes this Debate
Is that there must exist a future State!
The Wise extending their Enquiries wide
See how both States are by Connection ty'd;
Fools view but Part, and not the Whole survey,
So crowd Existence all into a Day.

JUNE. Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain
That Justice never will resume her reign,
On this vain hope Adulterers, Thieves rely,
And to this altar vile assassins fly.
But rules not God by general Laws divine?
Man's Vice or Virtue change not the Design.

JULY. Rate not the Extension of the human Mind
By the Plebean Standard of Mankind;
But by the Size of those gigantic few
Whom *Greece* and *Rome* still offer to our view.
Or *Britain* once deserving equal Praise,
Parent of Heroes too in better Days.

AUGUST. Why should I try her num'rous sons to name
By Verse, Law, Eloquence consign'd to Fame?
Or who have forc'd fair Science into sight
Long lost in Darkness and afraid of Light.
O'er all superior, like the solar ray,
First *Bacon* usher'd in the dawning Day,
And drove the Mists of Sophistry away.

SEPTEMBER. Pervaded Nature with amazing force,
Following Experience still thro' out his Course,
And finishing at length his destin'd Way,
To *Newton* he bequeath'd the radiant Lamp of Day.
Illustrious Souls! if any tender Cares
Affect angelic Breasts for Man's Affairs.

OCTOBER. If in your present happy heavenly state
You're not regardless quite of *Britain's* fate,
Let that degen'rate land again be blest
With that true Virtue which she free possess'd,
Compell her to unfold her slumbring eyes
And to her antient Dignity to rise.

NOVEMBER. The Soul tho' fetter'd in corporeal Clay
Climes Step by Step the Prospect to survey
And seeks unwearied, Truth's eternal Ray.
No fleeting Joys she asks which must depend
On the frail Senses, and with them must end;
But such as suit her own immortal Fame
Free from all Change eternally the same.

DECEMBER. Of those what think you who the circling Race,
Of suns and their revolving planets trace,
And Comets journeying through unbounded space
Say can you doubt but that th' all searching soul
That now can traverse heaven from pole to pole,
From thence descending, visits but this earth,
And shall once more regain the regions of her birth?

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

The Politicians spin so fine a Thread
That Princes think they lead, when they are led.

So cold that all Business, even Cuckold making ceases now-a-days, but the Tongue of Slander is always limber.

God helps them that help themselves.

The Cold relents, yet not so much but that the Sluggard chuses to burn his Shins rather than stir abroad.

Sloth like Rust consumes faster than Labor wears, while the used Key is always bright.

Dost thou love Life? improve Time for that's the stuff Life's made of.

The sleeping Fox catches no Poultry, and there will be sleeping enough in the Grave.

God has fitted our Constitutions to the Climate we live in, turn out, you Sluggard, and shake off the Scurvy. Thou art neither Sugar nor Salt.

Handle your Tools without Mittins, remember the Cat in Gloves catches no mice.

He that riseth late must trot all Day, and shall scarce overtake his Business at Night.

Laziness always travels so slow that Poverty soon overtakes him.

He that hath a Trade hath an Estate, and he that hath a Calling hath an Office of Profit & Honor.

Many without Labour would live by their Wits only but they break for want of Stock.

Three removes is as bad as a Fire.

Keep thy Shop, and thy Shop will keep thee.

Dilligence is the mother of good luck, and God giveth all things to industry—then sow deep while Sluggards sleep, and you'll have corn to sell and to keep.

He that by the Plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive.

Not to oversee your workmen is to leave them your purse open.

In affairs of this world men are saved not by faith but by the want of it.

Learning is for the studious, riches for the careful, power for the bold, and heaven for the virtuous.

A little neglect may breed a great mischief, for want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken by the enemy, all for the want of a horse-shoe nail.

Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting and men for punch forsook hewing & splitting, many fair estates are spent in the getting.

A man if he knows not how to save as he gets may keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat.

The diligent eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.

Who dainties love shall beggars prove.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.

Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse
E'er fancy you consult, consult your purse.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want.

Some when they have got their bargain think little of payment, but creditors have better memories than debtors.

Creditors are a very superstitious sect, being great observers of set days & times.

For age and want save while you may, no morning sun lasts a whole day.

Tis easier to build two chimnies than to keep one in fewel. So rather go supperless to bed than rise in debt.

Experience keeps a dear school but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that.

If you will not hear reason, she will certainly one day rap your knuckles.

Constant dropping wears away stones—little strokes fell great oaks.

Silks & sattins put out the kitchen fire.

The artificial wants of mankind are more numerous than the natural.

A child and a fool imagine that twenty shillings & twenty years can never be spent, but always taking out of the meal tub and never putting in, soon come to the bottom.

An ESSAY *on* PHYSICK.

In this degenerate age, when most men are more solicitous for the gratification of their sensual appetites and passions, than for the spread of true religion and impartial justice through the land, is it not some how unaccountable to see such ample protection afforded to the pulpit and the bar from the intrusion of vile illiterate pretenders, while the important art of preserving health (without which we cannot indulge those appetites and passions,) lies open to the intrusion of every ignorant drone that assume the title of doctor, to rob his Majesty's good subjects of New England not only of their estates, but of joints and limbs, and even life itself. Is it not surprizing that we should still behold, without

emulation a neighbouring province[1] so far get the start of us in the cultivation of this noble science, which, of all others, most needs the protection of civil authority? for any man may, at first hearing, form a tolerable judgment of a lawyer or minister; and any tradesman is known by his works; but of a physician, none but a philosopher can judge. Why has no one amongst us attempted to immortalize his name by making a donation to one of our colleges for a professor of physick, &c? If 'tis of importance that a man should know the make and machinery of a clock or watch before he attempts to mend them how much more important is it that a physician should know the make and machinery of the body, which is an infinitely more curious machine or piece of clock-work than any thing contriv'd by man; yet it is not so intricate but that some great souls have, and daily are making such discoveries of its make and construction as are surprizing to those that are capable of diving into those mysteries. What can we impute that absurd opinion to, of many, that a bone setter must be born, or divinely inspired with the art? while the physician, that pretends to no such supernatural gift, altho' he has spent the bloom of life in stinking hospitals, at lectures of anatomy upon dead carcasses, and knows exactly the make of every joint, &c., knows nothing of the matter, and must give place to an ignorant wretch that has nothing but his impudence to recommend him; what can we impute that eagerness to, where with people swallow the nauseous messes of every secret monger without examining by what authority he dares practice an art that if he were in England he would be liable to suffer for as a felon. I can think of no other reason than this, viz. that common people imagine (and in the present low orphan state of physick in New England) they have some reason to imagine, the whole art to be but mere empiricism, founded in the experience of each practitioner, who is possess'd of a number of secrets for the cure of any disease, which he blindfold administers on all occasions, without setting his reason to work to find out which of the pipes, springs, or strainers is out of order in the curious

[1] *Pennsylvania* where a public Hospital, Professor and Lecturer are provided; and Funds established for their Maintenance: They also confer Doctor's Degrees.

frame, whether they want stiffening or loosening, oiling or cleaning, &c. and a thousand other things that come under consideration with a true physician before he attempts to apply the medicine; indeed this might be the case 3000 years ago, when physick was in the hand of the priests, who being covetous of wealth and respect from the people, concealed the art under the pomp of superstition, making them believe they had immediate direction from their Gods concerning the cure of any disease; so when any patient asked their advice, they immediately fell to sacrificing some beast, and because the Gods would accept none but a sound animal, the priests always very carefully examin'd the entrails, which with the custom of embalming and opening their dead, &c. helped them to some knowledge of the structure of the human body, as also the causes of health, sickness and death, and these joined to their improvements in philosophy laid the first foundation of the art, each generation improving upon and adding to the discoveries of their predecessors, rais'd its importance and reputation, yet it was a lame and perplexing business till within this hundred years, when the immortal Harvey with a more than human penetration remov'd those doubts and perplexities, by making such a discovery, not of any Indian root or herb, but of the secret operations of nature within the body, as established the profession upon a sure basis, and raised it to the first dignity among arts and sciences. It is esteemed a necessary part of polite education. Princes and nobles learn its theory, and its practitioners have been ennobled. Most civilized nations esteeming their greatest strength to consist in the number of healthy subjects, have made ample provision for carrying the medical art to the highest perfection by endowing colleges and corporations of physicians, publick hospitals and botanical gardens, whose members even of different nations at war hold friendly correspondence.——The college of physicians in London was founded by Dr. Linacre physician to King *Henry* 8th, to which the great Harvey added a library and public hall in 1652 endowing the same with his whole inheritance, which he resigned while he was yet living and in health, the physicians hereof have by charters such privileges as exclude all others from practicing in London, or within seven miles of it, without a license under the college seal; also persons practicing

physick in any part of England are to have letters testimonial from the president and three elects, unless they be graduate physicians of Oxford or Cambridge, and all offenders in these and divers other cases, they may fine and imprison, they have authority to search all apothecary's shops to see if their drugs be wholesome, or burn or destroy all such as are not.——and it is holden that if a person not duly authorized to be a physician undertakes the cure of a patient and he dies under his hands he is guilty of felony.

Notes on 1770.—The spirit of investigation blooms upon the title page, and the *silk worm* and the *silk industry* again are called to the attention of the colonists, with an allusion to the general encouragement given to home productions;[1] the "People being determined no longer to neglect the *One Thing needful for* their Political Salvation."

The theory of Futurity is poetically elaborated in the course of the months, and as the *Almanack* would not be complete without the essay—a sermon on *Physick* is introduced calling special attention to the necessity of maintaining colleges for the study of *Medicine and Surgery;* condemning in no mild tone the disreputable practices of those unlicensed vagabonds denominated *quacks.*

The seasoning to the practical part of the almanack still interests us. Business appears *awful* dull in January, so the Doctor finds occasion in this and the succeeding months, to berate laziness and cudgel the sluggard. Diligence and industry appear to be the burden of his song the entire year through.

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[1] Alluding to the Gentleman who offered the Premiums last year, Dr. Ames says: "This great Encourager of *American* Manufactures now wears Stockings made of Silk entirely raised and manufactured among us, so that such Ladies (if any we have) as think themselves of too delicate a Mould to apply their Hands to the Distaff, or cloath their House in Scarlet from the tender Fleece, may find a very genteel Employment, for one Month in a Year, in assisting at the curious Operation of Nature in the Production of Silk Worms; and for their further Encouragement will inform them that they may soon be furnish'd with Cups and Saucers, equal to the best China Ware imported, for sipping their Soul enchanting Tea, without molestation, from Plants too, I hope, said to be growing in *America;* for all the Materials are discovered amongst us, & Manufactures are preparing them for making China Ware, in *Boston* where the best of green and Tortoise-shell Ware is already made: Callicoes are printed there: Preparations are now making for several new Manufactures, the People are determined no longer to neglect the *One Thing Needful for their Political Salvation.*"

THE ALMANACK FOR 1771

By Nathaniel Ames.

BOSTON:

Printed and Sold by the Printers and Booksellers, at
2 *s* 8d per Dozen, and Six Coppers single.

Bards rapt beyond the Moon on Fancy's Wings,
And mighty Masters of the vocal Strings;
Those who on laboured Speeches waste their Oil,
Those who in crabbed Calculations toil,
Who measure Earth, who climb the starry Road,
And human Fates by heav'nly Signs forebode,
Pleasures Philosophers, *Lyceum's* Pride,
Disdainful soaring up to Heights untry'd;
From Science up to Science let them rise,
And arrogate the swelling Style of Wise,
Their Wisdoms Folly, impotent and blind,
'Till weary of their Vanities, they've found
Th' exalted Way to *Truth's* enlightened Ground,
Quaff'd her cathartic and all cleans'd within,
By her strong Energy, from Pride and Sin.

A DISCOURSE *on what is not done, and on what may be done,*
from a late eminent Writer.

"Let the World go as it will, do your Duty indifferently and always speak well of the Prior," is an ancient maxim amongst the Monks; but it is capable of leaving the Convent in mediocrity, negligence and contempt.

When Men are not excited by Emulation they are Asses who proceed on their Way slowly, stop at the first obstacles, and quietly eat their Thistles in Sight of the Difficulties that deter them, but at the Sound of the Voice that encouraged them, or at

the Prick of the Goad by which they are awaked, they are Steeds who run swiftly and leave behind the Difficulties that had opposed them. Had it not been for the Information of the Abbe de St. *Peter* the Severities of the arbitrary Subsidies in France, would perhaps never have been abolished, had it not been for the Penetration of LOCKE the Deficiency in the current Coin would never have been repaired at London. There are frequently Men who without having purchased the Right of judging their Equals, love the public Welfare, as much as it is sometimes neglected by those who acquire as they purchase a Farm, the Power of doing good and Evil.

In the first Ages of the Roman Empire, a Citizen, whose ruling Passion was the Desire of rendering his Country flourishing, asked to speak to the first Consul; when he was told that the Magistrate was at Table with the Pretor, the Edile, some Senators, their Mistresses, and their Buffoons; on which he put into the Hands of one of the insolent Slaves, who waited at Table, a Memorial, the Contents of which was as follows:

"Since Tyrants have, throughout the whole Earth, done all "the Mischief they were able; O ye who value yourselves on "being good, why do ye not do all the good in your Power? "From whence does it proceed that the Poor encompass your "Temples, stand at the Corners of the Streets and display a "Misery unuseful to the State and shameful to you, and this at a "Time when their Hands might be employ'd in public Works? "How during the Peace are those lazy Legions employ'd who "might repair the Highways and the Citadels? Those Marshes "if they were drained would no longer infect the Provinces, they "would become fertile Lands,—Those open Places irregular and "worthy of a barbarous City might by changed into magnificent "Squares,—those Blocks of Marble heaped up on the Banks "of the *Tyber* might be hewn into Statues, and become the "Recompence bestow'd on Merit and Lessons of Virtue that "might be heard in distant Ages;—your public Market-places "ought to be both commodious and magnificent, and yet they "are inconvenient and offensive; your Houses want Water "and your public Fountains are built without Taste, and Pro-"priety; your principal Temple is a barbarous Piece of Archi-"tecture, the Entrance to your public Shews, resembles the

"Passage to an infamous House, the Halls in which the People "assemble to hear what is worthy the Admiration of the Uni- "verse have neither Proportion nor Grandeur, nor Magnificence "nor Convenience, the Palace of your Capitol is ready to fall, "yet it is inhabited. In vain does your Laziness make you "ready to reply that it would require too much Money to remedy "so many abuses; will this Money be given to the *Massagetes* "and *Cimbrians?* Will it not be gained by *Romans*, by your "Architects, by your Sculptors, by your Painters, by your "Artists? These Artists when recompenced will restore this "Money to the State by the new Expences in which they will "be enabled to engage: The fine Arts will be held in Honor, "they will be at once your Wealth for the richest People are "they who labor most. Listen then to a noble Emulation, that "the *Greeks* who begin to esteem your Valor and your Conduct, " may no longer reproach you for your Rusticity."

The Citizen's Memorial was read at Table, the Council took no Notice of it but called for Wine, the Edile however said it contained some good Observations, and this was all. The Conversation turned on the Tartness of the Wine of *Falerna*, and on the strength of the Wine of *Cecuba*, they bestowed Praises on a famous Cook, enquired into the Invention of a new Sauce for Sturgeon, drank Healths, told two or three insipid Stories, and fell asleep. However the Senator *Appius*, who had been secretly affected at hearing the Paper read, built some time after, the *Appiean* way; *Flaminius* made the *Flaminian* way, another embellished the Capitol, another built an Amphitheatre, and another the public Markets. Thus the Writing of an obscure Citizen was a Seed which by little and little grew and produced Fruit in the Minds of the Great."—

What Fruit is the good Seed sown likely to produce in the Minds of our Great, who can supinely behold the *Philadelphians* not only outstrip us in the liberal Arts but also in the mechanic Arts, who instead of importing immense Quantities of British Manufactures, have their ships enter their Ports laden with Cash and Manufactures from England. Golden Fruits of the Non-importation Agreement!

Mr. FRANKLIN's *Epitaph on himself curious for conveying such solemn Ideas in the Stile of his Occupation.*

The Body of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Printer,
Like the Covering of an old Book
Its contents torn out
And stript of its Lettering and Gilding,
Lies here, Food for Worms;
But the Work shall not be lost,
It will (as he believ'd) appear once more
In a New and more beautiful Edition
Corrected and amended
By the Author.
He was born January 6th, 1706 and
died ———— 17

In *Bengal* the Ceremony of Marriage is according to the Direction of their spiritual Guides, perform'd in standing Water; in which the Priest and the Bridal Pair hold a Cow with her Calf by the Tail, and pour Water upon them; then he ties the Cloaths of the Bride and Bridegroom together, and walking round the Cow and Calf, they are joined in the Bonds of holy Wedlock.——But mark the Epilogue of the Comedy—the Parson has the Cow and Calf for his Fee!

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

High Tides and violent Storm of ——! of ——! of ——!

British Catchpennies as well as Hybernian and Tyburnian ones.

Loyalty is one thing and Slavery is another—but synonymous with those who know not Children from Servants: such Ignorance would disgrace even the noble Lyon and Unicorn.

The alternate Chills and Thaws in this Month represent a long Courtship—as a Beehive does Matrimony, for its often empty & poor, sometimes rich in Wax, but insipid and tastless and sometimes full of Honey, but most frequently full of Stings.

Some are pleased with a Rattle, some with Jingle & some with Sentiment — — and a great many with dire Prognosticks.

News from afar denotes a War.

Enjoy the good Weather when you can catch it for it is as variable as Mrs. ——— Temper this Month.

Aeolus sends forth *Boreas* & *Auster* who strive in terrible whirlwinds.

Some are so polite as to drink nothing but *Madeira* abroad—that can hardly get Cyder at home.—Are other Countries as fond of our Luxuries?

One may steal a Horse while another may not look over the Wall—that is, to get drunk with Toddy or raw Rum is a damnable Sin, while to get drunk with Punch & Wine is hardly a venial one.

The Vulgar trace your Faults those you have in common with themselves, but have no Idea of your Excellencies to which they have no Pretentions.

What numbers live to the age of fifty or sixty, yet if estimated by their merit are not worth a chick?

Every instance of a Friend's insincerity increases our dependance on Money, which produces external Respect when we are disappointed of that which is internal and sincere.

Even in these degenerate days some are striving to make their (*Gen. Election* BOSTON) calling and Election sure.

Cunning people are not always honest nor wise.

Beauteous Nature, blooming Health
Exceeds all Art, and Pride of Wealth.
Then Ladies chuse the better part,
Neglect the Head, and mend the Heart.

The Miser grows rich by seeming poor. The Extravagant Man grows poor by seeming rich.

One should no more trust the skill of Apothecaries than ask the opinion of their Pestle and Mortar yet both are useful in their way.

What some people term Freedom, is nothing else than a liberty of saying and doing disagreeable things, carrying the notion a little higher it would require us to break and have a head broke without offence.

Men praise against their Wills, but slander comes voluntary.

Superstition regulates some of the illiterate better than Law, Conscience or Honor, then is not the notion of Astrology more useful than present Schools allow.

Great quickness of parts is seldom joined with great solidity and judgment—the most rapid rivers are seldom or never deep.

A Girl of sixteen is more conversable than a Man of twenty-five.

If any one's curse can effect damnation, 'tis not that of the Pope, but that of the poor.

Short visits are most agreeable.

A mere formal visitor among Men of business is intolerable—but when Men of genius happen to meet, their souls strike fire, and furnish out a refined entertainment of new ideas—too thin a diet for any but themselves—and they would often be glad of one more solid.

It is not now "we have seen his Star in the East" but we have seen the "Star on his Breast," and are come to worship him.

Make few promises and punctually perform them, then you'll soon need no bondsmen.

Notes on 1771.—The title page has the usual amount of poetic wisdom, and is followed by a selection from a late Eminent writer, "*on what is not done and on what may be done;*" an effort intended to incite the people to emulation, and a strenuous endeavor to gather the "*Golden Fruits of a Non-importation Agreement.*"

Franklin's Epitaph is copied, and an account of a "Ceremony of Marriage in Bengal;" the latter carrying a moral with it.

The annual poem distributed as monthly captions to each page, is the *Tale of Porsenna, King of Russia, and his adventure with the wife of Aeolus, the King of the Winds, and her family;* which poem is continued through the succeeding almanacks for 1772 and 1773, under the title of "*Porsenna in pursuit of the Kingdom of Felicity.*"

The weather column again is filled with patriotic squibs against British Catchpennies, Slavery, Ignorance, those who prefer *Madeira* to *home-made Cyder*, Superstition, etc., etc.

Abel Puffer's "Cure for Rattle-Snake bite" is omitted, as a superior panacea for this purpose was brought into general use after the settlement and developement of the resources of Kentucky.

PORSENNA *in Pursuit of the Kingdom of Felicity.*[1]

In *Russia's* frozen clime some ages since,
There dwelt, Historians say, a worthy Prince,
Who to his People's good confin'd his care,
And fix'd the basis of his empire there;
Inlarg'd their trade the lib'ral arts improv'd
Made nations happy and himself belov'd;
To all the neighb'ring states a terror grown
The dear delight and glory of his own,
Not like those Kings who vainly seek renown
From country's ruin'd and from battles won;
Those mighty Nimrods, who mean laws despise,
Call murder but a princely exercise,
And if one bloodless sun should steal away
Cry out with Titus, they have lost a day.
Far different praises and a brighter fame
The virtues of the young *Porsenna* claim
For by that name the *Russian* King was known,
And sure a nobler ne'er adorn'd the throne.
In peaceful time he suffer'd not his mind
To rust in sloth, tho' much to peace inclin'd;
But active rising 'ere the prime of day,
Thro' woods and lonely desarts lov'd to stray;
With hounds and horns to wake the furious bear,
Or rouse the tawny lion from his lair;
To rid the forest of the savage brood,
And whet his courage for his country's good.
One day as he pursu'd the dang'rous sport,
Attended by the nobles of his court,
It chanc'd a beast of more than common speed,
Sprang from the brake, and thro' the desart fled;
The ardent prince, impetuous as the wind,
Rush'd on and left his lagging train behind;
Fir'd with the chace, and full of youthful blood,
O'er plains, and vales, and woodland wilds he rode,
Missing his train, he strove to measure back,
The road he came but cou'd not find the track,

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[1]This poem, supposed to have been written by Dr. Ames, (no mention being made of the authorship of the "monthly verses" this year) is continued thro' the Almanacks for several years as the monthly verses. For convenience of the reader it is printed continuously under this title without regard to its position in the original Almanacks.

And now the gath'ring clouds began to spread
O'er the deep face of night a deeper shade;
And the hoarse thunder growling from afar,
With herald voice proclaim'd th' approach of war;
Silence a while ensued ——— then by degrees
A hollow wind came mutt'ring thro' the trees,
The active lightning ran along the ground,
The fiery bolts by fits were hurl'd around,
And the wide forests trembled at the sound,
Amazement seiz'd the prince—where cou'd he fly?
No guide to lead, no friendly cottage nigh.
Groping about he spy'd a distant light,
That faintly twinkled thro' the gloom of night,
And his heart leap'd for joy and bless'd the welcome light;
With much fatigue and many dangers pass'd,
At a huge mountain he arriv'd at last;
There lighting from his horse on hands and knees
Grop'd out the darksome road by slow degrees.
Joyful at length he gain'd the steepy height,
And found the rift whence sprang the friendly light.
While he the wonders of the place survey'd,
And thro' the various cells at random stray'd,
In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
Somewhat that in the shape of woman stood;
But more deform'd than dreams can represent
The midnight hag, or poet's fancy paint.
The Lapland witch, when she her broom bestrides,
And scatters storms and tempests as she rides.
The prince with civil words approach'd the dame,
Told her his piteous case and whence he came,
And 'till Aurora should the shades expell,
Implor'd a lodging in her friendly cell;
Mortal, whoe'er thou art, the Fiend began,
And as she spake a deadly horror ran
Thro' all his frame; his cheeks the blood forsook,
Chatter'd his teeth, his knees together struck;
Whoe'er thou art that with presumption rude,
Dar'st on my sacred privacy intrude,
Pardon'd, know, thro' yon wide extended plains,
Great Eolus, the king of tempests reigns;
And in this lofty palace makes abode,
Well suited to his state and worthy of the God;
His queen am I, from whom the beauteous race
Of winds arose, sweet fruit of our embrace:

Libs, Eurus, Boreas, all the boisterous train,
Then round the Cave, came rushing in amain.
  Their boasting talk was of the feats th' had done,
Of trees uprooted, and of towns o'erthrown,
The gaping hag in fix'd attention stood,
And at the close of ev'ry tale cry'd——good;
And where said she does little Zephyr stray?
Know ye, my sons, your brother's rout to day?
Ne'er was he known to linger thus before,
Scarce had she spoke, when at the Cavern door,
  Come lightly tripping in a form more fair,
Than the young lovers fond ideas are,
Of burnish'd silver were his sandals made,
Silver his busking and with gems o'erlaid;
His wings than lillies whiter to behold,
Sprinkled with azure spots and streak'd with gold;
Around his temples with becoming air,
In wanton ringlets curled his auburn hair;
Such his attire, but O! no pen can trace,
No words can show the beauties of his face.
  Thou vagrant, cry'd the dame in angry tone,
Where could'st thou loiter thus so long alone?
Little thou carest what anxious thoughts molest,
What pangs are lab'ring in a mother's breast;
My dear mamma, the gentle youth reply'd,
And made a low obeisance, cease to chide,
Nor wound me with your words, for well you know
Your Zephyr bears a part in all your woe,
  Nor had I loiter'd thus had I been free,
But the fair princess of felicity,
Intreated me to make some short delay,
And ask'd by her, who cou'd refuse to stay?
Close by a mount with fragrant shrubs o'ergrown,
On a cool mossy couch she laid her down;
Her air, her posture, all conspir'd to please;
Her head upon her snowy arm at ease,
Reclin'd, a studied carelessness express'd;
Loose lay her robe, and naked heav'd her breast,
Eager I flew to that delightful place,
And pour'd a shower of kisses on her face:
Now hover'd o'er her neck, her breast, her arms.
Like bees o'er flow'rs, and tasted all her charms;
And then her lips and then her cheeks I tried,
And fawn'd and wanton'd round on ev'ry side.

O Zephyr! cry'd the fair, thou charming boy,
Thy presence only can create me joy,
Excuse my weakness, madam, when I swear,
Such gentle words join'd with so soft an air,
Pronounc'd so sweetly from a mouth so fair,
Quite ravished all my sense, nor did I know
How long I staid, or when or where to go.
Mean while her damsels debonnair and gay,
Prattled around, and laugh'd the time away;
These in soft notes address'd the ravish'd ear,
And warbled out so sweet, 'twas heaven to hear;
And those in rings beneath the greenwood shade,
Danc'd to the melody their fellows made.
Porsenna like a statue fix'd appear'd,
And, wrapped in silent wonder, gaz'd and heard:
Much he admir'd the speech, the speaker more
And dwelt on every word, and griev'd to find it o'er:
O, gentle youth, he cry'd, proceed to tell
In what fair country does this Princess dwell:
To whom the winged god with gracious look,
Numberless sweets diffusing while he spoke,
Thus answered kind—These happy gardens lie
Far hence remov'd, beneath a milder sky,
Their name—the kingdom of felicity.
Sweet scenes of endless bliss, enchanted ground,
A soil forever sought but never found,
Tho' in the search all human kind in vain
Weary their wits, and waste their lives in pain.
In different parties, diff'rent paths they tread,
As reason guides them, or as follies lead;
These wrangling for the place they ne'er shall see,
Debating these, if such a place there be;
But not the wisest, nor the best can say
Where lies the point, or mark the certain way.
Some few by fortune favour'd for her sport
Have sail'd in sight of this delightful port;
In thought already seiz'd the blest abodes,
And in their fond delirium rank'd with gods.
Fruitless attempt! all avenues are kept
By dreadful foes, sentry that never slept.
Here fell detraction darts her pois'nous breath
Fraught with a thousand stings and scatters death;
But say, young monarch, for what name you bear
Your mein, your dress, your person, all declare;

Say, would you choose to visit this retreat,
And view the world where all these wonders meet ?
Wish you some friend o'er that tempestuous sea
To bear you safe? behold that friend in me.
There perfect bliss thou may'st forever share
'Scap'd from the busy world and all its care;
There in the lovely Princess thou shalt find
A mistress ever blooming, ever kind.
All ecstasy on air *Porsenna* trod,
And to his bosom strain'd the little god;
With grateful sentiments his heart o'erflow'd,
And in the warmest words millions of thanks bestow'd.
When Æolus in surly humour broke
Their strict embrace, and thus abruptly spoke,
Enough of compliment; I hate the sport
Of meanless words; this is no human court;
Where plain and honest are discarded quite,
For the more modish title of polite.
Where in soft speeches hypocrites impart,
The venom'd ills that lurk beneath the heart;
In friendship's holy guise their guilt improve,
And kindly kill with specious shews of love.
For us,—my subjects are not us'd to wait
And waste their hours to hear a mortal prate.
Excuse my plainness, Sir, but business stands,
And we have storms and shipwrecks on our hands,
He ended frowning, and the noisy rout,
Each to his several cell went puffing out.
But Zephyr far more courteous than the rest,
To his own bow'r convey'd the royal guest;
There on a bed of roses neatly laid,
Beneath the fragrance of the myrtle shade,
His limbs to needful rest the prince applied
His sweet companion slumbering by his side.
No sooner in her silver chariot rose
The ruddy morn, then sated with repose
The prince address'd his host, the god awoke,
And leaping from his couch thus kindly spoke,
" Like you I long to reach the blissful coast,
" Hate the slow night, and mourn the moments lost.
" The bright Prosinda, loveliest of the fair
" That crowd the princess' court, demands my care;
" What sweet rewards on all my toils attend,
" Serving at once my mistress and my friend,

"Just to my love and to my duty too,
"Well paid in her, well pleas'd in pleasing you."
This said, he led Porsenna to the gate,
And clasp'd him in his arms and pois'd his weight;
Then ballancing his body here and there,
Stretch'd forth his agile wings and launch'd in air:
Swift as the fiery meteor from on high
Shoots to its goal and gleams athwart the sky
Here with quick fan his lab'ring pinions play;
There glide at ease along the liquid way.
The friendly God, who instantly divin'd
The terrors that possess'd his fellows mind
To calm his troubl'd thoughts and chear the way,
Discrib'd the nations that beneath them lay.
The sweet discourse so charm'd Porsenna's ear
That lost in joy he had no time for fear,
From Scandinavia's cold inclement waste
O'er wide Germania's various relms they past,
And now on Albion's fields suspend their toil,
And hover for a while, and bless the soil.
Dwells chearful plenty there, and learned ease,
And art with Nature seems at strife to please:
Their Liberty, delightful Goddess, reigns,
Gladdens each heart, and gilds the fertile plains,
Streaching their course to climates then unknown,
Nations that swelter in the burning zone.
There in Peruvian vales a moment staid,
And smooth'd his wings beneath the citron shade:
Then swift his oary pinions ply'd again,
Cross'd the new world and sought the southern main:
Where many a wet and weary league o'er past,
The wish'd for paradise appear'd at last.
With force abated now they gently sweep
O'er the smooth surface of the shining deep:
The Dryads hail'd them from the distant shore,
The Nereids play'd round, the Tritons swam before,
Nor pale disease nor health consuming care,
Nor wrath nor foul revenge, can enter there.
What e'er the sweet Sabaean soil can boast,
Or Mecca's plains, or India's spicy coast;
What Hybla's hills, or rich Oebalia's fields,
Or flowing vale of fam'd Hymettus yields:
Or what of old th' Hesperian orchard grac'd,
All that was e'er delicious to the taste.

Sweet to the smell, or lovely to the view,
Collected there with added beauty grew:
And on each bough the feather'd choir employ
Their melting notes, and naught is heard but joy:
The painted flowers exhale a rich perfume,
The fruits are mingled with eternal bloom.
And spring and autumn hand in hand appear,
Lead on the merry months and join to cloath the year.
And now descending from his flight, the God
On the green turf releas'd his precious load:
Zephyr, impatient to behold his love,
The prince in raptures wand'ring thro' the grove.
Now skipping on, and singing as he went,
Now stopping short to give his transports vent.
Close by the borders of a rising wood,
In a green vale a chrystal grotto stood,
And o'er its side, beneath a beechen shade,
In broken falls a silver fountain play'd:
Hither, attracted by the murm'ring stream,
And cool recess, the pleas'd Porsenna came:
The warb'ling birds, and rills that gently creep,
All join their musick, to invite his sleep.
The princess for her morning walk prepar'd,
The female troops attend, a beauteous guard.
Array'd in all her charms appear'd the fair,
Tall was her stature, unconfin'd her hair.
No foreign aids, by mortal ladies worn,
From shells and rocks her artless charms adorn;
For grant that beauty were by gems increas'd,
'Tis rendered more suspected at the least.
Her chesnut hair in careless rings around
Her temples wav'd, with pinks and jes'mine crown'd.
The damsels of her train with mirth and song
Frolick behind, and laugh and sport along:
The birds proclaim their queen from ev'ry tree,
The beasts run frisking thro' the groves to see.
By what e'er fancy led, it chanc'd that day
They thro' the secret valley took their way
And to the crystal grott advancing spi'd
The Prince extended by the fountain side:
He look'd as by some skilful hand express'd
Apollo's youthful form retir'd to rest;
Waking he started from the ground in haste
And saw the beauteous choir around him plac'd:

Then summoning his senses ran to meet
The queen, and laid him humbly at her feet.
" Deign lovely princess to behold," said he,
" One who has travers'd all the world to see
" Those charms, and worship thy divinity.
" Accept thy slave, and with a gracious smile,
" Excuse his rashness, and reward his toil."
Stood motionless the fair, with mute surprize,
And read him over with admiring eyes:
And while she stedfast gaz'd, a pleasing smart
Ran thrilling thro' her veins and reach'd her heart,
Each limb she scan'd, consider'd ev'ry grace,
And sagely judg'd him of the Phœnix race.
An animal like this she ne'er had known,
And thence concluded there could be but one.
" O, handsome Phœnix, for that such you are
" We know your beauty does your breed declare.
" For Nature form'd you single and alone
" Alas! what pity 'tis there is but one!
" Were there a queen so fortunate to shew
" An aviary of charming birds like you.
" What envy would her happiness create
" In all who saw the glories of her state!"
The prince laugh'd inwardly surpriz'd to find
So strange a speech, so innocent a mind.
The compliment indeed did some offence
To reason, and a little wrong'd her sense.
But she'd a piercing wit, of wond'rous reach
To comprehend whatever he could teach.
Thus hand in hand they to the palace walk
Pleas'd and instructed with each other's talk.
Here, should I tell the furniture's expence,
And all the structure's vast magnificence,
Describe the walls of shining sapphire made
With emerald and pearl, the walls unlaid,
And how the vaulted canopies unfold.
A mimic heav'n and flames with gems of gold:
Or how Felicity regales her guest,
The wit, the mirth, the musick, and the feast,
And on each part bestow the praises due,
'Twould tire the writer, and the reader too.
Alas! how vain is happiness below!
Man soon or late must have his share of woe:
Slight are his joys and fleeting as the wind,
His griefs wound home, and leave a sting behind.

His lot distinguish'd from the brute appears
Less certain by his laughter than his tears:
For ignorance too oft our pleasure breeds,
But sorrow from the reas'ning soul proceeds:
If man on Earth in endless bliss could be,
The boon, young prince, had been bestow'd on thee.
Bright shone thy stars, thy Fortune flourished fair,
And seem'd secure beyond the reach of care,
And so might still have been, but anxious thought
Has dash'd thy cup, and thou must taste the draught.
It so befel, as on a certain day
This happy happy couple toy'd their time away,
He asked how many charming hours were flown
Since on her slave her heav'n of beauty shone,"
" Should I consult my heart," cried he, " the wait
" Were small, a week would be the utmost date,
" But when my mind reflects on actions past
" And counts its joys, time must have fled more fast.
" Perhaps I might have said three months are gone,
" Three months!" replied the fair, " three months alone!
" Know that three hundred years have rolled away
" Since at my feet the lovely Phœnix lay."
" Three hundred years," re-echoed back the prince,
" A whole three hundred years compleated since
" I landed here! O! whither then are flown
" My dearest friends, my subjects and my throne?
" My crown perhaps may grace a foreign line
" A race of kings that know not me nor mine.
" Who reigns may wish my death, his subjects treat
" My claim with scorn, and call their prince a cheat.
" Oh, had my life been ended as begun!
" My destin'd stage, my race of glory run,
" I should have died well pleas'd, my honor'd name
" Had liv'd, had flourish'd in the list of fame,
" Reflecting now my mind with horror sees
" The sad survey, a scene of shameful ease."
The fair beheld him with impatient eye,
And red with anger made this warm reply,
" Ungrateful Man! is this the kind return
" My love deserves; and can you thus with scorn
" Reject what once you priz'd, what once you swore
" Surpass'd all charms and made e'en glory poor?
" What gifts have I bestow'd, what favors shown!
" Made you partaker of my bed and throne;

" Three centuries preserv'd in youthful prime,
" Safe from the rage of death, and iujuries of time."
Weak arguments! for glory reigns above,
The feeble ties of gratitude and love.
" I urge them not, nor would request your stay;
" The phantom glory calls, and I obey:
" Go, tell the world your tender heart could give
" Death to the princess, by whose care you live."
At this a deadly pale her cheeks o'er spread,
Cold trembling seized her limbs, her spirits fled,
She sunk into his arms; the Prince was mov'd,
Felt all her griefs, for still he greatly lov'd;
He sigh'd, he wish'd he could forget his throne,
Confine his thoughts, and live for her alone;
But glory shot him deep, the venom'd dart
Was fixed within and rankled at his heart.
An age no longer like a month appears,
But every month becomes an hundred years.
Felicity was grieved and could not bear
A scene so chang'd, a sight of so much care;
She told him with a look of cold disdain,
And seeming ease as women well can feign;
He might depart at will; a milder air
Would mend his health; he was no pris'ner there;
She kept him not, and wished him ne'er might find
Cause to regret the place he left behind.
If these prophetic words a while destroy
His peace, the former ballanc'd it in joy.
He thanked her for her kind concern, but chose
To quit the place, the rest let heaven dispose;
For fate on mischief bent, perverts the will,
And first infatuates whom it means to kill.
Aurora now, not as she was wont to rise,
In gay attire, ting'd with a thousand dies;
But sober sad in solemn state appears,
Clad in a dusky veil bedewed with tears;
Some black event the threat'ning skies foretel,
Porsenna rose to take his last farewell;
A curious vest the mournful Princess brought,
And armour by the Lemnian artist wrought.
A shining lance with the secret Virtue stor'd
And of resistless force a magic Sword,
Caparisons and gems of wond'rous price,
And loaded him with gifts and good advice.

But chief she gave, and what he most would need:
The fleetest of her stud, a flying steed
" The swift Grissippo," said th' afflicted fair,
(Such was the Courser's name) " with speed shall bear "
" And place you Safely in your native air
" Assist against the foe with matchless might
" Ravage the field, and turn the doubtful fight
" But this I warn, beware; what e'er shall lay
" To intercept your course, or tempt your stay,
" Quit not your saddle, nor your speed abate,
" Till safely landed at your palace gate,
" On this alone depends your weal or woe;
" Such is the will of Fate, and so the Gods foreshow.
He mounts and sighing took a kind adieu,
Then urg'd his steed, though fierce Grissippo flew
With rapid force outstript the lagging wind
And left the blissful shores, and weeping fair behind.
Thus driving on at speed the prince had run
Near half his course, when with the setting sun
As through a lonely lane he chanc'd to ride
With rocks and bushes fenc'd on either side,
He spied a waggon full of wings that lay
Broke and o'erturn'd across the narrow way,
The helpless driver on the dirty road
Lay struggling, crush'd 'neath th' incumbent load,
Never in human shape was seen before
A wight so pale, so feeble, and so poor.
Comparisons of age would do him wrong
For Nestor's self if plac'd by him were young:
His limbs were naked all, and worn so thin,
The bones seem'd starting thro' the parchment skin.
The conscious steed stopped short in deadly fright,
And back recoiling stretch'd his wings for flight.
When thus the wretch with supplicating tone,
And rueful face began his piteous moan,
" O gentle youth, if pity e'er inclin'd
" Thy soul to generous deeds, if e'er thy mind
" Was touch'd with soft distress, extend thy care
" To save an old man's life, and ease the load I bear
" So may propitious Heaven your journey speed,
" Prolong your days, and all your vows succeed.
Mov'd with the pray'r the kind Porsenna staid,
Too nobly minded to refuse his aid,
And prudence yielding to superior grief,
Leap'd from his steed, and ran to his relief:

Remov'd the weight, and gave his pris'ner breath
Just chok'd, and gasping on the verge of death.
Then reach'd his hand, when lightly with a bound
The grizly spectre vaulting from the ground
Seiz'd him with sudden gripe, th' astonish'd prince
Stood horror struck and thoughtless of defence.
"O, King of Russia," with a thund'ring sound
Bellow'd the gastly fiend, "at length thou'rt found"
"Receive the Ruler of Mankind, and know,
"My name is TIME thy ever dreaded foe
"These feet are founder'd and the wings you see
"Worn to the pinions in pursuit of thee,
"Through all the world in vain for ages sought,
"But fate has doom'd thee now, and thou art caught."
Then round his neck his arms he nimbly cast
And seiz'd him by the throat and grasp'd him fast,
'Till forc'd at length his soul forsook its seat,
And the pale breathless corse fell bleeding at his feet:
Now since that day (the wretched world must own
This mournful Truth by sad experience known)
No mortal since enjoy'd that happy clime,
And ev'ry thing on earth submits to TIME.

An ASTRONOMICAL DIARY; or

ALMANACK

For the Year of our Lord CHRIST 1772; being *Bissextile* or *Leap Year*. Calculated for the Meridian of BOSTON, *New-England*, Lat. 42. 25. North.

CONTAINING, Besides what is usual in Almanacks, a Description of the Dwarf that lately made her Appearance in BOSTON; as also a curious Method of taking Wax and Honey, without destroying Bees.

By Nathaniel Ames.

Price 2/. 8d. per Dozen.

The following short Description of the extraordinary Person who lately made her appearance in this town, may not be disagreeable to our Readers, although it may not be so particular, as the curious would desire, as she would not admit of an accurate examination.

Miss Emma Leach was born in *Beverly*, about 20 Miles distant from this town, in the year 1719. She was at her birth as well a shaped child as any of ten which the same mother bore. —Her friends early discovered her bones to be in a flexible state, and unable to resist the action of the muscles, which made it very difficult to support her in any other than a horizontal position. After two years the bones acquired some considerable degree of firmness; but they had been so long inflected by the action of the muscles, that they never recovered their proper figure or situation. She measured in a right line from the crown of the head to the feet, twenty-two inches. The head was as large as is usual for persons of a common stature, and not at all deformed. The vertebræ of the back were somewhat elevated. The sternum was almost in a line parallel with the chin, the ribs formed with the sternum a monstrous protuberance before: the thigh bones were prodigiously incurvated, forming from their junctures more than a semicircle; had they been straight, they might have equalled in length the bones of a child seven or eight years old. The bones of the legs also were crooked, but not so much as those of the thighs, and were so much flattened that the tibia was quite acute on the anterior part. Her feet were about the size of a child of five or six years old, and not at all deformed. She could never walk, but was either carried by her friends or moved herself about with the assistance of a small chair and stick. She enjoyed a tolerable share of health, free from most complaints excepting indigestion, in consequence of which she was sometimes troubled with hysteric and epileptic fits. In her conversation she discovers a vivacity which very much surprizes all who have the pleasure of being acquainted with her. She now enjoys herself very agreeably at her native place.

☞ A more full and accurate Description of this little facetious person, with a physical dissertation thereon, together with an account of a number of remarkable small persons who have made their appearance in different parts of Europe, is published by EZEKIEL RUSSELL, at his Printing Office in Marlborough Street. (Price 4d.)

DICKINSON (JOHN), an American statesman and lawyer, born in Maryland in 1732. He was chosen a member of the Continental Congress in 1774, and wrote several important state papers issued by that body. In

June, 1776, he opposed the Declaration of Independence, which he thought premature. Having declined to sign that declaration, he impaired his popularity, and lost his election to the next Congress. He afterwards served as a private soldier against the British. In 1779 he was again elected to Congress from Delaware. He was President of Pennsylvania about three years, 1782–85. He was an able debater, and distinguished for his elegant manners and superior culture. Died in 1808.—[*Lippincott's Biog. Dictionary.*]

Mrs. CATHARINE M'CAULAY

Macauley (Catharine,) an English authoress, whose maiden name was Sawbridge, was born in Kent, in 1733. She was married to Dr. George Macauley, of London, about 1760, and published a "History of England from the Accession of James I to the Elevation of the House of Hanover," (1763) which is favorable to republicanism. In 1785 she visited Washington at Mount Vernon. She wrote several political treatises. "Her history," says T. B. Macauley, "is more distinguished by zeal than either by candor or skill."—*Lippincott's Biog. Dictionary.*

BENEVOLENT READER,

The harmony and union which, in my Father's day subsisted among the Gentlemen of the TYPE, being now unhappily destroyed, renders it necessary for me to delay the publication of my Almanack 'till such a time as Almanacks are in greatest demand, that the original Purchaser of the copy may have the utmost advantage of a quick sale to save enough to pay for the copy in the few days start he has of the other Printers. The kind receptance which you are pleased to afford my annual publications, cherishes in me an irresistable ardour to serve you, according to the best of my capacity, and for this end I earnestly entreat all persons that know of any errors or defects in the account of the Stages, or alterations in, or new establishment of Courts in either of the four *New-England* governments, and according to desire, the Courts in either of the provinces of *New-York* and *Nova-Scotia*, or governments of *Canada*, *Newfoundland* and *St. Johns*, to send me correct accounts thereof, and they may depend on the favors being most gratefully acknowledged, by their most humble Servant,

NAT. AMES.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

The moment a man emerges from minority he is upon a level with all mankind.

Policy makes it a point to dazzle in order to enslave, but the rod of Justice will overtake even KINGS!

Jan'y 30. K. Charles I. beheaded.

For pleasure, see the gay
Expose themselves at leisure in the Sley——
'Till almost froze!

Neither kill a fly, nor beat a dog, without a reason sufficient to vindicate it thro' all the courts of Morality.

Old stile says 'tis Winter yet, which we may now believe, seeing the planets, like the great ones here below, can't agree whether we shall continue under the grievance of Winter or enjoy the season's birthright, blooming spring.

There will yet be Snow! Where this page shall go.

Let servants dress fine that elegance may more strongly distinguish the gentleman.

Before you become intimate consider that familiarity destroys respect but increases Love.

See politicians of all conditions Ministerial faults can trace,
Yet from a Counsellor to a Corporal they are emulous of place.

May 16th. TRYON'S glorious———!!!

Most people mistake the means for the end, as riches for happiness, learning for sense, &c.

Spleen is often little else than an obstructed Perspiration.

There are not five in five thousand that pity, but at the same time despise, so be cautious where and to whom you complain.

Great sprightliness in children is no sigu of future sense and judgment.

It is a good way to gain esteem to wave some advantages you have a just claim to, as men of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain.

Taste, elegance and refinement distinguish the poor gentleman from the rich Vulgar; but are poor estate in the eyes of the world in general.

The Golden Age was never the present—that is, our grandfathers say it was better times when they were young—their's said the same.

Self Interest will reconcile enemies, and some like their master below might say, " We have embraced and have cherished a mortal hatred toward each other ever since, and assumed the mask of friendship to wound the deeper."

It will do to laugh men out of their follies, but not drive them, for you cannot make an ass into an elephant.

It is happy enough that the same vices which impair our fortunes frequently ruin our constitutions, that one may not survive the other.

See! nightly battles fought in air,
See! royal Honor full of fears.

Now my brave countrymen prepare for dire approaching civil wars!

The proverb ought to run " a fool and his words are soon parted, a man of genius and his money."

To burn the Pope, is now a joke, for a design he miss't on, to sap that mansion which dares pension your famous Butcher *Preston!*

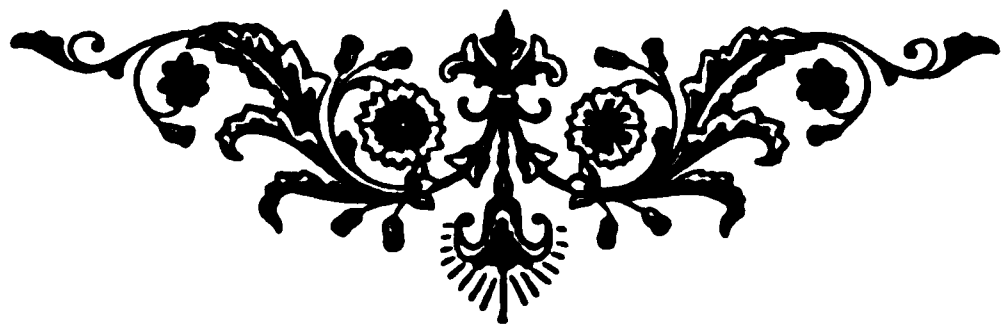
Men are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

Now virgin Aunts void of gallants
  Envy lads and lasses
Whose winter's night in gay delight
  Innocently passes.

Chearly Christians fill to Bacchus,
  He will guard from nipping cold,
Wine will warm us, Love will wreck us
  Venus now is turn'd a scold.

Notes on 1772.—We note our approach to modern times and tastes in this year's production; and the desire for the monstrous and extraordinary is pandered to by the author in his description of the Beverly dwarf, *Miss Emma Leach;* though he deprecatingly announces "it may not be so particular as the curious would desire, as she would not admit of an accurate examination." A frightful wood cut illustrates the description, and is quite the equal of any modern horror. The "unhappiness" among the printers calls forth an explanatory card from *Doctor Ames*, which recounts circumstances endorsing the extreme popularity of his annual publication. *Mr. John Dickinson, Barrister-at-Law*, "*The Patriotic American Farmer*," is basely slandered by an outrageous portrait in this issue, and *Mrs. Catherine McCaulay*, is similarly disposed of by some barbarous engraver; yet the almanack itself gives no reason for the sacrifice.

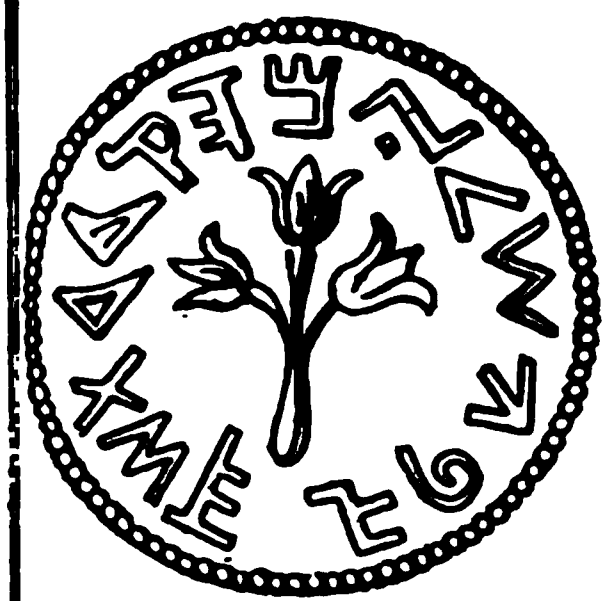
The "jester's cap and bells" are both profitably seen and heard through the pages of the prognostications. Trite allusions are made to Pity, the Golden Age, Self-interest, and the impending Civil War, with a dig at Parliament (under November) for pensioning the heroic (?) commander of the detachment of British troops who perpetrated the "*Boston Massacre.*"



An Astronomical Diary: Or, An

ALMANACK

For the Year of our LORD,



1773

Being the first Year after Bissextile or Leap Year.

Calculated for the Meridian of *BOSTON*, NEW-ENGLAND, Lat. 42 Deg 25 Min. North. Containing besides what is common in Almanacks.— A Method of Planting Vineyards. — How a Nation may be *raised* and *reformed*, *&c. &c.*

OUR great Forefathers, fir'd with virtuous Rage,
Did all the Perils of the Deep engage,
To fly those Realms where proud tyrannic Sway,
And horrid Persecution scout for Prey;
Their native Soil and youthful Scenes they fled,
Where bounteous Nature all her Blessings shed,
And sister Art had ransack'd foreign Shores,
Made every Dainty croud their British Stores,
Had rais'd the ample Dome and lofty Spire,
And spacious Theatre, were Crouds admire
The mighty Feats perform'd in ancient Days,
That spring to Life, reviv'd in English Plays.
These Pleasures all, our Fathers left behind,
But bro't the Seeds of Science in their Mind,
Here planted first fair *Freedom* with Applause,
Which gives the Relish to all other Joys:
Guard then the Plant,—this savage Land adorn,
This Work they left their Children then unborn.

By Nathaniel Ames.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by
R. DRAPER. EDES & GILL. and T. & J. FLEET.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

Blessed is the man that has none but open enemies, and wo unto the young man that is without any—if any such there be since the Golden Age.

An eminent station is a sure mark for envy, which is the Child of the Devil—or rather the Devil's mother.

When a great Blackguard presumes upon his eminent Station to abuse a stripling that cannot meet him upon equal Terms, 'tis the wisest Course for the latter to leave the Chastisement of his insolence to the grand Executioner of the Universe.

That man is in a queer situation who is oblig'd to honor an office when he must despise the wretch that holds it.

Full Communion in some Countries is equivalent to plenary indulgencies in others.

As the Reformation is said to have begun in *Harry the 8th's* breeches, so in our times some notable reformations begin there—rather than in the head or heart, and thereabouts is often the spring of noble deeds imputed to virtuous resolutions.

What grand projections for elections
Now are plotting here and there,
Yet nought availing—more prevailing
To address the generous Fair.

He that dictates who you shall marry, might by the same arrogance dictate what sort of meat you shall always eat.

Some people not only kill as much time as they can, but are so plaguy good natur'd & friendly as to make their acquaintance commit murder upon it against their wills.

Affliction is the School of Wisdom.

The grand musician for the heavenly Spheres, tunes the electric Bass to our ravish'd Ears.

Providence is impartial in bestowing riches on one, and contempt of riches on another.

Hope is the most upright of all flatterers, she visits the poor as well as the rich.

Liberty is a more noble invigorating cordial than *Madeira;* think of of this ye splendid Slaves, Parasites and Pimps.

Some people will lose their best Friend rather than miss cracking a Joke—yet cannot bear one themselves.

He's not your Friend that Flatters, but he that tells you of your Faults.

Some s * * * s take advantage of that text of scripture "What goes into the body defiles not the body," to poison all their acquaintance.—Surely it was not spoken like a Physician.

The monthly page for want of wit
Is apt to hold a little smut.

The real wants of life are few in comparison of those that are artificial—as Mrs. ——— is most miserable without such a quantity of jewels.

The natives of this land are as witty and capable of improvement as they who boast their English extraction, as when Col. C——— ask'd the old Squaw "how many Commandments are there?" "Nine, Sir," said she, "since you and I broke one behind that bush."

The amaz'd new Negro sees all the silver gilded trees, and never saw the fields so full of sugar salt, & cotton wool.

How agreeable to our notions of liberty would it be to see the Ladies lead up the fashions in American furs.

How a Nation may be *ruin'd* and *reform'd*.

There are two pernicious things in the government of a nation which are scarce ever remedied. The first is an *unjust* and too *violent authority* in Kings: the other is *luxury*, which viciates the morals of the people. When Kings acknowledge no law but their own will, and give a loose to their most exorbitant passions, they may do anything; but by this very power they usurp of doing anything, they sap the foundation of their regal power; they go by no certain rules, and govern by no fixed maxims; all try who shall flatter them most: they loose their people and have nothing left them but slaves, whose number diminishes every day. Who shall tell them the truth? Who shall set bounds to this torrent? Every thing falls before it; the wisest fly away, hide themselves, and groan in secret: nothing, but a sudden violent revolution, can bring back this exorbitant power into its natural channel; nay some times the very means

made use of to reduce it, irrecoverably destroy it. Nothing threatens so fatal a fall as an authority that is strained too high: it is like a bow that is bent, which at last breaks on a sudden if the string be not slacken'd: But who is he that will dare to slacken it? A King thus corrupted can scarce expect to be reformed without a kind of miracle. And as too great authority intoxicates and poisons Kings, so luxury poisons a whole nation. It is commonly urged "that luxury serves to feed the poor at the expense of the rich;" as if the poor could not more profitably provide for themselves by increasing the fruits of the earth, than by unmaning the rich by the refinements of voluptuousness. Thus a whole nation habituates itself to look upon the most superfluous things, as the necessaries of life; and thus every day brings forth some new necessity of the same kind, and men can no longer live without things which but thirty years ago were utterly unknown to them. This luxury is called *fine taste*, the *perfection* of *arts*, and the *politeness* of a nation. Thus vice, which carries in its womb an infinite number of others, is commended as a virtue; it spreads its contagion from the King down to the very dregs of the people; those of the royal blood are willing to imitate the King's magnificence; the men of quality imitate the King's relations; and the middle sort strive to equal those of quality; for who would condemn himself when in the wrong? The lowest rank of men would pass for a middle sort; and every one lives above his condition, some for ostentation, and to make a shew of their wealth; others through a mistaken shame, to cloak their poverty. Even those who are so wise as to condemn so great a disorder, are not so wise as to dare to be the first to stem the tide, or to set contrary examples. Thus a whole nation falls to ruin; all conditions and ranks of men are confounded; an eager desire to support a vain expense corrupts the purest minds; and when poverty is accounted infamous, nothing is minded but how to get rich. Let a man be learned, skilful, and virtuous; let him instruct mankind, win battles, save his country, and sacrifice everything to the good of the public; yet he will be despised, unless his talents be heightened by pomp and luxury. Even those who have no fortune will appear and spend as if they had; and so they fall to borrowing, cheating, and using a thousand mean arts to get

money. But who shall remedy these evils? The relish and customs of a whole nation must be changed; new laws must be given them. And who shall attempt this, unless the King should prove to be so much of a Philosopher as to set an example of moderation himself, and so to put out of countenance all those who love a pompous expense; and at the same time encourage the wise, who would be glad to be authorized in a virtuous frugality?

Notes on 1773.—On the title page this year is represented a Jewish shekel by way of illustration, and the verse is a brief poetical epitome of the reasons why our forefathers left England for the shores of Massachusetts; with some wholesome advice as to the duty of their descendants.

The practical treatise this year is on Grape and Wine culture,—giving the results of experimental growing at Dedham and in the vicinity, and recommending this pursuit to the husbandman and fruit grower. (It is omitted from this re-print as of no particular interest.)

A political address on "*Ruin and Reform*," and addressed to the King indirectly, might have been profitably heeded by the Prince had he "taken in" *Ames' Almanack;* but after events lead us to surmise that he was not so fortunately provided.

The miscellany on either page of the astronomical part of the book is replete with wisdom and wit, mingled with odd weather predictions, and parallels drawn between "Liberty and Madeira."

THE ALMANACK FOR 1774.

By *Nathaniel Ames.*

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by

R. DRAPER, EDES & GILL, and T. & J. FLEET.

With Wonder we survey the upper Air,
And the gay gilded Meteors sporting there,
And lambent Jellies kindling in the Night,
Shoot through the Aether in a Trail of Light.
How rising streams in th' Azure Fluid blend,
Or fleet in Clouds, or in soft Show'rs descend:
Or if the stubborn rage of Cold prevail,
In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.
How Honey-dews imbalm the fragrant Morn,
And the fair Oak with luscious Sweets adorn.
How Heat and Mixture[1] mingle in a Mass,
Or belch in Thunder, or in Lightning blaze,
Why nimble Corruscations strike the Eye,
Or bold Tornadoes bluster in the Sky.

Altho' Tyranny and Oppression may excite in us some noble efforts to rival Britain, at least so far as to supply our necessities, in manufacturing. Yet notwithstanding our rapid increase, doubling our number of inhabitants in about eighteen years, besides the shoals of people that flock hither from all parts of Europe, so long as this wide extended continent affords such an ample field for agriculture, and other rich resources that will turn to infinitely greater profit than manufacturing, and which will, instead of discouragement, meet with the protection of our mother Country, as soon as we have brought her to her

[1] Moisture. (?)

former senses, it is very unlikely that we shall be so blind to our interest as to take that work out of the hands of Britains and Hybernians which they will do so much cheaper and better than we can get ourselves, Turn we therefore our thoughts on Agriculture.[1] * * * * * * *

INSCRIPTION over a Chimney Piece in a Gentleman's Dining Room.

Vive la Liberté.

To my BEST my Friends are free,
  Free with that, and free with me;
Free to pass the harmless joke,
  And the Tube sedately Smoke;
Free to drink just what they please,
  As at Home, and at their ease;
Free to speak, as free to think,
  (No Informers with me drink)
Free to stay a Night or so,
  And when uneasy free to go.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

As Men salute a Prostitute
At the Expence of Noses
Some Ladies still their Tea do swill
Tho' it ruin their Spouses.

American Pedigree is as much respected as a delicate Pair of Hands in a House of Poverty and there is no Merit in either.

No Preacher but Time is listened to which gives us the same Train and turn of Thought that elder People have tried in vain to put into our Heads before.

Pleasant *giving* Weather, but I esteem *taking* Weather most.

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[1] The article on "Vineyards and Wine making" is omitted from this eprint.

I have known some little Wits aim their pointless Satire against the whole Tribe of Almanack makers because *Swift* facetiously killed poor *Partridge* with Ink, and buried him alive.

The latter part of a wise Man's life is taken up in curing the Follies, Prejudices and false Opinions he had contracted in the former.

Sudden Acquaintance brings Repentance.

Showery and unsettled Weather without as Mrs. Coquetilla is within.

It is astonishing to see how the Race of Spaniels encreases amongst us of late Years, especially in this Month of Elections.

If you fall into Misfortunes, creep through those Bushes which have fewest Briars.

Some Men under a Notion of weeding out Prejudices, eradicate virtue, honesty and religion.

What they *do* in Heaven we are ignorant of What they *do not*, we are told expressly. The way to Heaven is in all Places alike.

Puffing, belching, f * * * * * g [1] Weather.

Herodotus tells us that "in Cold Countries Beasts have very seldom Horns, but in Hot, they have very large ones." This might bear a very pleasant Application!

A high Fortune like great Buildings have low Foundations.

The reason why so few Marriages are happy is because the young Ladies spend so much of their Time in making Nets, not in making Cages.

Censure is the Tax a man pays to the Public for being eminent.

No wise Man ever wished to be younger.

Law in a free Country is or ought to be the determination of the majority of those who have property in land.

The encouragement of Arts and Sciences often renders a Nation more powerful than arms.

I have known some Men stab a Character under a Cloak of friendship thus: "My friend ——— the attorney is very clever, but always unfortunate for his clients, &c.

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[1] "Sits the wind in that corner?

"There is *something* in the wind.

"How now lad! *is* the wind in *that* door, i' faith?

"Ill blows the wind.

"O! ill-dispersing wind of *misery*. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud."—*Domestic conversations of the Bard of Avon.*—in Press.

Venus, a beautiful good natur'd Lady, was the Goddess of Love; *Juno*, a terrible Shrew, the Goddess of Marriage, and they were always Mortal Enemies.

Religion is a cloak, *honesty* a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, *vanity* a shirt, and *conscience* a pair of breeches, which, tho' a cover for lewdness and nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of either.

All Men are idolaters; some of honor, some of riches.

As it is unpardonable for a Navigator to be without his charts, so it is for a *Senator* to be without HIS, which is Lock's "Essay on Government."

Dec. 16. *East India* TEA destroy'd in *Boston* 1773.

The honest Farmer now at Ease
Regales himself with Cyder, Bread and Cheese
And further to himself amuse
He smokes his Pipe & reads the News.

The Definition of the Title of LADIES.

Women of Fortune were called LADIES even before their Husbands had any Title to convey that Mark of Distinction to them.——It was formerly the Fashion for those Families whom God had blessed with Affluence, to live constantly at their Mansion-Houses in the Country, and that once a Week or oftener, the Lady of the Manor distributed to her poor Neighbours, *with her own Hands*, a certain Quantity of Bread, and she was called by them the *Leff-Day*,[1] *i. e.* in Saxon, the *Bread Giver*. These two Words in Time were corrupted and the Meaning is now as little known as the Practice which gave rise to it; yet it is from that hospitable Custom that, to this Day, the English Ladies, and they only, serve the Meat at their own Tables.

The Difinition of HOB *or* NOB.

In the Days of good Queen Bess (we find it upon Record) the Maids of Honour not only used manly Exercise, but eat Roast beef and drank Ale for Breakfast, and as in their masculine Exercises they were liable to *Accidents* and the *Tooth-ach*, so it

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[1] The Saxon word, according to Webster, is *hlafdie*. ED.

was natural for them occasionally to warm their Beer, which they who required such Indulgence generally did by ordering their cupfuls to be placed on the Hob[1] of the Grate: and when any of the Company called for Beer, it was just as natural for their Attendants to ask "if *from* the Hob, or *not* from the Hob?" which constant Practice (from the constant Indisposition of one or the other of these fair Ladies) was soon not only remarked by the Courtiers, but also perhaps, first humorously adopted by them, with the Courtly Vice of Corrupting *Hob or no Hob* into HOB OR NOB.

RUSTICUS has given a Receipt to destroy Rats in Farm Houses &c. which will prevent the fatal consequences accruing from the Method often used of mixing Rats bane: It is as follows, *viz.*

Take of the Seeds of Stavesacre (Larkswort) or Lousewort, powdered more or less as the Occasion requires, one Part, of Oatmeal, three Parts: mix them well, and make them up into a Paste with Honey. Lay Pieces of it in the Holes, and on the Places where Rats and Mice frequent, and it will effectually kill or rid the Place of those kind of Vermin by their eating thereof.

Notes on 1774.—The salutatory verse on the title page realizes the truth of the old-saying, "*like father, like son;*" the sentiment and the description being an absolute reflex of the mind of the present author's father.

The practical address to the farmer opens with an allusion which cites the condition of things politically, and the rapid increase of population which the many advantages of the new world has encouraged.

The author in this essay again repeats his former adulation of agriculture, and the larger and more certain profit which will inure to the husbandman, than to those who embark in manufacturing.

A quaint "*Inscription over a Chimney-Piece in a Gentleman's Dining Room,*" is quoted; and an ingenious research has given us in this number "*the Definition of the Title of Ladies,*" and another extract from the Author's dictionary, tells us of the origin of "*Hob or Nob;*" while a practical subject is again manifested in the closing item of the year's miscellany, viz: "*a receipt to destroy Rats.*"

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[1] The two flat Sides contiguous to the Grate, made to hold any thing on for the Benefit of moderate Heat, were called anciently *Hobs.*

The weather column is found to be unusually attractive; wisdom, and sturdy plain language, abounds on every page, Secrets and Spouses,—Pedigree and Preachers,—Astrology and Almanack Makers,—Pride and Prejudice,—Folly and Flatulence,—Herodotus and Horns,—Fortune and Foundation; with many merry allusions and drolleries all mixed together in a pleasant pot pourri, both interesting and entertaining as usual.

THE ALMANACK FOR 1775.

By *Nathaniel Ames.*

BOSTON: Printed and Sold at

DRAPER'S, EDES & GILLS, and T. & J. FLEETS.

LET tyrant princes distant climes explore,
For wealth and power drench in human gore.
Let fleets and armies make their subjects pine,
And mouths of cannon prove their *right divine.*
Let India merchants, tyrants o'er the East,
Extend their baneful commerce to'ard the West.
Let spaniel courtiers lick their master's feet,
And conscious meanness make them feel they're great,
While art and science fix their standard here,
All hell combin'd no longer need we fear.
Let savage virtue give a loose the reigns,
Our slaughter'd traitors poison all the plains.

AMES.

With whatever just indignation we may receive the feeble efforts of the super animated juntocracy against our Capital &c., when the real Omnipotent displays his wrath, with deep contrition of soul should we kiss the rod, and by a sincere reformation obtain his mercy. Whether the fleet and army now stationed

there may come under the former predicament, or the foul diseases that accompany them under the latter, shall be left to the discussion of more able casuists: but as one kind of pox with which they are visited, is in the natural way justly alarming to the most virtuous, as well as others that have never had it: a short history of the fam'd Innoculation may not be unseasonable. The *Circassian* women have, from time immemorial communicated the small-pox to their children, when not above six months old by making an incision in the arm: and by putting into the incision a pustle taken from the body of another child, this pustle produces the same effect in the arm it is laid in as yest in a piece of dough: It ferments and diffuses thro' the whole mass of blood the qualities it is impregnated with. The pustles of the child in whom the artificial small-pox has been thus inoculated are employed to communicate the same distemper to others. There is an almost perpetual circulation of it in *Circassia:* and when unhappily the small-pox has quite left the country, the inhabitants of it are in as great trouble and perplexity, as other nations when their harvest has fallen short. The circumstance that introduced a custom in *Circassia* which appears so singular to others, is nevertheless a cause common to all nations.—I mean maternal tenderness and interest.

The *Circassians* are poor and their daughters are beautiful: and indeed 'tis in them they chiefly trade. They furnish with beauties the seraglios of the *Turkish* Sultan, of the Persian *Sophy* and of all those who are wealthy enough to purchase and maintain so precious merchandize. There maidens are very honorably and virtuously instructed to fondle and caress men: are taught dances of a very polite and effeminate kind: and how to heighten by the most voluptuous artifices the pleasures of their disdainful masters for whom they are design'd. These unhappy Creatures repeat their lesson to their mothers in the same manner as little girls among us repeat their Catechism, without understanding one word they say.

Now it often happened that after a father and mother, had taken the utmost care of the education of their children, they were frustrated of all their hopes in an instant. The small pox getting into the family, one daughter dy'd of it, another lost an eye, a third had a great nose at her recovery, and the unhappy

parents were compleatly ruined. Even frequently when the small-pox became Epidemical trade was suspended for several years, which thin'd very considerably the seraglios of *Persia* and *Turkey*.

A trading nation is always watchful over its own interests, and grasps at every discovery that may be of advantage to its commerce. The *Circassians* observ'd that scarce one person in a thousand was attack'd by a small-pox of a violent kind. That some indeed had this distemper three or four times, but never twice so as to prove fatal: in a word that no one ever had it twice in a violent degree in his life. They observ'd further, that when the small-pox is of the milder sort, and the pustules have only a tender delicate skin to break thro'.they never leave the least scar in the face. From these natural observations they concluded, that in case an infant of six months or a year old should have a milder sort of small-pox, he would not die of it, would not be mark'd, nor be ever afflicted with it again. In order therefore to preserve the life and beauty of their children the only thing remaining was, to give them the small-pox in their infant years. This they did by innoculating, in the body of a child, a pustule taken from the most regular and at the same time the most favourable sort of small pox that could be procur'd. The Experiment could not possibly fail. The *Turks* who are people of good sense soon adopted this custom, in so much that at this time there is not a Bassa in Constantinople but communicates the small-pox to his children of both sexes, immediately upon their being wean'd. Some pretend that the *Circassians* borrowed the custom from the *Arabians*: but we shall leave the clearing up of this point to some learned recluse who will not fail to compile a great many folios on this subject, with the several proofs or authorities. All I have to say upon it, is, that in the beginning of the reign of *King George* the first, the Lady *Wortley Montagu*, a woman of as fine a genius and endu'd with as great a strength of mind as any of her sex in the *British* dominions, being with her husband who was ambassador at the *Porte*, made no scruple to communicate the small-pox to an infant, of which she was delivered in *Constantinople*. The chaplain represented to his lady, but to no purpose, that this was an unchristian operation, and therefore that it would succeed

with none but infidels. However it had the most happy effect upon the son of the lady *Wortley Montagu*, who at her return to *England*, communicated the experiments to the Princess of *Wales*.

It must be confessed that this princess, abstracted from her crown and titles was born to encourage the whole circle of arts, and to do good to mankind. The moment this princess heard of innoculation she caused an experiment to be made of it on four criminals sentenc'd to die, and by that means preserv'd their lives doubly, for she not only saved them from the gallows, but by means of this artificial small-pox prevented their ever having that distemper the natural way with which they would very probably have been attack'd one time or other, and might have died of in a more advanced age. The princess being assured of the usefulness of the operation, caus'd her own children to be innoculated. A great part of the kingdom followed her example, and since that time thousands of children have owed their lives in this manner to her majesty, for she has since been queen of *England*, and to the lady *Wortley Montagu:* and as many of the fair sex are obliged to them for their beauty.

Upon a general calculation made in Europe, three score persons in every hundred have the small-pox. Of these three score, twenty die of it, in the most favourable season of life, and as many more wear the disagreeable remains of it in their faces so long as they live. Thus a fifth part of mankind either die or are disfigured by this distemper. But it does not prove fatal to so much as one, who are inoculated in *Turkey*, *England* or here, unless the patient be infirm, or would have died if the experiment had not been made upon him. Besides, no one is disfigured no one has the small-pox a second time if the inoculation was perfect.

It is said the *Chinese* have practis'd inoculation these hundred years, a circumstance that urges very much in its favor, since they are thought to be the wisest and best govern'd people in the world. The *Chinese* indeed don't communicate this distemper by inoculation, but at the nose in the same manner as we take snuff. This is a more agreeable way, but then it produces the like effects, and proves that inoculation saves the lives of thousands.

JANUARY. I call the man unworthy of my praise
Who wins the palm in wrestling or the race;
Though nature gave him Tithon's form divine,
And Asia pour'd him wealth from ev'ry mine,
Though fortune every other virtue gave,
And yet deny the greatest——to the brave.

Save your money and you save your country.
To borrow on usury brings sudden beggary.
Jan. 30. King Charles I established a memento for tyrants.

FEBRUARY. And brave alone is he who can sustain
The wild confusion of the bloody plain.
Can death and wounds behold with dire delight,
And shady legions moving to the fight
For he alone a lasting name can raise,
And crown his early years with martial praise,
Who in the front of battle stands unmov'd
The bulwark of the country which he lov'd.

All men and states, however Divine they may appear, are often so unguarded as to manifest their humanity—if not their *deviltry*, as we have some late Instances, one is the King of Prussia, but none nearer Home.

MARCH. And loving, prodigal of life, to die,
Avoids no evil more than basely fly,
His great example shall the host inspire,
And thousands follow actions they admire.
He turns the phalanx of the foe to flight,
And rules with martial art, the tide of fight.

A good housewife commonly is no sheep—more of a goose.

Fine weather for New England about the barracks, but stormy, tempestuous, and bosterious when those Irish hero's are much *in it*, or *it* in them.

APRIL. And when he falls amid the field of fame
He leaves behind a great and lasting name.
His Sire, his country shall with joy surround
His corse, and read their glory in his wound.
Both young and old shall sing his dirge of wo,
And his long funeral all the town pursue:
His tomb shall be rever'd; his children shine
Through ev'ry age, along extended line.

We are most apt to censure that vice in others which we feel ourselves most given to.

MAY. Who never from the field of battle flies,
But for his children and his country dies
Ne'er shall his glory fade, or cease his fame
Tho' laid in dust, immortal is his name.
But if the sable hand of death he shun,
Returning victor with his glory won.

As it is rare since the Days of a certain Roman Emperor, for hornsmiths to have the sanction of the Senate, some of our Daughters of Liberty must inform who are the best workmen.

Nothing is more precious than time, and nothing more prodigally wasted.

JUNE. By young and old reve'rd, his life he'll lead,
And full of honor sink among the dead.
Or with his growing years his fame will grow,
And all shall reverence his head of snow:
The higher place from every youth he bears,
And age shall quit him all the claim of years.
Who then desires to rise to such a height,
Desires in vain, if he forgets the fight.

Cato stabbed himself and Widows on the coast of Malabar burn themselves because it is the fashion—and here we drink Tea, and wear British Finery because it is the fashion—like the bulls and heifers of old adorn'd with ribbons and gilded horns before their destruction.

JULY. Ye then who late dispers'd the savage foe,
Whose wide domains your latest sons shall sow:
Ye knew the horrid work of arms before,
The dismal shock of battle oft ye bore,
To scout and skulk to gain the scalp you've run,
In each reverse to you is fortune known.

Most people can preach for their neighbors when the spirit moves.

It is often pride and curiosity that involves us in difficulties.

Nature is limited but fancy is boundless.

Fine weather for fighting, and for lawyers who for one year's famine will have seven of plenty.

AUGUST. Stand forth the Champions of your Country's cause,
Nor fear the traitors aided by their laws,
Exalt the shady buckler to the war,
Aided by heav'n, no human prowess fear,
For those who, in the front of battle, dare
Fight hand to hand, and bear the brunt of war,

SEPTEMBER. But rarely fall—Though dastards skulk behind,
The fate they shun still haunts the cow'rdly kind.
What mind can well conceive, or tongue relate,
The ills unnam'd that on the truant wait?
To shun his fate when from the field he flies,
Pierc'd from behind th' inglorious coward dies,
When prone he lies, and gasping on the ground,
What shame to see behind the gaping Wound!

Who can serve five hundred masters faithfully when they are three thousand miles off.

St. Evremonde says that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life as for her beauty.

Rain, thunder, no! thunder first, then rain! so said Socrates when he receiv'd his wife's warm fragrant shower from a Window.

A servant of servants is too low for human nature.

South winds then some quickening showers somewhere at least of Xantippe's kind, then serene air sometime except among those that charg'd too deep for the King's health, and too many sentimental toasts.

OCTOBER. But firm to Earth let ev'ry warrior grow,
Strain his large limbs, and low'ring eye the foe,
To mighty deeds let each his arms extend,
Nor dread the balls that breast-high muskets send
Our practis'd huntsmen, sure of flying game,
Ne'er fight in phalanx when they've surer aim.

NOVEMBER. No dazzling arms our steady marksmen hold,
No heavy panoply, or casque of gold
But sure as death, the trusty piece he bears,
And fears no wild, or powder'd son of Mars.
Make ready then—and fierce begin the fray!
But pause awhile—and hear what sages say,
Deep read in history, who know mankind,
The arts and stratagems sly courtiers find.

Lycurgus, by one of his laws, had prohibited to light those who came in the night from a feast, that the fear of not being able to get home might hinder their getting drunk.

Muggy air among tipplers, and thick smoky air among the minor politicians, and it may end in a storm.

The Emperor Caligula wish'd the Romans had all but one neck, that he might behead them all at one blow. Have we not some Caligulas?

The pleasure of what we enjoy is commonly lost by coveting more.

DECEMBER. To bribe the chiefs of their contending foes,
To gain the cause by safer means than blows

How one grand centre must the whole survey,
By posts and couriers its resolves convey
How civil wisdom must the arms controul,
To act in concert like one mighty soul.

The ladies should consider that when men view a nag they always look at the teeth.

The Queen Henrietta of England being in a vessel in a furious storm, comforted her companions by telling them that queens were never drowned.

Good slaying amongst the poultry, and pleasant air to exercise the knife and fork, then comes falling weather if spirits are plenty.

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The SIGNS *Discontented.*

THEY question Jove, why he had not
In Heav'n a Stock of Females laid in?
He but one Woman there had brought,
Who was (provoking!) still a Maiden.
Frankly the Ram confessed that he
Had often cast a *Sheep's* Eye at her;
Aquarius acknowledg'd she
Had often made his Mouth to Water.
The *Bull* would have the God to know,
Either he would no longer stay there,
Or if he did not get a Cow,
In Faith he would *Pasiphae* her.
Poor Virgo how to please them all,
Being really at a Loss to know,
To th' Archer said, I fear I shall
Have more than *two Strings to my Bow.*
But if to you I should prove kind,
The rest would make the same Request,
Shall I be with a *Scorpion* join'd,
Or take a *Cancer* to my Breast?
Nor should my coyness you displease,
This was the Purpose of my Birth;
Not only you to tantalize,
But all the Star-Gazers on Earth.
Not for the Sun or Moon but me,
Astronomers make such a pother;
The Thing is they would rather see
My *heav'nly Body* than another.
For such a peep they should not hope,
But mind their own Terrestrial Lasses;
My Petticoats they'll ne'er see up.
With all their Tellescopes and Glasses.

AMES' FAREWELL.

Notes on his last Almanack for the year 1775.

With much regret, we in this instance, (as in every other of human affairs,) must note the final end, and bid farewell to our author, under whose family name two generations have been amused and instructed for a period of fifty years.

The situation of affairs, and the minds of the colonists generally is exemplified in the title verse through whose lines *Bellona armored stalks* with sanguinary footsteps.

The poetical contributions at the top of each month incite to deeds of bravery, to patriotism, to victory, liberty or glorious death upon the tented field. The grandeur of the combat, the pomp and circumstance of "grim-visaged war" is depicted, and the duty of every citizen to arm for the encounter is vividly portrayed. Patriotism and *America for Americans* beams from every syllable in this year's production, and every line can be read and re-read with unflagging interest. Even the final essay though introduced with the usual "fly" at the "home government," will be found to be a very instructive account of the origin and practice of "*Inoculation for the Small-pox*," the precaution in this disease antecedent to the discovery and application of vaccination by *Dr. Jenner*.

The interlined Wisdom and Humour is more than ordinarily jovial and pointed, and his final almanack may almost be said to exceed in every quality, any of his preceding productions.

NOTE.—As has been said, this was the last of the Almanacks prepared by *Dr. Ames*. Subsequently several *spurious* issues appeared bearing his name, but these soon expired, and other *Philomaths* entered the field to occupy public attention for a while, retiring in a few years to absolute obscurity.

The "Ames" were the last of the great Almanack makers, and with the opening of the Revolution the "art" decayed, and was *buried with its fathers.*

VALEDICTORY.

THERE! *Laus Deo*, this book is completed—at least the foregoing "copy" is with the printer, there to await a resurrection at his hands.

The contents of the original almanacks have been carefully compiled from such copies as I possess (all but 1726-7-30-33), and the rest of the copy has been made from the complete set formerly owned by the *Doctors Ames*, now in the archives of the Dedham Historical Society. Nothing has been omitted that would either interest, instruct or amuse.

I have ventured to add running notes and other memoranda which appeared to me to be appropriate.

There may possibly be some repetitions—tautological, if you please—of the same thoughts or relation in various places. Should they prove interesting, it will pay, perhaps, to read them a second time; should the opposite quality exist, there will be no harm done if you pass them by.

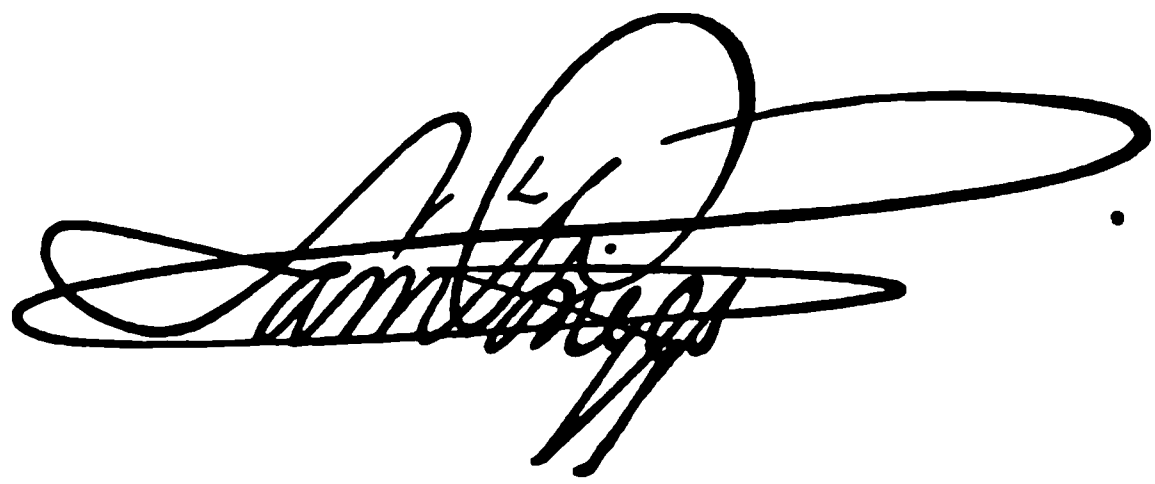
Again there may be an existing notion that I should have elaborated still more upon the author's production. In reply I would object that it would not be possible for me to take my readers by the hand, walk through this "Island of Tranquil Delights" and point out *all* the bright spots—for much reading must be done between the lines; that familiarity with the work may cause new ideas to be formed, and fresh sources of enjoyment to appear and be appreciated.

Again, an attempt to improve, or enlighten any of the author's bright sayings, would be as superfluous as to "paint the lily, or gild the fine gold."

That some may be disappointed,—perhaps horrified—when this book is received, goes without saying; but nothing of a terrestrial nature can add to, or take away one iota of the pleasure I have had with the *Doctors Ames*, in collating, reading, quoting and compiling this collection of their humble works.

In some instances I may have exhibited a flippant manner, or treated a serious subject with what might be called levity. Consider, therefore, the age in which our authors lived; reflect upon the fact that for many moons I have lived and breathed in an atmosphere redolent with the language, manners and customs of the time in which these and other similar productions were brought forth. Then for these reasons, of thy charity pray be kind, and "in thy orisons be all my sins remembered."

Faithfully yours,



APPENDIX.

Entertainment for A Winter's Evening: being A Full and True Account *Of a very strange and wonderful* sight *seen in* Boston *on the twenty-seventh of* December at Noon-Day.

The Truth of which can be attested by a great Number of People, who actually saw the same With their own Eyes.

By Me, the Honble B. B. Esq; [Joseph Green].[1]

Primo progrediuntur anseres, dein vituli, grex asinaria sequitur. Templum aditum est. Hic omnibus vir sanctus prædicavit, multis populis circumstantibus.

Vet. Leg. lib. III. Cap. 14.

Boston: Printed and Sold by G. Rogers, next to the Prison in Queen street.

TO THE READER.

COURTEOUS AND LOVING READER,

I Thought it necessary to acquaint thee with three things, which thou wilt perhaps, be inquisitive about. First, Why thou hast not had the following Entertainment sooner. Secondly, Why it now appears

---

[1] JOSEPH GREEN, born in Boston 1706, graduated at Harvard 1726, became a merchant, had some interest in politics, espoused the Royal cause, was exiled, and died in England in 1780. He had great reputation for wit, particularly in the form of satirical verse. His favorite view of things was the facetious one; he was convivial and hilarious; he loved to mitigate by his waggeries the somber tints of life at the Puritan metropolis, and neither religion nor death, it was believed, could awe him into gravity, as is partly intimated in this epitaph, which one of his friends wrote for his tomb-stone, long before he had need of one:

"*Siste*, Viator! here lies one,
Whose life was whim, whose soul was pun;
And if you go too near his hearse,
He'll joke you, both in prose and verse."

Tyler. Hist. Am. Lit. II. 48–49.

abroad without sheltering itself under the Name of some powerful Patron. And Thirdly, Why I have given Myself the Title I have assumed in the Front of it.

As to the first Article, thou must know, that my great distance from the Press, near one hundred miles, at this difficult season of the year, made it impossible for me to convey it there sooner. As to the second, I had fully determined to select a number of sutable Patrons, but was prevented by finding all of them engaged already; not so much as one being left, under whose wings this poor sheet might retire for protection. Thirdly, The title I have taken to myself, sounds I confess, something odly. Nor indeed should I have ventured upon it, had I not been warranted by a Famous Society in an Example which they have lately set me. For though this Society is, perhaps, the only one in the world that ever gave itself those pompous Epithets, yet it is allowed to be the standard of Antiquity and Honour. Of Antiquity,—as it can boast an Æra many years higher than that of the world. Of Honour,—as it invested with that distinguishing Badge, which is, at this day, the glory of the greatest Potentates on earth. And if so, I see no reason why Thou and I should not submit to it, as the Standard of Propriety too. I am, Loving Reader, With the greatest Humility thine,

The Honble B. B. Esq.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR A WINTER'S EVENING.

O muse renown'd for story-telling,
Fair Clio, leave thy airy dwelling.
Now while the streams like marble stand,
Held fast by winter's icy hand;
Now while the hills are cloth'd in snow;
Now while the keen north-west-winds blow;
From the bleak fields and chilling air
Unto the warmer hearth repair:
Where friends in chearful circle met
In social conversation sit.

Come, *Goddess*, and our ears regale
With a diverting Christmas tale.
O come, and in thy verse declare
Who were the men, and what they were,
And what their names, and what their fame,
And what the cause for which they came
To house of God from house of ale,
And how the parson told his tale:
How they return'd, in manner odd,
To house of ale from house of God.

Free Masons, as the story goes,
Have two saints for their patrons chose;
And both Saint Johns, one the *Baptist*,
The other the *Evangelist*.
The Baptist had a *Lodge* which stood
Whilom by Jordan's ancient flood.
But for what secret cause the other
Has been adopted for a *brother*,
They cannot, and I will not say,
Nec scire fas est omnia.

The Masons by procession
Having already honour'd one,
(Thou, to perpetuate their glory,
Clio did'st then relate the story.)
To show the world they mean fair play,
And that each saint should have his day,
Now order store of belly-timber
'Gainst twenty-seventh of *December*.
For that's the day of *Saint John's* feast
Fix'd by the holy *Roman* priest,
They then in mood religious chose
Their *brother of the roll and rose*[1]
The ceremony to commence:
He from the sacred eminence
Must first explain and then apply
The duties of Free Masonry.

At length, in scarlet apron drest,
Forth rush'd the morning of the feast;
And now the bells in steeple play,
Hark, ding; dong, bell they chime away;
Until, will solemn toll and steady,
The great bell tells—the parson's ready.

Masons at church! strange auditory!
And yet we have as strange in story,
For saints, as history attests,
Have preach'd to fishes, birds and beasts,
Yea stones so hard, tho' strange, 'tis true,
Have sometimes been their hearers too,[2]

---

[1] *Rev. Charles Brockwell*, Assistant Rector King's Chapel, Boston, inducted 1747; died Aug. 20, 1755.

[2] *Vide Spec. Exemplor. Cæs. Dial. Lib. IV. cap. 98. Benevent de Vit. S. Franc. cap. 8. Capgr. Nov. legend, Fol. 160. Anton Chron. P. III, tit. 24, c. 2, § 5.*

So good Saint Francis, man of grace,
Himself preach'd to the *braying race;*
And further, as the story passes,
Address'd them thus—*my brother asses.*[1]
Just so old British Wereburga,
As ecclesiastic writers say,[2]
Harangued the *geese*, both far and wide;
Just so the *geese* were edify'd.

The crowds attending gaze around,
And awful silence reigns profound.
Till from the seat which he'd sat a * * * on
Uprose and thus began the parson.

Right Worshipful, at whose command
Obedient I in *Rostra* stand;
It proper is and fit to show
Unto the crowds that gape below,
Who wonder much, and well they may,
What on th' occasion I can say,
Why in the church are met together,
Especially in such cold weather,
Such folk as never did appear
So overfond of coming there.

Know then, my friends, without more pother,
That these are Masons, I'm a Brother.
Masons said I?—yes Masons Free;
Their *deeds* and *title* both agree.
While other sects fall out and fight
About a trifling mode or rite,
We firm by *Love* cemented stand,
'Tis *Love* unites us heart and hand.
Love to a party not confin'd,
A *Love* embracing all mankind,
Both catholick and protestant,
The *Scots* and eke *New England* saint:
Antonio's[3] followers, and those
Who've Crispin[4] for their patron chose,
And them, who to their idol goose
Oft sacrifice the blood of louse.[5]

---

[1] *Fratres Assini, orem vos ut sileatis, nec inturbetis Verbum Dei quod sitienti hinc populo propono.* Wadding. Annal. A. 1213. N. 5. We see he too had a *thrifty audience.*

[2] *Frat. Cress. Hist. Eccles. Lib. xvii. c. 17.*

[3] Antonio is the Patron of Sailors.

[4] Crispin the Patron of Shoemakers.

[5] It is conjectured that the *Taylors* are here meant.

Those who with razor bright and keen,
And careful hand, each morn are seen
Devoting to Saint Nicolas[1]
The manly honours of the face.
Him too who works, ah! cruel deed!
The fatal, tough Moscovian weed!
And twists the suffocating string
In which devoted wretches swing,
(And O may gracious Heaven defend
The *brethren* from dishonest end,)
Whose cauldrons smoke with juice of Pine,
An offering to St. Catharine.[2]

O Pine salubrious! from thy veins
Distills the cure of human pains.
Hail Sacred Tree![3] to thee I owe
This freedom from a world of woe.
My heart tho' grateful, weak my strain,
To show thy worth I strive in vain.
Could Thracian Orpheus but impart
His tuneful lyre and matchless art;
And would propitious fates decree
Old Nestor's length of days to me,
That lyre, that art, that length of days
I'd spend in singing forth thy praise.
Still thou shall never want my blessing; —
— But to return from thus digressing.

Rhode-Island's differing, motly tribes,
Far more than Alec. Ross describes,
And light that's *new* and light that's *old*,
We in our friendly arms enfold,
Free, generous and unconfin'd
To outward shape or inward mind.
The high and low and great and small,
F——s P——ns short and A——n tall,
F——n—n as bulky as a house,
And W——d smaller than a louse,
The grave and merry, dull and witty,
The fair and brown, deform'd and pretty,

---

[1] St. Nicholas the Patron of Barbers.

[2] St. Catharine the Patron of Rope-makers.

[3] The Pine was sacred to the Goddess *Cybele*, who was very skillful in Physick, and preserved men's lives. She no doubt drew her remedies from this salutiferous Tree, and perhaps was not unacquainted with the virtues of Tar Water. Hence this tree was held sacred to her by the Ancients.

We all agree, both wet and dry,
From drunken L—— to sober I,
And Hugh —— But hark, methinks I hear
One shrewdly whisp'ring in my ear;
" Pray, parson, don't affirm but prove;
" Do they all meet and part in love?
" Quarrels oft times don't they delight in,
" And now and then a little fighting?
" Did there not (for the Secret's out)
" In the last Lodge arise a rout?
" M—— with a fist of brass,
" Laid T——'s nose level with his face,
" And scarcely had he let his hand go
" When he receiv'd from T—— a d——d blow.
" Now, parson, when a nose is broken,
" Pray, is it friendly *sign* or *token?*
'Tis true —— but trifling is th' objection,
All general rules have an exception.
Oft from themselves the best men vary,
Humanum enim est errare,
But what I've said I 'll say again,
And what I say I will maintain:
'Tis *Love*, pure *Love* cements the whole,
Love —— of the Bottle and the Bowl.

But 'tis high time to let you go
Where you had rather be, I know:
And by proceeding I delay
The weightier business of the day;
For eating *solid sense* affords,
Whilst nonsense lurks in many words.
Doubting does oft arise from thinking,
But truth is only found in drinking.
This having said, the reverend vicar
Dismiss'd them to their food and liquor.

From church to Stone's they go to eat;
In order walking through the street,
But no *Right Worshipful*[1] was there,
Pallas forbad him to appear,
For, well foreseeing that the jobb
Would from all parts collect the mob,

[1] *Thomas Oxnard*, merchant, Boston, one of the directors of the "Silver Scheme" to offset the "Land Bank" experiment, 1742. Appointed Provincial Grand Master vice Rt. Wor. Tomlinson, deceased, Sept. 23, 1743, and held office until his death, June 26, 1754.

He wisely catch'd a cold and stay'd
At home, at least, if not in bed.
So when the Greeks 'gainst Trojans went,
Achilles tarry'd in his tent;
Asham'd he hides himself, nor draws
His conquering sword in harlot's cause.
See B——k before the apron'd throng
Marches with sword and book along;
The stately ram with courage bold,
So stalks before the fleecy fold,
And so the gander, on the brink
Of river, leads his geese to drink,
And so the geese descend, from gab'ling
On the dry land, in stream to dab'ling.

Three with their white sticks next are seen,
One on each side and one between;
Plump L——w——s[1] marches on the right,
Round as a hoop, as bottle tight,
With face full orb'd and rosy too;
So ruddy Cynthia oft we view,
When she, from tippling eastern streams,
First throws about her evening beams,
'Tis he the *brethren* all admire,
Him for their steward they require.
'Tis he they view with wondering eyes,
'Tis he their utmost art defies;
For though with nicest skill they work all,
None of 'em e'er could square his circle.

Next B——r with M——l passes;
Though *brothers*, how unlike their faces!
So limners better represent
By artful contrast, what they paint.
Who's he comes next?—'Tis P——e by name,[2]
P——e by his nose well known to fame;
This, when the generous juice recruits,
Around a brighter radiance shoots.
So, on some promontory's height,
For Neptune's son's the signal light
Shines fair, and fed by unctuous stream,
Sends off to sea a livelier beam.

But see the crowds, with what amaze
They on the 'pothecary gaze!

---

[1] Lewis Turner. [2] Pue.

'Tis he, when belly suffers twitch,
Caus'd by too retentive breech,
Adjusts with finger nice and thumb,
The ivory tube to patient's bum,
A——n [1] high rising o'er the rest
With his tall head and ample chest;
So towering stands the tree of Jove,
And proud o'erlooks the neighbouring grove.

Where's honest L——ke,[2] that cook from *London*,
For without L——ke the Lodge is undone.
'Twas he who oft dispell'd their Sadness,
And fill'd the *brethren's* hearts with gladness.
For them his ample bowls o'erflow'd,
His table groan'd beneath its load;
For them he stretch'd his utmost art;
Their honours grateful they impart,
L——ke in return is made a *brother*
As *good* and *true* as any other,
And still, though broke with age and wine,
Preserves the *token* and the *sign*.

But still I see a numerous train:
Shall they alas! unsung remain?
Sage H——l of public soul,
And laughing F——k[3], friend to the bowl,
Meek R—— half smother'd in the croud
And R—— who sings at church so loud,
Tall *de la* R—— of Gallic city,
Short B—— who trips along so pretty,
B——d so truss, with gut well fed,
Who to the hungry deals his bread,
And twenty more crowd on my fancy,
All *brothers* ——— and that's all you can say.

Whene'er, for aiding nature frail,
Poor bawd must follow the cart's-tail,
As through fair London's streets she goes,
The mob, like fame, by moving grows,
They should'ring close, press, stink and shove,
Scarcely can the *procession* move.

---

[1] Doctor Aston. Apothecary, Boston, *circa* 1738, died Aug. 9, 1766, aged 74 years.

[2] Luke Vardy kept "Royal Exchange," King St., Boston, Oct. 17, 1733.

[3] Francis Johannot, son of Daniel, born Nov. 30, 1709, was a distiller and a prominent member of the "Sons of Liberty," died Mar. 8, 1775.

Just such a street-collected throng
Guarded the *brotherhood* along;
Just such the noise, just such the roar
Heard from behind and from before.
'Till *lodg'd* at Stone's,[1] nor more pursu'd,
The mob with three huzzas conclude.

And now, withdrawn from publick view,
What did the *brethren* say and do?
Had I the force of Stentor's lungs,
A voice of brass, a hundred tongues;
My tongues and voice and lungs would fail,
E'er I had finish'd half my tale;
E'er I had told their names and nation,
Their virtues, arts and occupation,
Or in fit strains had half made known
What words were spoke, what deeds were done.
Clio, 'tis thou alone, canst show 'em,
For thou'rt a Goddess and must know 'em.

But now suppress thy further rhyme,
And tell the rest another time.
Once more, perhaps, the *apron'd train*
Hereafter may invite thy strain,
Then Clio, with descendent wing,
Shall downward fly again and sing.

FINIS.

---

[1] *Journal of Capt. Francis Goelet N. E. Hist. Gen. Regr. Vol. xxiv p. 53. Oct. 5, 1750.* "Had an Invitation from Several Brothers to vissett the Master's Lodge, which is kept at *Stones*, (Tavern, ?—ED.) in a very Grand Manner. Mr. Oxnard who is Provincial Grand Master, Presided in the Chair, went from thence at 9 to Sup with Mr. Chue, (Pue ?—ED.) who had a Company Gentn to Spend the Evening with him, we had a Very Grand Supper where Very merry and broke up about 3 in the Morning.

October 10th. * * * went to Mr. Stones, where the Lodge was held and Parson Brockwell Presided in the Chair, and Mr. William Coffin Mercht in Boston his Deputy, from thence to Capt Wendells where was a large Compy Gentn drinking toast and Singing Sòngs, the compy broke up at abt 3 in the Morning.

October 24th. * * * in the Evening went to the Lodge with Nathl Ferriter, Capt Colvill or Lord Colvil Capt of the Stationed Man of War, when Mr. Wm. Coffin Presided in the Chair, from thence went to Spend the Evening with Mr. Thos Bulfinch agreeabe to promise where found a large compy gentn we Supd in a verry grand manner and where exceeding Merry drinking toast and Sing'g songs almost to 3 in the Morning broke up.

A MOURNFUL *LAMENTATION* FOR THE DEATH OF MR. *OLD TENOR*.[1]

By JOSEPH GREEN.

A doleful tale prepare to hear,
As ever yet was told:
The like, perhaps, ne'er reach'd the ear
Of either young or old,
'Tis of the sad and woeful death
Of one of mighty fame,
Who lately hath resign'd his breath;
Old Tenor was his name.

In vain ten thousands intercede,
To keep him from the grave;
In vain, his many good works plead;
Alas! they cannot save.
The powers decree, and die he must,
It is the common lot,
But his good deeds, when he's in dust,
Shall never be forgot.

He made our wives and daughters fine,
And pleased everybody:
He gave the rich their costly wine,
The poor their flip and toddy.
The laborer he set to work;
In ease maintain'd the great:
He found us mutton, beef, and pork,
And everything we eat.

To fruitful fields, by swift degrees,
He'd turn'd our desert land:
Where once nought stood but rocks and trees,
Now spacious cities stand.
He built us houses, strong and high,
Of wood, and brick, and stone;
The furniture he did supply;
But now, alas! he's gone.

The merchants too, those topping folks,
To him owe all their riches;
Their ruffles, lace, and scarlet cloaks,
And eke their velvet breeches.

[1] A New England currency.

He launch'd their ships into the main,
To visit distant shores;
And brought them back, full fraught with gain,
Which much increased their stores.

Led on by him our soldiers bold,
Against the foe advance;
And took, in spite of wet and cold,
Strong Cape Breton from France.
Who from that fort the French did drive,
Shall he so soon be slain?
While they, Alas! remain alive,
Who gave it back again.

From house to house, and place to place,
In paper doublet clad,
He pass'd, and where he show'd his face,
He made the heart full glad.
But cruel death, that spareth none,
Hath robbed us of him too;
Who through the land so long hath gone,
No longer now must go.

In senate he, like Cæsar, fell,
Pierced through with many a wound,
He sunk, ah, doleful tale to tell!
The members sitting round:
And ever since that fatal day,
Oh! had it never been,
Closely confined at home he lay,
And scarce was ever seen,

Until the last of March, when he
Submitted unto fate;
In *anno regis* twenty-three,
Ætatis forty-eight.
For ever gloomy be that day,
When he gave up the ghost;
For by his death, oh! who can say,
What hath New England lost?

Then, good Old Tenor, fare thee well,
Since thou art dead and gone;
We mourn thy fate, e'en while we tell
The good things thou hast done.
Since the bright beams of yonder sun,
Did on New England shine,
In all the land, there ne'er was known
A death so mourn'd as thine.

Of every rank are many seen,
Thy downfal to deplore;
For 't is well known that thou hast been
A friend to rich and poor.
We 'll o'er thee raise a silver tomb,
Long may that tomb remain,
To bless our eyes for years to come,
But wishes, ah! are vain.

And so God bless our noble state,
And save us all from harm,
And grant us food enough to eat,
And clothes to keep us warm.
Send us a lasting peace, and keep
The times from growing worse;
And let us all in safety sleep,
With silver in our purse.

HYMN BY *REV. MATHER BYLES.*[1]

Great God! Thy works our wonder raise,
To Thee our swelling notes belong;
While skies, and winds, and rocks, and seas
Around shall echo to our song.

Thy power produced this mighty frame,
Aloud to Thee the tempests roar;
Or softer breezes tune Thy name
Gently along the shelly shore.

Round Thee the scaly nation roves,
Thy opening hand their joys bestow;
Through all the blushing coral grove,
These silent gay retreats below.

See the broad sun forsakes the skies,
Glow on the waves, and downward slide;
Anon! heaven opens all its eyes,
And star beams tremble in the tide.

Each various scene, or day, or night,
Lord, points to thee our ravish'd soul;
Thy glories fix our whole delight,
So the touch'd needle courts the pole."

---

[1]MATHER BYLES, a Boston divine, born 1706, became a Royalist, and died in 178 Was a clergyman noted for his wit, and was prominent during his time for his readiness of repartee, and general jocularity.

The singing of this hymn furnished *Jo. Greene* with the hint for the following piece of satire:

"In David's Psalms an oversight
Byles found one morning o'er his tea.
Alas, that he should never write
A proper psalm to sing at sea?

Thus ruminating on his seat,
Ambitious thoughts at length prevail'd.
The bard determined to complete
The part wherein the prophet fail'd.

Awhile he paused and stroked his Muse,[1]
Then, taking up his tuneful pen,
Wrote a few stanzas for the use
Of his seafaring bretheren.

The task performed, the Bard content,
Well chosen was each flowing word,
On a short voyage himself he went,
To hear it read, and sung on board.

What extasies of joy appear,
What pleasures and unknown delights
Thrilled the vain poet's soul to hear
Others repeat the things he writes.

Most serious Christians do aver,
Their credit sure we may rely on,
In former times that, after prayer,
They used to sing a song of Zion.

Our modern parson having prayed,
Unless loud fame our faith beguiles,
Sat down, took out his book, and said,
"Let's sing a song of Mather Byles."

As soon as he began to read,
Their heads th' assembly downward hung,
But he with boldness did proceed,
And thus he read, and thus they sung,—

THE 151st PSALM.

With vast amazement we survey
The wonders of the deep,
Where mackrel swim, and porpoise play,
And crabs and lobsters creep.

---

[1] Alluding to his remarkable fondness for a cat, which was jocosely called his *Muse*, and on the death of which Greene wrote an Elegy.—See Burton's Cyclop. Wit and Humour, Vol. 1, p. 4.

Fish of all kinds inhabit here,
And throng the dark abode;
There haddick, hake, and flounders are,
And eels and perch and cod.

From raging winds and tempests free,
So smoothly as we pass,
The shining surface seems to be
A piece of Bristol glass.

But when the winds tempestuous rise,
And foaming billows swell,
The vessel mounts above the skies,
Then lower sinks than hell.

Our brains the tottering motion feel,
And quickly we become
Giddy as new dropt calves, and reel
Like Indians drunk with rum.

What praises then are due that we
Thus far have safely got,
Amariscoggin tribe to see,
And tribe of *Penobscot*.

PARODY BY MATHER BYLES.

In Byles's works an oversight
Green spy'd, as once he smok'd his chunk;
Alas! that Byles should never write
A song to sing, when folks are drunk.

Thus in the chimney on his block,
Ambition fir'd the 'stiller's pate;
He summoned all his little stock,
The poet's volume to complete.

Long paus'd the lout, and scratch'd his skull,
Then took his chalk (he own'd no pen,)
And scrawl'd some doggrel, for the whole
Of his flip-drinking brethren.

The task perform'd—not to content—
Ill chosen was each Grub-street word;
Strait to the tavern club he went,
To hear it bellow'd round the board.

Unknown delights his ears explore,
Inur'd to midnight caterwauls,
To hear his hoarse companions roar,
The horrid thing his dulness scrawls.

The club, if fame we may rely on,
Conven'd, to hear the drunken catch,
At the three-horse-shoes, or red lion—
Tipling began the night's debauch.

The little 'stiller took the pint
Full fraught with flip and songs obscene,
And, after a long stutt'ring, meant
To sing a song of Josy Green.

Soon as with stam'ring tongue, to read
The drunken ballad, he began,
The club from clamr'ring strait recede,
To hear him roar the thing alone.

SONG.

With vast amazement we survey
The can, so broad, so deep,
Where punch succeeds to strong sangree,
Both to delightful flip.

Drink of all smacks, inhabit here,
And throng the dark abode;
Here's rum, and sugar, and small beer,
In a continual flood.

From cruel thoughts and conscience free,
From dram to dram we pass:
Our cheeks, like apples, ruddy be;
Our eyeballs look like glass.

At once, like furies up we rise,
Our raging passions swell;
We hurl the bottle to the skies,
But why, we cannot tell.

Our brains a tott'ring motion feel,
And quickly we become
Sick, as with negro steaks,[1] and reel
Like Indians drunk with rum.

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[1] This, says an original note appended to the poem, alluded to what passed at a convivial club to which Mr. Green belonged, where steaks cut from the rump of a dead negro were imposed on the company for beef, and when the imposition was discovered a violent expectoration ensued.

Thus lost in deep tranquility,
We sit, supine and sot,
Till we two moons distinctly see,—
Come give us t' other pot.

Several persons not living in Kentucky, and subject to "snakes," have asked that the following (omitted from the almanack for 1771) be inserted here:

A sure and certain Cure for the Bite of a RATTLE-SNAKE, *made Public by* ABEL PUFFER *of* Stoughton.

As soon as may be after the Person is bit, cut a Gash or Split in the Place where the Bite is, as deep as the Teeth went in and fill it full of fine Salt; take common Plaintain[1] and pound it, add a little Water to it, then squeeze out the Juice, and mix it with clear Water, then make a strong Brine with fine Salt and the Juice 'till it will not dissolve the Salt, then make a Swath or Bandage with Linen Cloth, and bind it round just above the swelling (but not too tight,) then wet the Bandage with the before mentioned Brine, and keep it constantly wet with the Brine, for it will dry very fast, & keep strokeing the Part with your Hands as hard as the Patient can bear, towards the Cut you made, and you will soon see the Poison and virulent Matter flow out of the Cut, and it will often flow so fast that it will swell below the Cut, and if it should, you must cut below the swelling to let out the virulent Matter, and it will not leave running 'till all is discharged; you must keep the Bandage moving downwards as the Swelling abates. It is proper to give the Patient something to defend the Stomack, as sweet Oil, Safron or Snake Root: It very often bleeds after the Poison is out, but be not surprized at that, it is Good for it; it will run some time after the Poison is out; there must be care taken that none of the Poison that runs out gets to any Sore or Raw Flesh, for it will Poison the Person.

I expect that some will slight this Publication, for the Remedies being so simple a Thing, but I hope no one will so slight it, if he is bit, as to neglect trying the Experiment, and the Effect will prove what I have said to be true: I should not have published this, had I not been certain of its performing the Cure by my own Experience; for I have cured two Persons dangerously bit, and a Horse and Dog, with no other Thing But what is mentioned in the before Direction; and make this Publick for the Benefit of Mankind; tho' I have been offer'd a considerable Sum by some Persons to make it known to them, but then it must be kept as a Secret.

Stoughton, Oct. 4, 1770. ABEL PUFFER.

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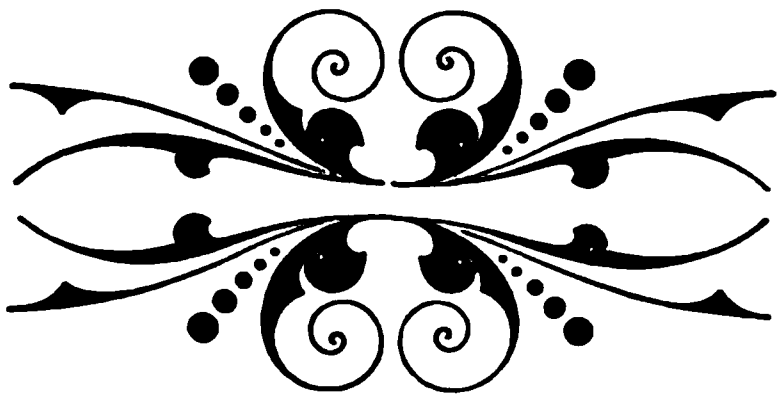
[1] If Plaintain cannot be got, strong Brine will do the Thing.

A RECIPE *to cure the* WHOOPING-COUGH, *which has been tried with success.*

Take dried Colt's Foot, a good Handful, cut them small, and boil them in a Pint of Spring Water, till half the water is boiled away, then take it off the Fire; when almost cold, strain it through a Cloth, squeezing the Herbs as dry as you can; throw the Herb away, and dissolve in the Liquor Half an Ounce of brown Sugar Candy, finely powdered; when dissolv'd, add to them one spoonful & an Half of the Tincture of Liquorice—of which give a Child five Years old one Spoonful three or four Times a Day. Grown Persons may take four Spoonfuls at a Time, and as often. It will cure in two or three Days.



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS, NAMES, PLACES, ETC.

Mend, (Gentle Reader) what escapes amiss,
And then it matters not whose Fault it is;
For, all men sin, since Adam first Transgrest:
The Printer sins; I sin much like the rest:
Yet here our Comfort is, though both Offend,
We to our Faults can quickly put—

AN END.[1]

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[1] Capt. George Wharton, "Student in Astronomy," author of "HEMEROSCOPEION," 1652.